THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

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OF THE

DUTCH REPUBLIC

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

IN TWO VOLUMES

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THE example thus set by Brill and Flushing was rapidly followed. The first half of the year 1572 was distinguished by a series of triumphs rendered still more remarkable by the reverses which followed at its close. Of a sudden, almost as it were by accident, a small but important seaport, the object for which the Prince had so long been hoping, was secured. Instantly afterward, half the island of Walcheren renounced the yoke of Alva. Next, Enkhuizen, the key to the Zuyder Zee, the principal arsenal, and one of the first commercial cities in the Netherlands, rose against the Spanish Admiral, and hung out the banner of Orange on its ramparts.[1] The revolution effected here was purely the work of the people—of the mariners and burghers of the city.[2] Moreover, the magistracy was set aside and the government of Alva repudiated without shedding one drop of blood, without a single wrong to person or property.[3] By the same spontaneous movement, nearly all the important cities of Holland and Zealand raised the standard of him in whom they recognised their deliverer.[4] The revolution was accomplished under nearly similar circumstances everywhere. With one fierce bound of enthusiasm the nation shook off its chain. Oudewater, Dort, Harlem, Leyden, Gorcum, Loewenstein, Gouda, Medenblik, Horn, Alkmaar, Edam, Monnikendam, Purmerende, as well as Flushing, Veer, and Enkhuizen, all ranged themselves under the government of Orange as lawful stadholder for the King.[5]

Nor was it in Holland and Zealand alone that the beacon fires of freedom were lighted. City after city in Gelderland, Overyssel, and the See of Utrecht, all the important towns of Friesland, some sooner, some later, some without

[1] Bor, vi. 371–375. Hoofd, vi. 230–236.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[3] Ibid. Van Meteren, 67–69.
[4] Hoofd, vi. 238–240, sqq. Bor, vi. 377, sqq.
[5] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, 69, sqq. Wagenaer, vi. 363–370.

a struggle, some after a short siege, some with resistance by the functionaries of Government, some by amicable compromise, accepted the garrisons of the Prince, and formally recognised his authority.[1] Out of the chaos which a long and preternatural tyranny had produced, the first struggling elements of a new and a better world began to appear. It were superfluous to narrate the details which marked the sudden restoration of liberty in these various groups of cities. Traits of generosity marked the change of Government in some, circumstances of ferocity disfigured the revolution in others. The island of Walcheren, equally divided as it was between the two parties, was the scene of much truculent and diabolical warfare. It is difficult to say whether the mutual hatred of race or the animosity of religious difference proved the deadlier venom. The combats were perpetual and sanguinary, the prisoners on both sides instantly executed. On more than one occasion, men were seen assisting to hang with their own hands and in cold blood their own brothers, who had been taken prisoners in the enemy's ranks.[2] When the captives were too many to be hanged, they were tied back to back, two and two, and thus hurled into the sea.[3] The islanders found a fierce pleasure in these acts of cruelty. A Spaniard had ceased to be human in their eyes. On one occasion, a surgeon at Veer cut the heart from a Spanish prisoner, nailed it on a vessel's prow, and invited the townsmen to come and fasten their teeth in it, which many did with savage satisfaction.[4]

In other parts of the country the revolution was, on the whole, accomplished with comparative calmness. Even traits of generosity were not uncommon. The Burgomaster of Gonda, long the supple slave of Alva and the Blood Council, fled for his life as the revolt broke forth in that city. He took refuge in the house of a certain widow, and begged for a place of concealment. The widow led him to a secret closet which served as a pantry. "Shall I be secure there?" asked the fugitive functionary. "Oh yes, sir Burgomaster," replied the widow, "'twas in that very place that my husband lay concealed when you, accompanied by the officers of justice, were searching the house, that you might bring him to the scaffold for his religion. Enter the pantry, your worship; I will be responsible for your safety."[5] Thus faithfully did the humble widow of a hunted and murdered Calvinist protect the life of the magistrate who had brought desolation to her hearth.

Not all the conquests thus rapidly achieved in the cause of liberty were destined to endure, nor were any to be retained without a struggle. The little northern cluster of republics, which had now restored its honour to the ancient Batavian name, was destined, however, for a long and vigorous life. From that bleak isthmus the light of freedom was to stream through many years upon struggling humanity in Europe, a guiding pharos across a stormy sea; and Harlem, Leyden, Alkmaar—names hallowed by deeds of heroism such as have not often illustrated human annals—still breathe as trumpet-tongued and perpetual a defiance to despotism as Marathon, Thermopylæ, or Salamis.

A new board of magistrates had been chosen in all the redeemed cities by popular election. They were required to take an oath of fidelity to the King of Spain, and to the Prince of Orange as his stadholder; to promise resistance to the Duke of Alva, the tenth penny, and the Inquisition; "to support every man's freedom and the welfare of the country; to protect widows, orphans, and miserable persons, and to maintain justice and truth."[6]

Diedrich Sonoy arrived on the 2d June at Enkhuizen. He was provided

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1 Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.
2 Hoofd, vi. 227.
3 "Vocten spoelen."—Hoofd. Wagenaer, vi. 355.
4 Hoofd, vi. 228.
5 Ibid., 242.
6 Bor, vi. 374, 375. Hoofd, vi. 230, 236. Wagenaer vi. 360, 361.

by the Prince with a commission, appointing him Lieutenant-Governor of North Holland or Waterland.[1] Thus, to combat the authority of Alva, was set up the authority of the King. The stadholderate over Holland and Zealand, to which the Prince had been appointed in 1559, he now reassumed. Upon this fiction reposed the whole provisional polity of the revolted Netherlands. The government, as it gradually unfolded itself, from this epoch forward until the declaration of independence and the absolute renunciation of the Spanish sovereign power, will be sketched in a future chapter. The people at first claimed not an iota more of freedom than was secured by Philip's coronation oath. There was no pretence that Philip was not sovereign, but there *was* a pretence and a determination to worship God according to conscience, and to reclaim the ancient political "liberties" of the land. So long as Alva reigned, the Blood Council, the Inquisition, and martial law, were the only codes or courts, and every charter slept. To recover this practical liberty and these historical rights, and to shake from their shoulders a most sanguinary government, was the purpose of William and of the people. No revolutionary standard was displayed.

The written instructions given by the Prince to his lieutenant, Sonoy,[2] were to "see that the Word of God was preached, without, however, *suffering any hindrance to the Roman Church in the exercise of its religion;* to restore fugitives and the banished for conscience' sake, and to require of all magistrate and officers of guilds and brotherhoods an oath of fidelity." The Prince likewise prescribed the form of that oath, repeating therein, to his eternal honour, the same strict prohibition of intolerance. "Likewise," said the formula, "shall those of 'the religion' offer no let or hindrance to the Roman Churches."[3]

The Prince was still in Germany, engaged in raising troops and providing funds. He directed, however, the affairs of the insurgent provinces in their minutest details, by virtue of the dictatorship inevitably forced upon him both by circumstances and by the people. In the meantime, Louis of Nassau, the Bayard[4] of the Netherlands, performed a most unexpected and brilliant exploit. He had been long in France, negotiating with the leaders of the Huguenots, and, more secretly, with the court. He was supposed by all the world to be still in that kingdom, when the startling intelligence arrived that he had surprised and captured the important city of Mons.[5] This town, the capital of Hainault, situate in a fertile, undulating, and beautiful country, protected by lofty walls, a triple moat, and a strong citadel, was one of the most flourishing and elegant places in the Netherlands. It was, moreover, from its vicinity to the frontiers of France, a most important acquisition to the insurgent party. The capture was thus accomplished. A native of Mons, one Antony Oliver, a geographical painter, had insinuated himself into the confidence of Alva, for whom he had prepared at different times some remarkably well-executed maps of the country. Having occasion to visit France, he was employed by the Duke to keep a watch upon the movements of Louis of Nassau, and to make a report as to the progress of his intrigues with the court of France. The painter, however, was only a spy in disguise, being in reality devoted to the cause of freedom, and a correspondent of Orange and his family. His communications with Louis in Paris had therefore a far different result from the one anticipated by Alva. A large number of adherents within the city of Mons had already been secured, and a plan was now arranged between Count Louis, Genlis, De la Noue, and other distinguished

[1] Bor, vi. 375.
[2] See them in Bor, vi. 375, 376.
[3] Ibid., 276.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. liv.
[5] Hoofd, vi. 237, 238. Bor, vi. 377, 378. Mendoza, lib. v. 120, 121.

Huguenot chiefs, to be carried out with the assistance of the brave and energetic artist.[1]

On the 23d of May, Oliver appeared at the gates of Mons, accompanied by three waggons, ostensibly containing merchandise, but in reality laden with arquebuses. These were secretly distributed among his confederates in the city. In the course of the day, Count Louis arrived in the neighbourhood, accompanied by five hundred horsemen and a thousand foot soldiers. This force he stationed in close concealment within the thick forests between Maubeuge and Mons. Towards evening he sent twelve of the most trusty and daring of his followers, disguised as wine merchants, into the city. These individuals proceeded boldly to a public-house, ordered their supper, and while conversing with the landlord, carelessly inquired at what hour next morning the city gates would be opened. They were informed that the usual hour was four in the morning, but that a trifling present to the porter would ensure admission, if they desired it, at an earlier hour. They explained their inquiries by a statement that they had some casks of wine which they wished to introduce into the city before sunrise. Having obtained all the information which they needed, they soon afterwards left the tavern. The next day they presented themselves very early at the gate, which the porter, on promise of a handsome "drink-penny," agreed to unlock. No sooner were the bolts withdrawn, however, than he was struck dead, while about fifty dragoons rode through the gate.[2] The Count and his followers now galloped over the city in the morning twilight, shouting, "France! liberty! the town is ours!" "The Prince is coming!" "Down with the tenth penny; down with the murderous Alva!" So soon as a burgher showed his wondering face at the window, they shot at him with their carbines. They made as much noise, and conducted themselves as boldly, as if they had been at least a thousand strong.

Meantime, however, the streets remained empty; not one of their secret confederates showing himself. Fifty men could surprise, but were too few to keep possession of the city. The Count began to suspect a trap. As daylight approached, the alarm spread; the position of the little band was critical. In his impetuosity, Louis had far outstripped his army, but they had been directed to follow hard upon his footsteps, and he was astonished that their arrival was so long delayed. The suspense becoming intolerable, he rode out of the city in quest of his adherents, and found them wandering in the woods, where they had completely lost their way. Ordering each horseman to take a foot soldier on the crupper behind him, he led them rapidly back to Mons. On the way they were encountered by La Noue "with the iron arm,"[3] and Genlis, who, meantime, had made an unsuccessful attack to recover Valenciennes, which within a few hours had been won and lost again. As they reached the gates of Mons, they found themselves within a hair's breadth of being too late; their adherents had not come forth; the citizens had been aroused; the gates were all fast but one, and there the porter was quarrelling with a French soldier about an arquebuse. The drawbridge across the moat was at the moment rising; the last entrance was closing, when Guitoy de Chaumont, a French officer, mounted on a light Spanish barb, sprang upon the bridge as it rose. His weight caused it to sink again, the gate was forced, and Louis with all his men rode triumphantly into the town.[4]

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1 Bentivoglio, lib. vi. 100. Hoofd, vi. 237. Mendoza, lib. v. 120. Van Meteren, iv. 71.

2 Hoofd, vi. 237. Bor, vi. 377. Meteren, 71. Mendoza, v. 120, 121.

3 He had been severely wounded in 1570. His arm had been amputated, but 'de bons ouvriers lui firent un bras de fer, dont il a porté depuis le nom."—Vie De la Noue, 63.

4 De Thou, vi. 499. Mendoza, v. 121. Dewez, Hist. Gén. de la Belg., v. 413-416. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.

The citizens were forthwith assembled by sound of bell in the market-place. The clergy, the magistracy, and the general council were all present. Genlis made the first speech, in which he disclaimed all intention of making conquests in the interests of France. This pledge having been given, Louis of Nassau next addressed the assembly: "The magistrates," said he, "have not understood my intentions. I protest that I am no rebel to the King; I prove it by asking no new oaths from any man. Remain bound by your old oaths of allegiance; let the magistrates continue to exercise their functions—to administer justice. I imagine that no person will suspect a brother of the Prince of Orange capable of any design against the liberties of the country. As to the Catholic religion, I take it under my very particular protection. You will ask why I am in Mons at the head of an armed force: are any of you ignorant of Alva's cruelties? The overthrow of this tyrant is as much the interest of the King as of the people, therefore there is nothing in my present conduct inconsistent with fidelity to his Majesty. Against Alva alone I have taken up arms; 'tis to protect you against his fury that I am here. It is to prevent the continuance of a general rebellion that I make war upon him. The only proposition which I have to make to you is this—I demand that you declare Alva de Toledo a traitor to the King, the executioner of the people, an enemy to the country, unworthy of the government, and hereby deprived of his authority."[1]

The magistracy did not dare to accept so bold a proposition; the General Council, composing the more popular branch of the municipal government, were comparatively inclined to favour Nassau, and many of its members voted for the downfall of the tyrant. Nevertheless the demands of Count Louis were rejected. His position thus became critical. The civic authorities refused to pay for his troops, who were, moreover, too few in number to resist the inevitable siege. The patriotism of the citizens was not to be repressed, however, by the authority of the magistrates; many rich proprietors of the great cloth and silk manufactories for which Mons was famous raised and armed companies at their own expense; many volunteer troops were also speedily organised and drilled, and the fortifications were put in order. No attempt was made to force the Reformed religion upon the inhabitants, and even Catholics who were discovered in secret correspondence with the enemy were treated with such extreme gentleness by Nassau as to bring upon him severe reproaches from many of his own party.[2]

A large collection of ecclesiastical plate, jewellery, money, and other valuables, which had been sent to the city for safe keeping from the churches and convents of the provinces, was seized, and thus, with little bloodshed and no violence, was the important city secured for the insurgents.[3] Three days afterwards, two thousand infantry, chiefly French, arrived in the place.[4] In the early part of the following month Louis was still further strengthened by the arrival of thirteen hundred foot and twelve hundred horsemen, under command of Count Montgomery, the celebrated officer[5] whose spear at the tournament had proved fatal to Henry the Second. Thus the Duke of Alva suddenly found himself exposed to a tempest of revolution. One thunderbolt after another seemed descending around him in breathless succession. Brill and Flushing had been already lost; Middleburg was so closely invested that its fall seemed imminent, and with it would go the whole island of Walcheren, the key to all the Netherlands. In one morning[6] he had heard

[1] Paridaens, Mons sous les Rapports Historiques, Statisques, etc., 68–70 (Mons, 1819). The speech is reported from original documents in the Archives of the city: "Farde intitulée Pièces relative à la Surprise de Mons; déclarations des Echevins," etc., etc. Compare Bor, v. 377. Hoofd, vi. 238.

[2] Paridaens, 76, 77.

[3] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238. Compare Bentivoglio, vi. 100, sqq.; Mendoza, v. 120, 121; Grotius.

[4] Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd, vi. 238.

[5] Bor, vi 378.

[6] Mendoza, v. 130; vi. 188.

of the revolt of Enkhuizen and of the whole Waterland; two hours later came the news of the Valenciennes rebellion, and next day the astonishing capture of Mons. One disaster followed hard upon another. He could have sworn that the detested Louis of Nassau, who had dealt this last and most fatal stroke, was at that moment in Paris, safely watched by Government emissaries; and now he had, as it were, suddenly started out of the earth, to deprive him of this important city, and to lay bare the whole frontier to the treacherous attacks of faithless France. He refused to believe the intelligence when it was first announced to him, and swore that he had certain information that Count Louis had been seen playing in the tennis-court at Paris, within so short a period as to make his presence in Hainault at that moment impossible. Forced, at last, to admit the truth of the disastrous news, he dashed his hat upon the ground in a fury, uttering imprecations upon the Queen Dowager of France, to whose perfidious intrigues he ascribed the success of the enterprise, and pledging himself to send her Spanish thistles enough in return for the Florentine lilies which she had thus bestowed upon him.[1]

In the midst of the perplexities thus thickening around him, the Duke preserved his courage, if not his temper. Blinded, for a brief season, by the rapid attacks made upon him, he had been uncertain whither to direct his vengeance. This last blow in so vital a quarter determined him at once. He forthwith dispatched Don Frederic to undertake the siege of Mons, and earnestly set about raising large reinforcements to his army. Don Frederic took possession, without much opposition, of the Bethlehem cloister in the immediate vicinity of the city, and with four thousand troops began the investment in due form.[2]

Alva had for a long time been most impatient to retire from the provinces. Even he was capable of human emotions. Through the sevenfold panoply of his pride he had been pierced by the sharpness of a nation's curse. He was wearied with the unceasing execrations which assailed his ears. "*The hatred which the people bear me*," said he, in a letter to Philip, "because of the chastisement which it has been necessary for me to inflict, *although with all the moderation in the world*, make all my efforts vain. A successor will meet more sympathy and prove more useful."[3] On the 10th June, the Duke of Medina Cœli, with a fleet of more than forty sail, arrived off Blankenburg, intending to enter the Scheld.[4] Julian Romero, with two thousand Spaniards, was also on board the fleet. Nothing, of course, was known to the newcomers of the altered condition of affairs in the Netherlands, nor of the unwelcome reception which they were like to meet in Flushing. A few of the lighter craft having been taken by the patriot cruisers, the alarm was spread through all the fleet. Medina Cœli, with a few transports, was enabled to effect his escape to Sluys, whence he hastened to Brussels in a much less ceremonious manner than he had originally contemplated. Twelve Biscayan ships stood out to sea, descried a large Lisbon fleet, by a singular coincidence, suddenly heaving in sight, changed their course again, and with a favouring breeze bore boldly up the Hond, passed Flushing in spite of a severe cannonade from the forts, and eventually made good their entrance into Rammekens, whence the soldiery, about one-half of whom had thus been saved, were transferred at a very critical moment to Middelburg.[5]

The great Lisbon fleet followed in the wake of the Biscayans, with much

1 Bor, vi. 378. Hoofd. vi. 238. Van Meteren, iv. 71.
2 Bor, vi. 384. Meteren, iv. 71, 72.
3 Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1107.
4 Van Meteren, iv. 65. Hoofd, vi. 239. Mendoza, vi. 127, 128.
5 Meteren, iv. 65, 66. Hoofd, vi. 239, 240. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1133. Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 437–442. Mendoza, vi. 127, 128.

inferior success. Totally ignorant of the revolution which had occurred in the isle of Walcheren, it obeyed the summons of the rebel fort to come to anchor, and, with the exception of three or four, the vessels were all taken. It was the richest booty which the insurgents had yet acquired by sea or land. The fleet was laden with spices, money, jewellery, and the richest merchandise. Five hundred thousand crowns of gold were taken; and it was calculated that the plunder altogether would suffice to maintain the war for two years at least. One thousand Spanish soldiers, and a good amount of ammunition, were also captured. The unexpected condition of affairs made a pause natural, and almost necessary, before the government could be decorously transferred. Medina Cœli, with Spanish grandiloquence, avowed his willingness to serve as a soldier under a general whom he so much venerated; while Alva ordered that, in all respects, the same outward marks of respect should be paid to his appointed successor as to himself. Beneath all this external ceremony, however, much mutual malice was concealed.[1]

Meantime, the Duke, who was literally "without a single real,"[2] was forced at last to smother his pride in the matter of the tenth penny. On the 24th June, he summoned the Estates of Holland to assemble on the 15th of the ensuing month. In the missive issued for this purpose, he formally agreed to abolish the whole tax, on condition that the States-general of the Netherlands would furnish him with a yearly supply of two millions of florins. Almost at the same moment the King had dismissed the deputies of the Estates from Madrid with the public assurance that the tax was to be suspended, and a private intimation that it was not abolished in terms only in order to save the dignity of the Duke.[3]

These healing measures came entirely too late. The Estates of Holland met, indeed, on the appointed day of July, but they assembled not in obedience to Alva, but in consequence of a summons from William of Orange.[4] They met, too, not at the Hague, but at Dort, to take formal measures for renouncing the authority of the Duke.[5] The first congress of the Netherland commonwealth still professed loyalty to the crown, but was determined to accept the policy of Orange without a question.

The Prince had again assembled an army in Germany, consisting of fifteen thousand foot and seven thousand horse, besides a number of Netherlanders, mostly Walloons, amounting to nearly three thousand more.[6] Before taking the field, however, it was necessary that he should guarantee at least three months' pay to his troops. This he could no longer do except by giving bonds, endorsed by certain cities of Holland as his securities.[7] He had, accordingly, addressed letters in his own name to all the principal cities, fervently adjuring him to remember, at last, what was due to him, to the fatherland, and to their own character. "Let not a sum of gold," said he in one of these letters, "be so dear to you, that for its sake you will sacrifice your lives, your wives, your children, and all your descendants to the latest generations; that you will bring sin and shame upon yourselves, and destruction upon us who have so heartily striven to assist you. Think what scorn you will incur from foreign nations, what a crime you will commit against the Lord God, what a bloody yoke ye will impose forever upon yourselves and your children, if you now seek for subterfuges—if you now prevent us from taking the field with the troops which we have enlisted. On the other hand, what inexpressible benefits you will confer on your country, if

[1] Meteren, iv. 66. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 440, 442. Hoofd, vi. 240; vii, 257. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1177.

[2] Mendoza, vi. 122: "Hallando se sin un real como el Duque lo estara en esta sazon"

[3] "Garschelyk te quijten aboleren on aftestallen," etc.—Bor, vi. 384-386. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1135.

[4] Bor, vi. 386.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Bor. Compare Hoofd, vii. 259; Meteren, iv. 71; Bentivoglio, v. 104.

[7] Bor, vi. 386. Hoofd, vii. 259.

you now help us to rescue that fatherland from the power of Spanish vultures and wolves."[1]

This and similar missives, circulated throughout the province of Holland, produced a deep impression. In accordance with his suggestions, the deputies from the nobility and from twelve cities of that province assembled on the 15th July at Dort. Strictly speaking, the Estates or government of Holland, the body which represented the whole people, consisted of the nobles and six great cities. On this occasion, however, Amsterdam being still in the power of the King, could send no deputies, while, on the other hand, all the small towns were invited to send up their representatives to the congress. Eight accepted the proposal; the rest declined to appoint delegates, partly from motives of economy, partly from timidity.[2]

These Estates were the legitimate representatives of the people, but they had no legislative powers.[3] The people had never pretended to sovereignty, nor did they claim it now. The source from which the government of the Netherlands was supposed to proceed was still the Divine mandate. Even now the Estates silently conceded, as they had ever done, the supreme legislative and executive functions to the land's master.[4] Upon Philip of Spain, as representative of Count Dirk the First of Holland, had descended, through many tortuous channels, the Divine effluence originally supplied by Charles the Simple of France. That supernatural power was not contested, but it was now ingeniously turned against the sovereign. The King's authority was invoked against himself in the person of the Prince of Orange, to whom, thirteen years before, a portion of that Divine right had been delegated. The Estates of Holland met at Dort on the 15th July, as representatives of the people, but they were summoned by Orange, royally commissioned in 1559 as stadholder, and therefore the supreme legislative and executive officer of certain provinces. This was the theory of the provisional government.[5] The Prince represented the royal authority, the nobles represented both themselves and the people of the open country, while the twelve cities represented the whole body of burghers. Together, they were supposed to embody all authority, both Divine and human, which a congress could exercise. Thus the whole movement was directed against Alva and against Count Bossu, appointed stadholder by Alva in the place of Orange.[6] Philip's name was destined to figure for a long time at the head of documents by which moneys were raised, troops levied, and taxes collected, all to be used in deadly war against himself.

The Estates were convened on the 15th July, when Paul Buys, Pensionary of Leyden, the tried and confidential friend of Orange, was elected Advocate of Holland.[7] The convention was then adjourned till the 18th, when St. Aldegonde made his appearance, with full powers to act provisionally in behalf of his Highness.[8]

The distinguished plenipotentiary delivered before the congress a long and very effective harangue. He recalled the sacrifices and efforts of the Prince during previous years. He adverted to the disastrous campaign of 1568, in which the Prince had appeared full of high hope, at the head of a gallant army, but had been obliged, after a short period, to retire, because not a city had opened its gates nor a Netherlander lifted his finger in the cause. Nevertheless, he had not lost courage nor closed his heart; and now that, through the blessing of God, the eyes of men had been opened, and so many cities

[1] This remarkable letter is published in Kluit, Hist. der Hollandsche Staatsregering, Deel. i. bl. 376–379 (Bijlagen).

[2] Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. bl. 46, sqq. and Bijlagen, bl. 374, sqq. Bor, vi. 381, 386, sqq. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 377–380.

[3] Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. 10–17.

[4] Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. 50, 52.

[5] Bor, vi. 388. Kluit, Hist. Hol. Staatsreg., i. 48, sqq., and 374, sqq.

[6] Bor, Kluit, ubi sup. Wagenaer, vi. 377–380.

[7] Resol. Holl., 14th Sept. 1574, bl. 93. Wagenaer, vi. 376.

[8] Bor, vi. 386, 387.

had declared against the tyrant, the Prince had found himself exposed to a bitter struggle. Although his own fortunes had been ruined in the cause, he had been unable to resist the daily flood of petitions which called upon him to come forward once more. He had again importuned his relations and powerful friends; he had at last set on foot a new and well-appointed army. The day of payment had arrived. Over his own head impended perpetual shame, over the fatherland perpetual woe, if the congress should now refuse the necessary supplies. "Arouse ye, then," cried the orator, with fervour, "awaken your own zeal and that of your sister cities. Seize Opportunity by the locks, who never appeared fairer than she does to-day."[1]

The impassioned eloquence of St. Aldegonde produced a profound impression. The men who had obstinately refused the demands of Alva now unanimously resolved to pour forth their gold and their blood at the call of Orange. "Truly," wrote the Duke, a little later, "it almost drives me mad to see the difficulty with which your Majesty's supplies are furnished, and the liberality with which the people place their lives and fortunes at the disposal of this rebel."[2] It seemed strange to the loyal governor that men should support their liberator with greater alacrity than that with which they served their destroyer! It was resolved that the requisite amount should be at once raised, partly from the regular imposts and current "requests," partly by loans from the rich, from the clergy, from the guilds and brotherhoods, partly from superfluous church ornaments and other costly luxuries. It was directed that subscriptions should be immediately opened throughout the land, that gold and silver plate, furniture, jewellery, and other expensive articles should be received by voluntary contributions, for which inventories and receipts should be given by the magistrates of each city, and that upon these money should be raised, either by loan or sale.[3] An enthusiastic and liberal spirit prevailed. All seemed determined, rather than pay the tenth to Alva, to pay the whole to the Prince.[4]

The Estates, furthermore, by unanimous resolution, declared that they recognised the Prince as the King's lawful stadholder over Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Utrecht, and that they would use their influence with the other provinces to procure his appointment as Protector of all the Netherlands during the King's absence.[5] His Highness was requested to appoint an Admiral, on whom, with certain deputies from the Water-cities, the conduct of the maritime war should devolve. The conduct of the military operations by land was to be directed by Dort, Leyden, and Enkhuizen, in conjunction with the Count de la Marck. A pledge was likewise exchanged between the Estates and the plenipotentiary, that neither party should enter into any treaty with the King, except by full consent and co-operation of the other. With regard to religion, it was firmly established that the public exercises of Divine worship should be permitted not only to the Reformed Church, but to the Roman Catholic—the clergy of both being protected from all molestation.[6]

After these proceedings, Count de la Marck made his appearance before the assembly. His commission from Orange was read to the deputies, and by them ratified.[7] The Prince, in that document, authorised "his dear cousin" to enlist troops, to accept the fealty of cities, to furnish them with garrisons, to re-establish all the local laws, municipal rights, and ancient privileges which had been suppressed. He was to maintain *freedom of*

[1] Bor, vi. 386–388, and Hoofd, vii. 248, 249, report the speech in full.

[2] "Que verdaderamente me hace perder el juicio ver la dificultad con que à V. M. servera en sussaguda, y la liberalida con que acuden a este rebelde con sus vidas y haciendas."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1198.

[3] Bor, vi. 388. Hoofd, vii. 349, 350. Wagenaer, vi. 378–380.

[4] "Tanto flagrabant odio dominatus," says Grotius (Ann., ii. 58), "omnia dabant ne decimam darent."

[5] Bor, vi. 388, sqq. Hoofd, vii. 250. Kluit, i. 50, sqq.

[6] Bor, vi. 388. [7] Ibid., 389. Hoofd, vii. 250, 251.

religion under penalty of death to those who infringed it; he was to restore all confiscated property; he was, with advice of his council, to continue in office such city magistrates as were favourable, and to remove those adverse to the cause.[1]

The Prince was, in reality, clothed with dictatorial and even regal powers. This authority had been forced upon him by the prayers of the people, but he manifested no eagerness as he partly accepted the onerous station. He was provisionally the depositary of the whole sovereignty of the northern provinces, but he cared much less for theories of government than for ways and means. It was his object to release the country from the tyrant who, five years long, had been burning and butchering the people. It was his determination to drive out the foreign soldiery. To do this, he must meet his enemy in the field. So little was he disposed to strengthen his own individual power, that he voluntarily imposed limits on himself, by an act supplemental to the proceedings of the Congress of Dort. In this important ordinance, made by the Prince of Orange as a provisional form of government,[2] he publicly announced "that he *would do and ordain nothing* except by the advice of the Estates, by reason that they were best acquainted with the circumstances and the humours of the inhabitants." He directed the Estates to appoint receivers for all public taxes, and ordained that all military officers should make oath of fidelity to him as stadholder, and *to the Estates* of Holland, to be true and obedient, in order to liberate the land from the Albanian and Spanish tyranny, *for the service of his royal Majesty as Count of Holland.* The provisional constitution, thus made by a sovereign prince and actual dictator, was certainly as disinterested as it was sagacious.

Meanwhile the war had opened vigorously in Hainault. Louis of Nassau had no sooner found himself in possession of Mons than he had dispatched Genlis to France for those reinforcements which had been promised by royal lips.[3] On the other hand, Don Frederic held the city closely beleaguered; sharp combats before the walls were of almost daily occurrence, but it was obvious that Louis would be unable to maintain the position into which he had so chivalrously thrown himself unless he should soon receive important succour. The necessary reinforcements were soon upon the way. Genlis had made good speed with his levy, and it was soon announced that he was advancing into Hainault with a force of Huguenots, whose numbers report magnified to ten thousand veterans.[4] Louis dispatched an earnest message to his confederate to use extreme caution in his approach. Above all things, he urged him, before attempting to throw reinforcements into the city, to effect a junction with the Prince of Orange, who had already crossed the Rhine with his new army.[5]

Genlis, full of overweening confidence, and desirous of acquiring singly the whole glory of relieving the city, disregarded this advice.[6] His rashness proved his ruin, and the temporary prostration of the cause of freedom. Pushing rapidly forward across the French frontier, he arrived, towards the middle of July, within two leagues of Mons. The Spaniards were aware of his approach, and well prepared to frustrate his project. On the 19th, he found himself upon a circular plain of about a league's extent, surrounded with coppices and forests, and dotted with farmhouses and kitchen-gardens.[7] Here he paused to send out a reconnoitring party. The little detachment

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[1] See the Commission in Bor, vi. 389–391.

[2] "Ordonnantie ende Instructie van den Prince van Orange, voor die van Hollandt, om by provisie 't Landt daarovaer geregeerd te worden."—Groot Placcaet Boek, D. iii. bl. 32. Vide Kluit, Hist. der Hol. Staatsreg., i. 69, sqq.

[3] Bor, vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 251.

[4] Ibid. Ibid. Compare Mendoza, vi. 141; Bentivoglio, v. 102.

[5] Bentivoglio, v. 102. Bor, vi. 397. Hoofd, vi. 252.

[6] Bor, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

[7] Mendoza, vi. 139.

was, however, soon driven in, with the information that Don Frederic of Toledo, with ten thousand men, was coming instantly upon them. The Spanish force, in reality, numbered four thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry; but three thousand half-armed boors had been engaged by Don Frederic to swell his apparent force.[1] The demonstration produced its effect, and no sooner had the first panic of the intelligence been spread, than Noircarmes came charging upon them at the head of his cavalry. The infantry arrived directly afterwards, and the Huguenots were routed almost as soon as seen. It was a meeting rather than a battle.[2] The slaughter of the French was very great, while but an insignificant number of the Spaniards fell. Chiappin Vitelli was the hero of the day. It was to his masterly arrangements before the combat, and to his animated exertions upon the field, that the victory was owing. Having been severely wounded in the thigh but a few days previously, he caused himself to be carried upon a litter[3] in a recumbent position in front of his troops, and was everywhere seen encouraging their exertions and exposing himself, crippled as he was, to the whole brunt of the battle. To him the victory nearly proved fatal; to Don Frederic it brought increased renown. Vitelli's exertions, in his precarious condition, brought on severe inflammation, under which he nearly succumbed, while the son of Alva reaped extensive fame from the total overthrow of the veteran Huguenots, due rather to his lieutenant and to Julian Romero.[4]

The number of dead left by the French upon the plain amounted to at least twelve hundred, but a much larger number was butchered in detail by the peasantry, among whom they attempted to take refuge, and who had not yet forgotten the barbarities inflicted by their countrymen in the previous war.[5] Many officers were taken prisoners, among whom was the commander-in-chief, Genlis. That unfortunate gentleman was destined to atone for his rashness and obstinacy with his life. He was carried to the castle of Antwerp, where, sixteen months afterwards, he was secretly strangled by command of Alva, who caused the report to be circulated that he had died a natural death.[6] About one hundred foot soldiers succeeded in making their entrance into Mons,[7] and this was all the succour which Count Louis was destined to receive from France, upon which country he had built such lofty and such reasonable hopes.

While this unfortunate event was occurring, the Prince had already put his army in motion. On the 7th of July he had crossed the Rhine at Duisburg, with fourteen thousand foot, seven thousand horse, enlisted in Germany, besides a force of three thousand Walloons.[8] On the 23d of July, he took the city of Roermond, after a sharp cannonade, at which place his troops already began to disgrace the honourable cause in which they were engaged by imitating the cruelties and barbarities of their antagonists. The persons and property of the burghers were, with a very few exceptions, respected, but many priests and monks were put to death by the soldiery under circumstances of great barbarity.[9] The Prince, incensed at such conduct, but being unable to exercise very stringent authority over troops whose wages he was not yet able to pay in full, issued a proclamation denouncing such excesses, and commanding his followers, upon pain of death, to respect the rights of all individuals, whether Papist or Protestant, and to protect religious exercises both in Catholic and Reformed Churches.[10]

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1 Hoofd, vi. 251. Mendoza, vi. 139.
2 Bentivoglio, v. 102. 3 Strada, vii. 364.
4 Strada, vii. 363–365. Bentivoglio, v. 102.
5 Bor, vi. 397, 398. Hoofd, vi. 251, 252. Strada, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 72. Mendoza, vi. 139, sqq.
6 Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1283.
7 Hoofd, vi. 251. Meteren, iv. 71.
8 Bor, vi. 398.
9 Bor, vi. 399. Hoofd, vii. 259, 260.
10 Ibid. Ibid.

It was hardly to be expected that the troops enlisted by the Prince in the same great magazine of hireling soldiers, Germany, from whence the Duke also derived his annual supplies, would be likely to differ very much in their propensities from those enrolled under Spanish banners; yet there was a vast contrast between the characters of the two commanders. One leader inculcated the practice of robbery, rape, and murder *as a duty*, and issued distinct orders to butcher "every mother's son" in the cities which he captured; the other restrained every excess to the utmost of his ability, protecting not only life and property, but even the ancient religion.

The Emperor Maximilian had again issued his injunctions against the military operations of Orange. Bound to the monarch of Spain by so many family ties, being at once cousin, brother-in-law, and father-in-law of Philip, it was difficult for him to maintain the attitude which became him as chief of that Empire to which the peace of Passau had assured religious freedom. It had, however, been sufficiently proved that remonstrances and intercessions addressed to Philip were but idle breath. It had therefore become an insult to require pacific conduct from the Prince on the ground of any past or future mediation. It was a still grosser mockery to call upon him to discontinue hostilities because the Netherlands were included in the Empire, and therefore protected by the treaties of Passau and Augsburg. Well did the Prince reply to his imperial Majesty's summons in a temperate but cogent letter,[1] which he addressed to him from his camp, that all intercessions had proved fruitless, and that the only help for the Netherlands was the sword.

The Prince had been delayed for a month at Roermonde, because, as he expressed it, "he had not a single sou,"[2] and because, in consequence, the troops refused to advance into the Netherlands. Having at last been furnished with the requisite guarantees from the Holland cities for three months' pay, on the 27th of August, the day of the publication of his letter to the Emperor, he crossed the Meuse and took his circuitous way through Diest, Tirlemont, Sichem, Louvain, Mechlin, Termonde, Oudenarde, Nivelles.[3] Many cities and villages accepted his authority and admitted his garrisons. Of these, Mechlin was the most considerable, in which he stationed a detachment of his troops. Its doom was sealed in that moment. Alva could not forgive this act of patriotism on the part of a town which had so recently excluded his own troops. "This is a direct permission of God," he wrote, in the spirit of dire and revengeful prophecy, "for us to punish her as she deserves, for the image-breaking and other misdeeds done there in the time of Madame de Parma, which our Lord was not willing to pass over without chastisement."[4]

Meantime the Prince continued his advance. Louvain purchased its neutrality[5] for the time with sixteen thousand ducats; Brussels obstinately refused to listen to him, and was too powerful to be forcibly attacked at that juncture; other important cities, convinced by the arguments and won by the eloquence of the various proclamations which he scattered as he advanced, ranged themselves spontaneously, and even enthusiastically, upon his side. How different would have been the result of his campaign but for the unexpected earthquake which at that instant was to appal Christendom, and to scatter all his well-matured plans and legitimate hopes. His chief reliance, under Providence and his own strong heart, had been upon French assistance. Although Genlis, by his misconduct, had sacrificed his army and himself, yet the Prince was still justly sanguine as to the policy of the French court. The papers which had been found in the possession of Genlis by his conquerors all spoke

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1 See it in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 63, sqq.
2 Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 490.
3 Bor, vi. 400–402. Hoofd, vii. 260, sqq.
4 Correspondance de Philippe II., 1156.
5 Hoofd, vii. 260.

one language. "You would be struck with stupor," wrote Alva's secretary, "could you see a letter which is now in my power, *addressed by the King of France to Louis of Nassau.*"[1] In that letter the King had declared his determination to employ all the forces which God had placed in his hands to rescue the Netherlands from the oppression under which they were groaning. In accordance with the whole spirit and language of the French Government was the tone of Coligny in his correspondence with Orange. The Admiral assured the Prince that there was no doubt as to the earnestness of the royal intentions on behalf of the Netherlands, and, recommending extreme caution, announced his hope within a few days to effect a junction with him at the head of twelve thousand French arquebusiers, and at least three thousand cavalry.[2] Well might the Prince of Orange, strong, and soon to be strengthened, boast that the Netherlands were free, and that Alva was in his power.[3] He had a right to be sanguine, for nothing less than a miracle could now destroy his generous hopes; and, alas! the miracle took place—a miracle of perfidy and bloodshed, such as the world, familiar as it had ever been and was still to be with massacre, had not yet witnessed. On the 11th of August, Coligny had written thus hopefully of his movements towards the Netherlands, *sanctioned and aided by his King.* A fortnight from that day occurred the "Paris wedding;" and the Admiral, with thousands of his religious confederates, invited to confidence by superhuman treachery, and lulled into security by the music of august marriage bells, was suddenly butchered in the streets of Paris by royal and noble hands.

The Prince proceeded on his march, during which the heavy news had been brought to him, but he felt convinced that, with the very arrival of the awful tidings, the fate of that campaign was sealed, and the fall of Mons inevitable. In his own language, he had been struck to the earth "with the blow of a sledge-hammer,"[4]—nor did the enemy draw a different augury from the great event.

The crime was not committed with the connivance of the Spanish Government. On the contrary, the two courts were at the moment bitterly hostile to each other. In the beginning of the summer, Charles IX. and his advisers were as false to Philip, as at the end of it they were treacherous to Coligny and Orange. The massacre of the Huguenots had not even the merit of being a well-contrived and intelligently executed scheme. We have seen how steadily, seven years before, Catherine de' Medici had rejected the advances of Alva towards the arrangement of a general plan for the extermination of all heretics within France and the Netherlands at the same moment. We have seen the disgust with which Alva turned from the wretched young King at Bayonne, when he expressed the opinion that to take arms against his own subjects was wholly out of the question, and could only be followed by general ruin. "'Tis easy to see that he has been tutored,"[5] wrote Alva to his master. Unfortunately, the same mother who had then instilled those lessons of hypocritical benevolence, had now wrought upon her son's cowardly but ferocious nature with a far different intent. The incomplete assassination of Coligny, the dread of signal vengeance at the hands of the Huguenots, the necessity of taking the lead in the internecine struggle, were employed with Medicean art, and with entire success. The King was lashed into a frenzy. Starting to his feet, with a howl of rage and terror, "I agree to the scheme," he cried, "provided not one Huguenot be left alive in France to reproach me with the deed."[6]

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., 1146.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, iii. 496–500.
[3] Ibid., 501–507.
[4] Arch. de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 501–507; iv. 108.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. Hoofd, vii. 262.
[6] Von Raumer, Geschichte Europas seit dem Ende des funfzehnten Jahrhunderts (Leipzig, 1833), ii. 256.

That night the slaughter commenced. The long premeditated crime was executed in a panic, but the work was thoroughly done. The King, who a few days before had written with his own hand to Louis of Nassau expressing his firm determination to sustain the Protestant cause both in France and the Netherlands, who had employed the counsels of Coligny in the arrangement of his plans, and who had sent French troops under Genlis and La Noue to assist their Calvinist brethren in Flanders, now gave the signal for the general massacre of the Protestants, and with his own hands, from his own palace windows, shot his subjects with his arquebuse as if they had been wild beasts.

Between Sunday and Tuesday, according to one of the most moderate calculations, five thousand Parisians of all ranks were murdered. Within the whole kingdom, the number of victims was variously estimated at from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand.[1] The heart of Protestant Europe for an instant stood still with horror. The Queen of England put on mourning weeds, and spurned the apologies of the French envoy with contempt.[2] At Rome, on the contrary, the news of the massacre created a joy beyond description. The Pope, accompanied by his cardinals, went solemnly to the Church of St. Mark to render thanks to God for the grace thus singularly vouchsafed to the Holy See and to all Christendom; and a *Te Deum* was performed in presence of the same august assemblage.[3]

But nothing could exceed the satisfaction which the event occasioned in the mind of Philip the Second. There was an end now of all assistance from the French Government to the Netherland Protestants. "The news of the events upon St. Bartholomew's Day," wrote the French envoy at Madrid, St. Goard, to Charles IX., "arrived on the 7th September. The King, on receiving the intelligence, showed, contrary to his natural custom, so much gaiety, that he seemed more delighted than with all the good fortune or happy incidents which had ever before occurred to him. He called all his familiars about him in order to assure them that your Majesty was his good brother, and that no one else deserved the title of Most Christian. He sent his secretary Cayas to me with his felicitations upon the event, and with the information that he was just going to St. Jerome to render thanks to God, and to offer his prayers that your Majesty might receive Divine support in this great affair. I went to see him next morning, and as soon as I came into his presence *he began to laugh*, and, with demonstrations of extreme contentment, to praise your Majesty as deserving your title of Most Christian, telling me there was no King worthy to be your Majesty's companion, either for *valour or prudence*. He praised the steadfast resolution and the long dissimulation of so great an enterprise, which all the world would not be able to comprehend. . . . . I thanked him," continued the ambassador, "and I said that I thanked God for enabling your Majesty to *prove to his Master that his apprentice had learned his trade*, and deserved his title of Most Christian King. I added, that he ought to confess that he owed the preservation of the Netherlands to your Majesty."[4]

Nothing, certainly, could in Philip's apprehension be more delightful than this most unexpected and most opportune intelligence. Charles IX., whose intrigues in the Netherlands he had long known, had now been suddenly converted by this stupendous crime into his most powerful ally, while at the same time the Protestants of Europe would learn that there was still another crowned head in Christendom more deserving of abhorrence than himself. He wrote

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1 Von Raumer, ii. 260. Compare de Thou, t. vi. liv. ii. 430; Bor, vi. 402, 403; Meteren, iv. 74.

2 Von Raumer, ii. 263.

3 De Thou, t. vi. liv. lii. 442.

4 Groen v. Prinst. Archives, etc., Supplement, 125.

immediately to Alva,[1] expressing his satisfaction that the King of France had disembarrassed himself of such pernicious men, because he would now be obliged to cultivate the friendship of Spain, neither the English Queen nor the German Protestants being thenceforth capable of trusting him. He informed the Duke, moreover, that the French envoy, St. Goard, had been urging him to command the immediate execution of Genlis and his companions, who had been made prisoners, as well as all the Frenchmen who would be captured in Mons, and that he fully concurred in the propriety of the measure. "The sooner," said Philip, "these noxious plants are extirpated from the earth, the less fear there is that a fresh crop will spring up." The monarch therefore added, with his own hand, to the letter, "*I desire that if you have not already disembarrassed the world of them, you will do it immediately, and inform me thereof, for I see no reason why it should be deferred.*"[2] This is the demoniacal picture painted by the French ambassador, and by Philip's own hand, of the Spanish monarch's joy that his "Most Christian" brother had just murdered twenty-five thousand of his own subjects. In this cold-blooded way, too, did his Catholic Majesty order the execution of some thousand Huguenots additionally, in order more fully to carry out his royal brother's plans; yet Philip could write of himself, "that all the world recognised the gentleness of his nature, and the mildness of his intentions."[3]

In truth, the advice thus given by St. Goard on the subject of the French prisoners in Alva's possessions was a natural result of the St. Bartholomew. Here were officers and soldiers whom Charles IX. had himself sent into the Netherlands to fight *for the Protestant cause against Philip and Alva.* Already the papers found upon them had placed him in some embarrassment, and exposed his duplicity to the Spanish Government before the great massacre had made such signal reparation for his delinquency. He had ordered Mondoucet, his envoy in the Netherlands, to use dissimulation to an unstinted amount, to continue his intrigues with the Protestants, and to deny stoutly all proofs of such connivance. "I see that the papers found upon Genlis," he wrote[4] twelve days before the massacre, "have been put into the hands of Assonleville, and that they know everything done by Genlis to have been committed with my consent. Nevertheless, you will tell the Duke of Alva *that these are lies invented to excite suspicion against me.* You will also give him occasional information of the enemy's affairs, in order to make him believe in your integrity. Even if he does not believe you, my purpose will be answered, provided you do it dexterously.[5] At the same time you must keep up a *constant communication with the Prince of Orange,* taking great care to *prevent discovery of your intelligence with him.*"[6]

Were not these master-strokes of diplomacy worthy of a King whom his mother, from boyhood upwards, had caused to study Machiavelli's "Prince," and who had thoroughly taken to heart the maxim, often repeated in those days, that the "science of reigning was the science of lying"?[7]

The joy in the Spanish camp before Mons was unbounded. It was as if the only bulwark between the Netherland rebels and total destruction had been suddenly withdrawn. With anthems in St. Gudule,[8] with bonfires,

[1] The letter is published by M. Gachard, "Particularités inédites sur la Saint Barthélémy," Bulletins de l'Acad. Roy. de Belg., xvi.

[2] "Y assi holgare que si ya no les ubiere deshechado del mundo lo hagais luego, y me aviseis dello, pues que no veo que aya causa ni la pueda aber por que esto se dexe de hazer."—Letter of Philip, 18th September 1572, ubi sup.

[3] Letter to the Emperor, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Suppl., 46.

[4] These remarkable letters exchanged between Charles IX. and Mondoucet have recently been published by M. Emile Gachet (chef du bureau paléographique aux Archives de Belgique) from a manuscript discovered by him in the library at Rheims. Compte Rendu de la Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340, *sqq*

[5] "Encores qu'il ne y adjouste foy, toutes fois cela servira à mon intention, pourveu que le faciez destrement."—Ibid.

[6] Ibid.

[7] "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare."

[8] Letter of Mondoucet, ubi sup. Strada, vii. 366: "In Hispanorum castris sub primas tenebras, ingentis lætitiæ signa hostes edere, scloporum explosione

with festive illuminations, roaring artillery, with trumpets also, and with shawms, was the glorious holiday celebrated in court and camp, in honour of the vast murder committed by the Most Christian King upon his Christian subjects; nor was a moment lost in apprising the Huguenot soldiers shut up with Louis of Nassau in the beleaguered city of the great catastrophe which was to render all their valour fruitless. "'Twas a punishment," said a Spanish soldier, who fought most courageously before Mons, and who elaborately described the siege afterwards, "well worthy of a king whose title is 'The Most Christian,' and it was still more honourable to inflict it with his own hands as he did."[1] Nor was the observation a pithy sarcasm, but a frank expression of opinion, from a man celebrated alike for the skill with which he handled both his sword and his pen.

The French envoy in the Netherlands was, of course, immediately informed by his sovereign of the great event. Charles IX. gave a very pithy account of the transaction. "To prevent the success of the enterprise planned by the Admiral," wrote the King on the 26th of August, with hands yet reeking, and while the havoc throughout France was at its height, "I have been obliged to permit the said Guises to rush upon the said Admiral,[2] which they have done, the said Admiral having been killed and all his adherents. A very great number of those belonging to the new religion have also been massacred and cut to pieces. It is probable that the fire thus kindled will spread through all the cities of my kingdom, and that all those of the said religion will be made sure of."[3] Not often, certainly, in history, has a Christian king spoken thus calmly of butchering his subjects while the work was proceeding all around him. It is to be observed, moreover, that the usual excuse for such enormities, religious fanaticism, cannot be even suggested on this occasion. Catherine in times past had favoured Huguenots as much as Catholics, while Charles had been, up to the very moment of the crime, in strict alliance with the heretics of both France and Flanders, and furthering the schemes of Orange and Nassau. Nay, even at this very moment, and in this very letter in which he gave the news of the massacre, he charged his envoy still *to maintain the closest but most secret intelligence with the Prince of Orange;* taking great care that the Duke of Alva should not discover these relations. His motives were, of course, to prevent the Prince from abandoning his designs, and from coming to make a disturbance in France. The King, now that the deed was done, was most anxious to reap all the fruits of his crime. "Now M. de Mondoucet, it is necessary in such affairs," he continued, "to have an eye to every possible contingency. I know that this news will be most agreeable to the Duke of Alva, for it is most favourable to his designs. At the same time, I don't desire that he alone should gather the fruit. I don't choose that he should, according to his excellent custom, conduct his affairs in such wise as to throw the Prince of Orange upon my hands, besides sending back to France Genlis and the other prisoners, as well as the French now shut up in Mons."[4]

This was a sufficiently plain hint, which Mondoucet could not well misunderstand. "Observe the Duke's countenance carefully when you give him this message," added the King, "and let me know his reply." In order, however, that there might be no mistake about the matter, Charles wrote again to his ambassador, five days afterwards, distinctly stating the regret which he should feel if Alva should not take the city of Mons, or if he should take it by composition. "Tell the Duke," said he, "that it is most impor-

ter repetitia, læto tympanorum tubarumque cantu, ac toto circum vallo festis ignibus collucente," etc., etc.

[1] Mendoza, vii. 146.

[2] "J'ay été constraint permettre et doner moyen ausdits de Guise de courir sus audit Amiral," etc. – Correspondance de Mondoucet, etc., ibi sup.

[3] Correspondance de Mondoucet.

[4] Ibid.

tant for the service of his master and of God that those Frenchmen and others in Mons should be cut in pieces."[1] He wrote another letter upon the same day, such was his anxiety upon the subject, instructing the envoy to urge upon Alva the necessity of chastising those rebels to the French crown. "If he tells you," continued Charles, "that this is tacitly requiring him to put to death all the French prisoners now in hand as well as to cut in pieces every man in Mons, you will say to him that this is exactly what he ought to do, and that he will be guilty of a great wrong to Christianity if he does otherwise."[2] Certainly the Duke, having been thus distinctly ordered, both by his own master and by his Christian Majesty, to put every one of these Frenchmen to death, had a sufficiency of royal warrant. Nevertheless, he was not able to execute entirely these ferocious instructions. The prisoners already in his power were not destined to escape, but the city of Mons, in his own language, "proved to have sharper teeth than he supposed."[3]

Mondoucet lost no time in placing before Alva the urgent necessity of accomplishing the extensive and cold-blooded massacre thus proposed. "The Duke has replied," wrote the envoy to his sovereign, "that he is executing his prisoners every day, and that he has but a few left. Nevertheless, for some reason which he does not mention, he is reserving the principal noblemen and chiefs."[4] He afterwards informed his master that Genlis, Jumelles, and the other leaders, had engaged, if Alva would grant them a reasonable ransom, to induce the French in Mons to leave the city; but that the Duke, although his language was growing less confident, still hoped to take the town by assault. "I have urged him," he added, "to put them all to death, assuring him that he would be responsible for the consequences of a contrary course." "Why does not your Most Christian master," asked Alva, "order these Frenchmen in Mons to come to him under oath to make no disturbance? Then my prisoners will be at my discretion and I shall get my city." "Because," answered the envoy, "they *will not trust his Most Christian Majesty, and will prefer to die in Mons.*"[5]

This certainly was a most sensible reply, but it is instructive to witness the cynicism with which the envoy accepts this position for his master, while coldly recording the results of all these sanguinary conversations.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Prince of Orange arrived at Péronne, between Binche and the Duke of Alva's entrenchments.[6] The besieging army was rich in notabilities of elevated rank. Don Frederic of Toledo had hitherto commanded; but, on the 27th of August, the Dukes of Medina Cœli and of Alva had arrived in the camp.[7] Directly afterwards came the warlike Archbishop of Cologne,[8] at the head of two thousand cavalry.[9] There was but one chance for the Prince of Orange, and experience had taught him, four years before, its slenderness. He might still provoke his adversary into a pitched battle, and he relied upon God for the result. In his own words, "he trusted ever that the great God of armies was with him, and would fight in the midst of his forces."[10] So long as Alva remained in his impregnable camp, it was impossible to attack him, or to throw reinforcements into Mons. The Prince soon found, too, that Alva was far too wise to hazard his position by a superfluous combat. The Duke knew that the cavalry of the Prince was superior to his own.[11] He expressed himself entirely unwilling to play into the Prince's hands, instead of winning the game, which was no longer doubtful. The Huguenot soldiers within Mons were in

[1] Correspondance de Mondoucet. [2] Ibid. [3] Mondoucet to Charles IX., 15th September 1572. [4] Ibid. (5th Sept.) [5] Ibid. (15th Sept.) [6] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. Hoofd, vii. 262. [7] Ibid., 257. [8] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158. [9] Bor, vi. 402. [10] Letter of John of Nassau, Archives, etc., iii 461. [11] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158.

despair and mutiny; Louis of Nassau lay in his bed consuming with a dangerous fever; Genlis was a prisoner, and his army cut to pieces; Coligny was murdered, and Protestant France paralysed; the troops of Orange, enlisted but for three months, were already rebellious, and sure to break into open insubordination when the consequences of the Paris massacre should become entirely clear to them; and there were, therefore, even more cogent reasons than in 1568 why Alva should remain perfectly still, and see his enemy's cause founder before his eyes. The valiant Archbishop of Cologne was most eager for the fray. He rode daily at the Duke's side with harness on his back and pistols in his holsters, armed and attired like one of his own troopers, and urging the Duke with vehemence to a pitched battle with the Prince. The Duke commended, but did not yield to, the prelate's enthusiasm. "'Tis a fine figure of a man, with his corslet and pistols," he wrote to Philip, "and he shows great affection for your Majesty's service." [1]

The issue of the campaign was inevitable. On the 11th September, Don Frederic, with a force of four thousand picked men, established himself at St. Florian, a village near the Havrè gate of the city, while the Prince had encamped at Hermigny, within half a league of the same place, whence he attempted to introduce reinforcements into the town. On the night of the 11th and 12th, Don Frederic hazarded an *encamisada* upon the enemy's camp, which proved eminently successful, and had nearly resulted in the capture of the Prince himself. A chosen band of six hundred arquebusiers, attired, as was customary in these nocturnal expeditions, with their shirts outside their armour, that they might recognise each other in the darkness, were led by Julian Romero within the lines of the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised, and for a moment powerless, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning until three, the Spaniards butchered their foes, hardly aroused from their sleep, ignorant by how small a force they had been thus suddenly surprised, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe.[2] The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in profound sleep, but a small spaniel, who always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws.[3] There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness, before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives;[4] and but for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day, the Prince ever afterwards [5] kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber. The midnight slaughter still continued, but the Spaniards in their fury, set fire to the tents. The glare of the conflagration showed the Orangeists by how paltry a force they had been surprised. Before they could rally, however, Romero led off his arquebusiers, every one of whom had at least killed his man. Six hundred of the Prince's troops had been put to the sword, while many others were burned in their beds, or drowned in the little rivulet which flowed outside their camp. Only sixty Spaniards lost their lives.[6]

This disaster did not alter the plans of the Prince, for those plans had already been frustrated. The whole marrow of his enterprise had been

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1158.
[2] Mendoza, vii. 157. Strada, vii. 367, 368.
[3] Strada, vii. 368. Hoofd, vii. 263.
[4] Hoofd, vii. 264.
[5] Hoofd, vii. 263. In the statues of the Prince, a little dog is frequently sculptured at his feet.
[6] Bentivoglio, v. 106. Mendoza, vii. 157, 999. Hoofd, vii. 263, 264. Bor, vii. 408.

destroyed in an instant by the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He retreated to Péronne and Nivelles, an assassin, named Heist, a German by birth, but a French chevalier, following him secretly in his camp, pledged to take his life for a large reward promised by Alva [1]—an enterprise not destined, however, to be successful. The soldiers flatly refused to remain an hour longer in the field, or even to furnish an escort for Count Louis, if, by chance, he could be brought out of the town.[2] The Prince was obliged to inform his brother of the desperate state of his affairs, and to advise him to capitulate on the best terms [3] which he could make. With a heavy heart, he left the chivalrous Louis besieged in the city which he had so gallantly captured, and took his way across the Meuse towards the Rhine. A furious mutiny broke out among his troops. His life was with difficulty saved from the brutal soldiery—infuriated at his inability to pay them, except in the overdue securities of the Holland cities—by the exertions of the officers, who still regarded him with veneration and affection.[4] Crossing the Rhine at Orsoy, he disbanded his army, and betook himself, almost alone, to Holland.[5]

Yet even in this hour of distress and defeat, the Prince seemed more heroic than many a conqueror in his day of triumph. With all his hopes blasted, with the whole fabric of his country's fortunes shattered by the colossal crime of his royal ally, he never lost his confidence in himself nor his unfaltering trust in God. All the cities which, but a few weeks before, had so eagerly raised his standard, now fell off at once. He went to Holland, the only province which remained true, and which still looked up to him as its saviour, but he went thither expecting and prepared to perish. "*There I will make my sepulchre*," [6] was his simple and sublime expression in a private letter to his brother.

He had advanced to the rescue of Louis, with city after city opening its arms to receive him. He had expected to be joined on the march by Coligny at the head of a chosen army, and he was now obliged to leave his brother to his fate, having the massacre of the Admiral and his confederates substituted for their expected army of assistance, and with every city and every province forsaking his cause as eagerly as they had so lately embraced it "It has pleased God," he said, "to take away every hope which we could have founded upon man; the King has published that the massacre was by his orders, and has forbidden all his subjects, upon pain of death, to assist me; he has, moreover, sent succour to Alva. Had it not been for this, we had been masters of the Duke, and should have made him capitulate at our pleasure." [7] Yet even then he was not cast down.

Nor was his political sagacity liable to impeachment by the extent to which he had been thus deceived by the French court. "So far from being reprehensible that I did not suspect such a crime," he said, "I should rather be chargeable with malignity had I been capable of so sinister a suspicion. 'Tis not an ordinary thing to conceal such enormous deliberations under the plausible cover of a marriage festival." [8]

Meanwhile, Count Louis lay confined to his couch with a burning fever. His soldiers refused any longer to hold the city, now that the altered intentions of Charles IX. were known [9] and the forces of Orange withdrawn. Alva offered the most honourable conditions, and it was therefore impossible for the Count to make longer resistance. The city was so important, and time

[1] Letter of Mondoucet to Charles IX., Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340.
[2] Letter of Prince of Orange to John of Nassau, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iii. 501-507, and the cypher explained in t. iv. c. ii.
[3] Hoofd, vii. 264. Meteren, iv. 75.
[4] Bor, vii. 408 Meteren, iv. 75.
[5] Hoofd, vii. 264.
[6] "Ayant délibéré de faire illecq ma sépultre."—Letter to his brother John of Nassau, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 4.
[7] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., iii. 501-507.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Ibid. Vie De la Noue, 75

was at that moment so valuable, that the Duke was willing to forego his vengeance upon the rebel whom he so cordially detested, and to be satisfied with depriving him of the prize which he had seized with such audacity. "It would have afforded me sincere pleasure," wrote the Duke, "over and above the benefit to God and your Majesty, to have had the Count of Nassau in my power. I would overleap every obstacle to seize him, such is the particular hatred which I bear the man."[1] Under the circumstances, however, he acknowledged that the result of the council of war could only be to grant liberal terms.

On the 19th September, accordingly, articles of capitulation were signed between the distinguished De la Noue with three others on the one part, and the Seigneur de Noircarmes and three others on the side of Spain. The town was given over to Alva, but all the soldiers were to go out with their weapons and property. Those of the townspeople who had borne arms against his Majesty, and all who still held to the Reformed religion, were to retire with the soldiery. The troops were to pledge themselves not to serve in future against the Kings of France or Spain, but from this provision Louis, with his English and German soldiers, was expressly excepted, the Count indignantly repudiating the idea of such a pledge, or of discontinuing his hostilities for an instant. It was also agreed that convoys should be furnished, and hostages exchanged for the due observance of the terms of the treaty. The preliminaries having been thus settled, the patriot forces abandoned the town.[2]

Count Louis, rising from his sick-bed, paid his respects in person to the victorious generals, at their request. He was received in Alva's camp with an extraordinary show of admiration and esteem. The Duke of Medina Cœli overwhelmed him with courtesies and "*basolomanos*," while Don Frederic assured him, in the high-flown language of Spanish compliment, that there was nothing which he would not do to serve him, and that he would take a greater pleasure in executing his slightest wish than if he had been his next of kin.[3]

As the Count next day, still suffering with fever, and attired in his long dressing-gown, was taking his departure from the city, he ordered his carriage to stop at the entrance to Don Frederic's quarters. That general, who had been standing incognito near the door, gazing with honest admiration at the hero of so many a hard-fought field, withdrew as he approached, that he might not give the invalid the trouble of alighting.[4] Louis, however, recognising him, addressed him with the Spanish salutation, "*Perdone vuestra Señoria la pesedumbre*," and paused at the gate.[5] Don Frederic, from politeness to his condition, did not present himself, but sent an aide-de-camp to express his compliments and good wishes. Having exchanged these courtesies, Louis left the city, convoyed, as had been agreed upon, by a guard of Spanish troops. There was a deep meaning in the respect with which the Spanish generals had treated the rebel chieftain. Although the massacre of St. Bartholomew met with Alva's entire approbation, yet it was his cue to affect a holy horror at the event, and he avowed that he would "rather cut off both his hands than be guilty of such a deed"[6]—as if those hangman's hands had the right to protest against any murder, however wholesale. Count Louis suspected at once, and

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[1] Letter of Alva to Philippe II., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1162.

[2] Bor, vii. 408, 409. Hoofd, vii. 265. Meteren, iv. 76. Mendoza, vii. 158–160.

[3] "So haten auch Don Frederico, le grand Prieur genañt (which he certainly was not, however) und der Herzog de Medina Celi mit sonder ehrerbietung Graf Ludwig in dem Albanischen Lager selbst persönlich angesprochen und haben den Don Fed. viel besolosmanos gemacht und under andern sich erbotten wo er Grf Ludwigen freundschaft und angenehmen willen werde zu erzeigen wissen, soll sein Gnad: sich des zu ihm gewiszlich versehen das er solchs so gern und willig thun wolle als ob er S. Gn. nechster verwandter were."—Schwarz to Landgrave William of Hesse, Appendix to vol. iv. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, 17*.

[4] Ibid., iii. 515, 518.

[5] Hoofd, vii. 265.

[6] Letter of Louis of Nassau to Charles IX. (1st June 1573), Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison, etc., iv. 86,* sqq. The letter is taken from the Archives of Simancas.

soon afterwards thoroughly understood, the real motives of the chivalrous treatment which he had received.[1] He well knew that these very men would have sent him to the scaffold had he fallen into their power, and he therefore estimated their courtesy at its proper value.

It was distinctly stated in the capitulation of the city, that all the soldiers, as well as such of the inhabitants as had borne arms, should be allowed to leave the city, with all their property. The rest of the people, it was agreed, might remain without molestation to their persons or estates.[2] It has been the general opinion of historians that the articles of this convention were maintained by the conquerors in good faith.[3] Never was a more signal error. The capitulation was made late at night on the 20th September, without the provision which Charles IX. had hoped for—the massacre, namely, of De la Noue and his companions. As for Genlis, and those who had been taken prisoners at his defeat, their doom had already been sealed. The city was evacuated on the 21st September. Alva entered it upon the 24th. Most of the volunteers departed with the garrison, but many who had, most unfortunately, prolonged their farewells to their families, trusting to the word of the Spanish Captain Molinos, were thrown into prison.[4] Noircarmes, the butcher of Valenciennes, now made his appearance in Mons. As grand bailiff of Hainault, he came to the place as one in authority, and his deeds were now to complete the infamy which must for ever surround his name. In brutal violation of the terms upon which the town had surrendered, he now set about the work of massacre and pillage. A Commission of Troubles, in close imitation of the famous Blood Council at Brussels, was established,[5] the members of the tribunal being appointed by Noircarmes, and all being inhabitants of the town. The council commenced proceedings by condemning all the volunteers, although expressly included in the capitulation. Their wives and children were all banished, their property all confiscated. On the 15th December the executions commenced. The intrepid De Leste, silk manufacturer, who had commanded a band of volunteers, and sustained during the siege the assaults of Alva's troops with remarkable courage at a very critical moment, was one of the earliest victims.[6] In consideration "that he was a gentleman, and not among the most malicious,"[7] he was executed by sword. "In respect that he heard the mass, and made a sweet and Catholic end," it was allowed that he should be "buried in consecrated earth."[8] Many others followed in quick succession. Some were beheaded, some were hanged, some were burned alive. All who had borne arms or worked at the fortifications were, of course, put to death. Such as refused to confess and receive the Catholic sacraments perished by fire. A poor wretch, accused of having ridiculed these mysteries, had his tongue torn out before being beheaded.[9] A cobbler, named Blaise Bouzet, was hanged for having eaten meat-soup upon Friday.[10] He was also accused of going to the Protestant preachings for the sake of participating in the alms distributed on these occasions,[11] a crime for which many other paupers were executed.[12] An old man of sixty-two was sent to the scaffold for having permitted his son to bear arms among the volunteers.[13] At last, when all pretexts were wanting to justify executions, the council

[1] "Et que cà esté la seulle cause de la courtoisie et fidelité dont le Duc d'Albe a ussé envers le Conte à la prinse de la ville de Monts; comme il a depuis dict à plusieurs que c'estoit pour monstrer qu'il ne vouldroit point avoir faict ung si méchant acte qu'avoit faict le Roy de France," etc., etc.—Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison, etc., iv. 86, * sqq.

[2] Mendoza, vii. 157vo, 158vo. Bor, vii. 408, 409.

[3] Bor, Le Petit, Guicciardini, et al.

[4] Mons sous les Rapports Historiques et Statisques, etc., par F. Paridaens (Mons, 1819), 77, sqq.

[5] Paridaens, 77–87.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Sentence against Pierre de Leste, apud Altmeyer, Une Succursale au Tribunal de Sang, 113, note 3.

[8] Ibid: "En considération de sa belle fin, doulce et catholique avec grande recognoissance et repentance, Monsqr. de Vaulx accorda la terre saincte et son corps porté aux cordeliers."

[9] Paridaens, Sentence du 6me Mars 1573, et autres.

[10] Altmeyer, 120, from the Archives Judiciaires de Hainaut, Régistre contenant les sentences criminelles.

[11] Ibid.

[12] Sentences du 6me Mars 1573, et autres, apud Paridaens, 82.

[13] Paridaens.

assigned as motives for its decrees an adhesion of heart on the part of the victims to the cause of the insurgents, or to the doctrines of the Reformed Church.[1] Ten, twelve, twenty persons were often hanged, burned, or beheaded in a single day.[2] Gibbets laden with mutilated bodies lined the public highways, while Noircarmes, by frightful expressions of approbation, excited without ceasing the fury of his satellites.[3] This monster would perhaps be less worthy of execration had he been governed in these foul proceedings by fanatical bigotry or by political hatred; but his motives were of the most sordid description. It was mainly to acquire gold for himself that he ordained all this carnage. With the same pen which signed the death-sentences of the richest victims, he drew orders to his own benefit on their confiscated property.[4] The lion's share of the plunder was appropriated by himself. He desired the estate of François de Glarges, Seigneur d'Eslesmes. The gentleman had committed no offence of any kind, and, moreover, lived beyond the French frontier. Nevertheless, in contempt of international law, the neighbouring territory was invaded, and D'Eslesmes dragged before the blood tribunal of Mons. Noircarmes had drawn up beforehand, in his own handwriting, both the terms of the accusation and of the sentence. The victim was innocent and a Catholic, but he was rich. He confessed to have been twice at the preaching, from curiosity, and to have omitted taking the sacrament at the previous Easter. For these offences he was beheaded, and his confiscated estate adjudged at an almost nominal price to the secretary of Noircarmes, bidding for his master.[5] "You can do me no greater pleasure," wrote Noircarmes to the council, "than to make quick work with all these rebels, and to proceed with the confiscation of their estates, real and personal. Don't fail to put all those to the torture out of whom anything can be got."[6]

Notwithstanding the unexampled docility of the commissioners, they found it difficult to extract from their redoubted chief a reasonable share in the wages of blood. They did not scruple, therefore, to display their own infamy, and to enumerate their own crimes, in order to justify their demand for higher salaries. "Consider," they said, in a petition to this end, "consider closely all that is odious in our office, and the great number of banishments and of executions which we have *pronounced among all our own relations and friends.*"[7]

It may be added, moreover, as a slight palliation for the enormous crimes committed by these men, that, becoming at last weary of their business, they urged Noircarmes to desist from the work of proscription. Longehaye, one of the commissioners, even waited upon him personally with a plea for mercy in favour of "the poor people, even beggars, who, although having borne arms during the siege, might then be pardoned." Noircarmes, in a rage at the proposition, said that "if he did not know the commissioners to be honest men, he should believe *that their palms had been oiled*,"[8] and forbade any further words on the subject. When Longehaye still ventured to speak in favour of certain persons "who were very poor and simple, not charged with duplicity, and good Catholics besides," he fared no better. "Away with you!" cried Noircarmes in a great fury,[9] adding that he had already written to have

[1] Paridaens, Sentences du 6me Mars, et autres.
[2] Ibid., 83. Sentences des 15me et 31me Dec. 1572, 17me Jan. 1573, 6me Mars, 10me, 11me, 13me Avril, 9me Juillet, 26me et 27me Août 1573.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., 84. Lettres aux Commissaires des 1er Juin et 24me Nov. 1573.
[5] Ibid., 85. Greffe de Mons, Sentence du 24me Fev. 1573. Lettre de Noircarmes à Buzequies de 25me Nov. 1573, cited by Paridaens.
[6] Altmeyer, 115, from the Archives de Hainaut.
[7] "Considérer de près tout l'odieux de nostre charge et le grand nombre de bannissemens et d'exécutions que nous avons pronuncées *au milieu* de tous nos parens et amis."—Lettres des Commissaires du 22me Juin 1575; apud Paridaens, 86; from the Greffe de Mons.
[8] "——vous avé veu——la collere de Monseigneur——disant que se ne nous cognoissoit gens de bien, auroit opinion qu'avions heu les mains engraissées."—Letter of Longehaye in Altmeyer, 125, sqq.
[9] "Replicqua, Arrière! par grant furie," etc.—Ibid.

execution done upon the whole of them. "Whereupon," said poor blood-councillor Longehaye, in his letter to his colleagues, "I retired, I leave you to guess how."[1]

Thus the work went on day after day, month after month. Till the 27th August of the following year (1573) the executioner never rested; and when Requesens, successor to Alva, caused the prisons of Mons to be opened, there were found still seventy-five individuals condemned to the block, and awaiting their fate.[2]

It is the most dreadful commentary upon the times in which these transactions occurred, that they could sink so soon into oblivion. The culprits took care to hide the records of their guilt, while succeeding horrors, on a more extensive scale, at other places, effaced the memory of all these comparatively obscure murders and spoliations. The prosperity of Mons, one of the most flourishing and wealthy manufacturing towns in the Netherlands, was annihilated, but there were so many cities in the same condition that its misery was hardly remarkable. Nevertheless, in our own days, the fall of a mouldering tower in the ruined Chateau de Naast at last revealed the archives of all these crimes.[3] How the documents came to be placed there remains a mystery, but they have at last been brought to light.

The Spaniards had thus recovered Mons, by which event the temporary revolution throughout the whole Southern Netherlands was at an end. The keys of that city unlocked the gates of every other in Brabant and Flanders. The towns which had so lately embraced the authority of Orange now hastened to disavow the Prince, and to return to their ancient, hypocritical, and cowardly allegiance.[4] The new oaths of fidelity were in general accepted by Alva, but the beautiful archiepiscopal city of Mechlin was selected for an example and a sacrifice.

There were heavy arrears due to the Spanish troops. To indemnify them, and to make good his blasphemous prophecy of Divine chastisement for its past misdeeds, Alva now abandoned this town to the license of his soldiery. By his command, Don Frederic advanced to the gates, and demanded its surrender. He was answered by a few shots from the garrison. Those cowardly troops, however, having thus plunged the city still more deeply into the disgrace which, in Alva's eyes, they had incurred by receiving rebels within their walls after having but just before refused admittance to the Spanish forces, decamped during the night, and left the place defenceless.[5]

Early next morning there issued from the gates a solemn procession of priests, with banner and crosier, followed by a long and suppliant throng of citizens, who attempted by this demonstration to avert the wrath of the victor. While the penitent psalms were resounding, the soldiers were busily engaged in heaping dried branches and rubbish into the moat. Before the religious exercises were concluded, thousands had forced the gates or climbed the walls, and entered the city with a celerity which only the hope of rapine could inspire. The sack instantly commenced. The property of friend and foe, of Papist and Calvinist, was indiscriminately rifled. Everything was dismantled and destroyed. "Hardly a nail," said a Spaniard, writing soon afterwards from Brussels, "was left standing in the walls." The troops seemed to imagine themselves in a Turkish town, and wreaked the Divine vengeance which Alva had denounced upon the city with an energy which met with his fervent applause.[6]

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[1] "Sur quoy me rethiray, je vous laisse à penser comment."—Letter of Longehaye in Altmeyer, 125, sqq.
[2] Paridaens, 86, sqq. [3] Ibid., 279, note E.
[4] Bor, vi. 415.
[5] Ibid., 409. Meteren, iv. 76.
[6] Bor, vi. 409. Hoofd, vii. 266, 267. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1185. "Bref il n'y ha lieu église, ny monastère, soit d'hommes ou de femmes, hospital ny lieu sacré auquel l'on aye porté respect, que tout n'aye esté saccagé jusques aux lianges et

Three days long the horrible scene continued, one day for the benefit of the Spaniards, two more for that of the Walloons and Germans. All the churches, monasteries, religious houses of every kind, were completely sacked. Every valuable article which they contained, the ornaments of altars, the reliquaries, chalices, embroidered curtains, and carpets of velvet or damask, the golden robes of the priests, the repositories of the host, the precious vessels of chrism and extreme unction, the rich clothing and jewellery adorning the effigies of the Holy Virgin, all were indiscriminately rifled by the Spanish soldiers. The holy wafers were trampled underfoot, the sacramental wine was poured upon the ground, and, in brief, all the horrors which had been committed by the iconoclasts in their wildest moments, and for a thousandth part of which enormities heretics had been burned in droves, were now repeated in Mechlin by the especial soldiers of Christ, by Roman Catholics who had been sent to the Netherlands to avenge the insults offered to the Roman Catholic faith. The motive, too, which inspired the sacrilegious crew was not fanaticism, but the desire of plunder. The property of Romanists was taken as freely as that of Calvinists, of which sect there were, indeed, but few in the archiepiscopal city. Cardinal Granvelle's house was rifled. The pauper funds deposited in the convents were not respected. The beds were taken from beneath sick and dying women, whether lady abbess or hospital patient, that the sacking might be torn to pieces in search of hidden treasure.[1]

The iconoclasts of 1566 had destroyed millions of property for the sake of an idea, but they had appropriated nothing. Moreover, they had scarcely injured a human being, confining their wrath to graven images. The Spaniards at Mechlin spared neither man nor woman. The murders and outrages would be incredible, were they not attested by most respectable Catholic witnesses. Men were butchered in their houses, in the streets, at the altars. Women were violated by hundreds in churches and in graveyards.[2] Moreover, the deed had been as deliberately arranged as it was thoroughly performed. It was sanctioned by the highest authority. Don Frederic, son of Alva, and General Noircarmes were both present at the scene, and applications were in vain made to them that the havoc might be stayed. "They were seen whispering to each other in the ear on their arrival," says an eye-witness and a Catholic, "and it is well known that the affair had been resolved upon the preceding day. The two continued together as long as they remained in the city."[3] The work was, in truth, fully accomplished. The ultra-Catholic, Jean Richardot, member of the Grand Council, and nephew of the Bishop of Arras, informed the State Council that the sack of Mechlin had been so horrible that the poor and unfortunate mothers had not a single morsel of bread to put in the mouths of their children, who were dying before their eyes—so insane and cruel had been the avarice of the plunderers. "He could say more," he added, "if his hair did not stand on end, not only at recounting, but even at remembering the scene."[4]

Three days long the city was abandoned to that trinity of furies which ever wait upon War's footsteps—Murder, Lust, and Rapine—under whose promptings human beings become so much more terrible than the most ferocious beasts. In his letter to his master, the Duke congratulated him upon these

deniers d'epargne des povres."—Discours du Pillage de Malines, 2me Oct. 1572, p. 409; apud Willems. Mengelingen van historischvaderlandsten inhoud (Antwerpen, 1827–30). The author of this contemporary account was a citizen of Mechlin, and a Catholic.

[1] Discours du Pillage de Malines, 2me Octobre 1572, 406, 407. "Voires ne ont esté respectez les repositoires, et cyboires où estoyent les sainctes hosties et précieux corps de nostre seigneur et rédempteur, ny les vaisseaux des saint chresme et extrêmes unctions, qui ont esté ravis par les soldats Espagnols ——tiré dehors le ciboire, gectant en terre les sainctes hosties," etc., etc.

"Et y a la mater des noires-soeurs ha perdu 6e florins de son espargne——et pardessus ha esté tiré à la dicte mater, gisant malade, son lict de dessoubz elle; comme aussi ha este faict avec infinité de femmes accouchées et d'aultres avortées et de malades."—Discours, etc., 409. [2] Ibid., 415. [3] Ibid., 411, 412.

[4] Letter of Jean Richardot, apud Gachard; Rapport au Ministre de l'Intérieur sur les Archives Lille, 234.

foul proceedings as upon a pious deed well accomplished. He thought it necessary, however, to excuse himself before the public in a document which justified the sack of Mechlin by its refusal to accept his garrison a few months before, and by the shots which had been discharged at his troops as they approached the city.[1] For these offences, and by his express order, the deed was done. Upon his head must the guilt for ever rest.[2]

CHAPTER VIII.

Affairs in Holland and Zealand—Siege of Tergoes by the patriots—Importance of the place—Difficulty of relieving it—Its position—Audacious plan for sending succour across the "Drowned Land"—Brilliant and successful expedition of Mondragon—The siege raised—Horrible sack of Zutphen—Base conduct of Count Van den Berg—Refusal of Naarden to surrender—Subsequent unsuccessful deputation to make terms with Don Frederic—Don Frederic before Naarden—Treachery of Romero—The Spaniards admitted—General massacre of the garrison and burghers—The city burned to the ground—Warm reception of Orange in Holland—Secret negotiations with the Estates—Desperate character of the struggle between Spain and the provinces—Don Frederic in Amsterdam—Plans for reducing Holland—Skirmish on the ice at Amsterdam—Preparation in Harlem for the expected siege—Description of the city—Early operations—Complete investment—Numbers of besiegers and besieged—Mutual barbarities—Determined repulse of the first assault—Failure of Batenburg's expedition—Cruelties in city and camp—Mining and countermining—Second assault victoriously repelled—Suffering and disease in Harlem—Disposition of Don Frederic to retire—Memorable rebuke by Alva—Efforts of Orange to relieve the place—Sonoy's expedition—Exploit of John Haring—Cruel execution of prisoners on both sides—Quiryn Dirkzoon and his family put to death in the city—Fleets upon the lake—Defeat of the patriot armada—Dreadful suffering and starvation in the city—Parley with the besiegers—Despair of the city—Appeal to Orange—Expedition under Batenburg to relieve the city—His defeat and death—Desperate condition of Harlem—Its surrender at discretion—Sanguinary executions—General massacre—Expense of the victory in blood and money—Joy of Philip at the news.

WHILE thus Brabant and Flanders were scourged back to the chains which they had so recently broken, the affairs of the Prince of Orange were not improving in Zealand. Never was a twelvemonth so marked by contradictory fortune, never were the promises of a spring followed by such blight and disappointment in autumn, than in the memorable year 1572. On the island of Walcheren, Middelburg and Arnemuyde still held for the King—Campveer and Flushing for the Prince of Orange. On the island of South Beveland, the city of Goes or Tergoes was still stoutly defended by a small garrison of Spanish troops. As long as the place held out, the city of Middelburg could be maintained. Should that important city fall, the Spaniards would lose all hold upon Walcheren and the province of Zealand.

Jerome de 't Zeraerts, a brave, faithful, but singularly unlucky officer, commanded for the Prince in Walcheren.[3] He had attempted by various hastily planned expeditions to give employment to his turbulent soldiery, but fortune had refused to smile upon his efforts. He had laid siege to Middelburg, and failed. He had attempted Tergoes, and had been compelled ingloriously to retreat. The citizens of Flushing, on his return, had shut the gates of the town in his face, and for several days refused to admit him or his troops.[4] To retrieve this disgrace, which had sprung rather from the insubordination of his followers and the dislike which they bore his person than from any want of courage or conduct on his part, he now assembled a force of seven thousand

[1] Bor, vi. 409, 410

[2] Ibid. Meteren, iv. 76. Hoofd, vii. 266, 267. Compare Bentivoglio, vi. 114. Mendoza, viii. 161. The latter historian endeavours to exonerate the Duke by imputing all the blame to the insubordination of his soldiers. Unfortunately the commander's letters show that he had deliberately ordered the sack, and was highly satisfied with the faithful manner in which it was accomplished: "Donde quedan (los soldados) al presente exécutando el castigo que évidentemente parece que *Dios ha sido servido darles.*" With the blasphemy customary upon such occasions, the Almighty was, of course, represented as the chief perpetrator and instigator of these diabolical crimes.—Vide Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1165.

[3] Bor, vi. 392. [4] Ibid., 394

men, marched again to Tergoes, and upon the 26th of August laid siege to the place in form.[1] The garrison was very insufficient, and although they conducted themselves with great bravery, it was soon evident that unless reinforced they must yield. With their overthrow it was obvious that the Spaniards would lose the important maritime province of Zealand, and the Duke accordingly ordered D'Avila, who commanded in Antwerp, to throw succour into Tergoes without delay. Attempts were made by sea and by land to this effect, but were all unsuccessful. The Zealanders commanded the waters with their fleet, and were too much at home among those gulfs and shallows not to be more than a match for their enemies. Baffled in their attempt to relieve the town by water or by land, the Spaniards conceived an amphibious scheme. Their plan led to one of the most brilliant feats of arms which distinguishes the history of this war.

The Scheld, flowing past the city of Antwerp, and separating the provinces of Flanders and Brabant, opens wide its two arms in nearly opposite directions, before it joins the sea. Between these two arms lie the isles of Zealand, half floating upon, half submerged by the waves. The town of Tergoes was the chief city of South Beveland, the most important part of this archipelago, but South Beveland had not always been an island. Fifty years before, a tempest, one of the most violent recorded in the stormy annals of that exposed country, had overthrown all barriers,[2] the waters of the German Ocean, lashed by a succession of north winds, having been driven upon the low coast of Zealand more rapidly than they could be carried off through the narrow straits of Dover. The dykes of the island had burst, the ocean had swept over the land, hundreds of villages had been overwhelmed, and a tract of country torn from the provinces and buried for ever beneath the sea. This "Drowned Land,"[3] as it is called, now separated the island from the main. At low tide it was, however, possible for experienced pilots to ford the estuary, which had usurped the place of the land. The average depth was between four and five feet at low water, while the tide rose and fell at least ten feet; the bottom was muddy and treacherous, and it was, moreover, traversed by three living streams or channels, always much too deep to be fordable.[4]

Captain Plomaert, a Fleming of great experience and bravery, warmly attached to the King's cause, conceived the plan of sending reinforcements across this drowned district to the city of Tergoes. Accompanied by two peasants of the country well acquainted with the track, he twice accomplished the dangerous and difficult passage, which, from dry land to dry land, was nearly ten English miles in length. Having thus satisfied himself as to the possibility of the enterprise, he laid his plan before the Spanish colonel Mondragon.[5]

That courageous veteran eagerly embraced the proposal, examined the ground, and after consultation with Sancho d'Avila, resolved in person to lead an expedition along the path suggested by Plomaert. Three thousand picked men, a thousand from each nation,[6]—Spaniards, Walloons, and Germans, were speedily and secretly assembled at Bergen op Zoom, from the neighbourhood of which city, at a place called Aggier,[7] it was necessary that the expedition should set forth. A quantity of sacks were provided, in which a supply of biscuit and of powder was placed, one to be carried by each soldier upon his head. Although it was already late in the autumn, the weather was propitious; the troops, not yet informed as to the secret enterprise for which they

1 Bor, vi. 394.
2 Mendoza, viii. 166, sqq. Compare Guicciardini and Bentivoglio, vii. 109–114.
3 "Verdronken Land."—Bor, vi. 394.
4 Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza, Bentivoglio, etc., etc.
5 Hoofd, vii. 270, 271. Bentivoglio, vi. 3.
6 Bentivoglio, vi. 112.
7 Bor, vi. 397.

had been selected, were already assembled at the edge of the water, and Mondragon, who, notwithstanding his age, had resolved upon heading the hazardous expedition, now briefly, on the evening of the 20th October, explained to them the nature of the service. His statement of the dangers which they were about to encounter rather inflamed than diminished their ardour. Their enthusiasm became unbounded, as he described the importance of the city which they were about to save, and alluded to the glory which would be won by those who thus courageously came forward to its rescue. The time of about half ebb-tide having arrived, the veteran, preceded only by the guides and Plomaert, plunged gaily into the waves, followed by his army, almost in single file. The water was never lower than the breast, often higher than the shoulder. The distance to the island, three and a half leagues at least, was to be accomplished within, at most, six hours, or the rising tide would overwhelm them for ever. And thus, across the quaking and uncertain slime, which often refused them a footing, that adventurous band five hours long pursued their midnight march, sometimes swimming for their lives, and always struggling with the waves which every instant threatened to engulph them.

Before the tide had risen to more than half-flood, before the day had dawned, the army set foot on dry land again at the village of Irseken. Of the whole three thousand, only nine unlucky individuals had been drowned; so much had courage and discipline availed in that dark and perilous passage through the very bottom of the sea.[1] The Duke of Alva might well pronounce it one of the most brilliant and original achievements in the annals of war.[2] The beacon fires were immediately lighted upon the shore, as agreed upon, to inform Sancho d'Avila, who was anxiously awaiting the result at Bergen op Zoom, of the safe arrival of the troops. A brief repose was then allowed. At the approach of daylight, they set forth from Irseken, which lay about four leagues from Tergoes. The news that a Spanish army had thus arisen from the depths of the sea flew before them as they marched. The besieging force commanded the water with their fleet, the land with their army; yet had these indomitable Spaniards found a path which was neither land nor water, and had thus stolen upon them in the silence of night. A panic preceded them as they fell upon a foe much superior in number to their own force. It was impossible for 't Zeraerts to induce his soldiers to offer resistance. The patriot army fled precipitately and ignominiously to their ships, hotly pursued by the Spaniards, who overtook and destroyed the whole of their rear-guard before they could embark. This done, the gallant little garrison which had so successfully held the city was reinforced with the courageous veterans who had come to their relief. His audacious project thus brilliantly accomplished, the "good old Mondragon,"[3] as his soldiers called him, returned to the province of Brabant.[4]

After the capture of Mons and the sack of Mechlin, the Duke of Alva had taken his way to Nimwegen, having dispatched his son, Don Frederic, to reduce the northern and eastern country, which was only too ready to submit to the conqueror. Very little resistance was made by any of the cities which had so recently, and with such enthusiasm, embraced the cause of Orange. Zutphen attempted a feeble opposition to the entrance of the King's troops, and received a dreadful chastisement in consequence. Alva sent orders to his son to leave *not a single man alive in the city*, and to burn every house to the ground.[5] The Duke's command was almost literally obeyed. Don

[1] Bentivoglio, Mendoza, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 76, 77.
[2] Corr. de Phil. II., ii. 1179.
[3] "El bueno viejo Mondragon."—Ibid.
[4] Bentivoglio, Bor, Mendoza, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1180.

Frederic entered Zutphen, and without a moment's warning put the whole garrison to the sword. The citizens next fell a defenceless prey, some being stabbed in the streets, some hanged on the trees which decorated the city, some stripped stark naked, and turned out into the fields to freeze to death in the wintry night. As the work of death became too fatiguing for the butchers, five hundred innocent burghers were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned like dogs in the river Yssel. A few stragglers, who had contrived to elude pursuit at first, were afterwards taken from their hiding-places, and hung upon *the gallows by the feet*, some of which victims suffered four days and nights of agony before death came to their relief. It is superfluous to add that the outrages upon women were no less universal in Zutphen than they had been in every city captured or occupied by the Spanish troops. These horrors continued till scarcely chastity or life remained throughout the miserable city.[1]

This attack and massacre had been so suddenly executed, that assistance would hardly have been possible, even had there been a disposition to render it. There was, however, no such disposition. The whole country was already cowering again, except the provinces of Holland and Zealand. No one dared approach, even to learn what had occurred within the walls of the town, for days after its doom had been accomplished. "A wail of agony was heard above Zutphen last Sunday," wrote Count Nieuwenar, "a sound as of a mighty massacre, but we know not what has taken place." [2]

Count Van den Bergh, another brother-in-law of Orange, proved himself signally unworthy of the illustrious race to which he was allied. He had, in the earlier part of the year, received the homage of the cities of Gelderland and Overyssel on behalf of the patriot Prince. He now basely abandoned the field where he had endeavoured to gather laurels while the sun of success had been shining. Having written from Kampen, whither he had retired, that he meant to hold the city to the last gasp, he immediately afterwards fled secretly and precipitately from the country.[3] In his flight he was plundered by his own people, while his wife, Mary of Nassau, then far advanced in pregnancy, was left behind, disguised as a peasant girl, in an obscure village.[4]

With the flight of Van den Bergh, all the cities which, under his guidance, had raised the standard of Orange, deserted the cause at once. Friesland, too, where Robles obtained a victory over six thousand patriots, again submitted to the yoke. But if the ancient heart of the free Frisians was beating thus feebly, there was still spirit left among their brethren on the other side of the Zuyder Zee. It was not while William of Orange was within her borders, nor while her sister provinces had proved recreant to him, that Holland would follow their base example. No rebellion being left, except in the north-western extremities of the Netherlands, Don Frederic was ordered to proceed from Zutphen to Amsterdam, thence to undertake the conquest of Holland. The little city of Naarden, on the coast of the Zuyder Zee, lay in his path, and had not yet formally submitted. On the 22d of November, a company of one hundred troopers was sent to the city gates to demand its surrender. The small garrison which had been left by the Prince was not disposed to resist, but the spirit of the burghers was stouter than their walls. They answered the summons by a declaration that they had thus far held the city for the King and the Prince of Orange, and, with God's help, would continue so

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1180. Bor, vi. 415. Hoofd, vii. 274. Meteren, iv. 78. Compare Mendoza, viii. 172, and Bentivoglio, vi. 114, who glides rapidly over these scenes of horror with a smoothness all his own.

[2] "Aussi dict on que dimanche passé on a ouy ung grand jammergeschrey et tuerie dedans Zutfen, mais on ne sçait ce que c'est."—Comte Nieuwenar to Louis of Nassau, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc. iv. 28.

[3] Bor, vi. 415. Meteren, iv. 78. Hoofd, vii. 274.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186.

to do. As the horsemen departed with this reply, a lunatic, called Adrian Krankhoeft, mounted the ramparts, and discharged a culverine among them.[1] No man was injured, but the words of defiance and the shot fired by a madman's hand were destined to be fearfully answered.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the place, which was at best far from strong, and ill provided with arms, ammunition, or soldiers, dispatched importunate messages to Sonoy, and to other patriot generals nearest to them, soliciting reinforcements. These messengers came back almost empty handed. They brought a little powder and a great many promises, but not a single man-at-arms, not a ducat, not a piece of artillery. The most influential commanders, moreover, advised an honourable capitulation, if it were still possible.[2]

Thus baffled, the burghers of the little city found their proud position quite untenable. They accordingly, on the 1st of December, dispatched the burgomaster and a senator to Amersfoort, to make terms, if possible, with Don Frederic.[3] When these envoys reached the place, they were refused admission to the general's presence. The army had already been ordered to move forward to Naarden, and they were directed to accompany the advance guard, and to expect their reply at the gates of their own city. This command was sufficiently ominous. The impression which it made upon them was confirmed by the warning voices of their friends in Amersfoort, who entreated them not to return to Naarden. The advice was not lost upon one of the two envoys. After they had advanced a little distance on their journey, the burgomaster, Laurentszoon, slid privately out of the sledge in which they were travelling, leaving his cloak behind him. "Adieu! I think I will not venture back to Naarden at present," said he calmly, as he abandoned his companion to his fate.[4] The other, who could not so easily desert his children, his wife, and his fellow-citizens in the hour of danger, went forward as calmly to share in their impending doom.

The army reached Bussem, half a league distant from Naarden, in the evening. Here Don Frederic established his headquarters, and proceeded to invest the city. Senator Gerrit was then directed to return to Naarden, and to bring out a more numerous deputation on the following morning, duly empowered to surrender the place. The envoy accordingly returned next day, accompanied by Lambert Hortensius, rector of a Latin academy, together with four other citizens. Before this deputation had reached Bussem, they were met by Julian Romero, who informed them that he was commissioned to treat with them on the part of Don Frederic. He demanded the keys of the city, and gave the deputation a solemn pledge that the lives and property of all the inhabitants should be sacredly respected. To attest this assurance, Don Julian gave his hand three several times to Lambert Hortensius. A soldier's word thus plighted, the commissioners, without exchanging any written documents, surrendered the keys, and immediately afterwards accompanied Romero into the city, who was soon followed by five or six hundred musketeers.[5]

To give these guests a hospitable reception, all the housewives of the city at once set about preparations for a sumptuous feast, to which the Spaniards did ample justice, while the colonel and his officers were entertained by Senator Gerrit at his own house.[6] As soon as this conviviality had come to an end Romero, accompanied by his host, walked into the square. The great bell had been meantime ringing, and the citizens had been summoned to assemble in the Gast Huis Church, then used as a townhall.[7] In the course of a few

1 Bor, vi. 417. 2 Ibid. 3 Ibid. Hoofd, vii. 276.
4 "Adieu, ik komm niet weder binnen Naarden voor dit pas."—Bor, vi. 417.
5 Bor, vi. 417. Hoofd, vii. 277.
6 Hoofd, vii. 278.
7 Bor, Hoofd.

minutes five hundred had entered the building, and stood quietly awaiting whatever measures might be offered for their deliberation. Suddenly a priest, who had been pacing to and fro before the church door, entered the building, and bade them all prepare for death; but the announcement, the preparation, and the death were simultaneous.[1] The door was flung open, and a band of armed Spaniards rushed across the sacred threshold. They fired a single volley upon the defenceless herd, and then sprang in upon them with sword and dagger. A yell of despair arose as the miserable victims saw how hopelessly they were engaged, and beheld the ferocious faces of their butchers. The carnage within that narrow space was compact and rapid. Within a few minutes all were dispatched, and among them Senator Gerrit, from whose table the Spanish commander had but just risen. The church was then set on fire, and the dead and dying were consumed to ashes together.[2]

Inflamed but not satiated, the Spaniards then rushed into the streets, thirsty for fresh horrors. The houses were all rifled of their contents, and men were forced to carry the booty to the camp, who were then struck dead as their reward. The town was then fired in every direction, that the skulking citizens might be forced from their hiding-places. As fast as they came forth they were put to death by their impatient foes. Some were pierced with rapiers, some were chopped to pieces with axes, some were surrounded in the blazing streets by troops of laughing soldiers, intoxicated not with wine but with blood, who tossed them to and fro with their lances, and derived a wild amusement from their dying agonies. Those who attempted resistance were crimped alive like fishes, and left to gasp themselves to death in lingering torture.[3] The soldiers, becoming more and more insane as the foul work went on, opened the veins of some of their victims, and drank their blood as if it were wine.[4] Some of the burghers were for a time spared, that they might witness the violation of their wives and daughters, and were then butchered in company with these still more unfortunate victims.[5] Miracles of brutality were accomplished. Neither church nor hearth was sacred. Men were slain, women outraged at the altars, in the streets, in their blazing homes. The life of Lambert Hortensius was spared, out of regard to his learning and genius, but he hardly could thank his foes for the boon, for they struck his only son dead, and tore his heart out before his father's eyes.[6] Hardly any man or woman survived, except by accident. A body of some hundred burghers made their escape across the snow into the open country. They were, however, overtaken, stripped stark naked, and hung upon the trees by the feet, to freeze, or to perish by a more lingering death. Most of them soon died, but twenty, who happened to be wealthy, succeeded, after enduring much torture, in purchasing their lives of their inhuman persecutors. The principal burgomaster, Heinrich Lambertszoon, was less fortunate. Known to be affluent, he was tortured by exposing the soles of his feet to a fire until they were almost consumed. On promise that his life should be spared, he then agreed to pay a heavy ransom; but hardly had he furnished the stipulated sum when, by express order of Don Frederic himself, he was hanged in his own doorway, and his dissevered limbs afterwards nailed to the gates of the city.[7]

Nearly all the inhabitants of Naarden, soldiers and citizens, were thus destroyed; and now Don Frederic issued peremptory orders that no one, on

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1 "Maar, 't aanseggen, bereyden en sterven was een ding."—Hoofd. vii. 278.

2 Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

3 Hoofd, vii. 279: "Als visschen gekorven en lank saamelyk gewentelt in een taaye doodt."

4 Hoofd, ubi sup.

5 Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

6 Bor, vi. 419. Hoofd. It was even said that they devoured it; nor was this the only act of cannibalism of which they were accused, for it was said and believed by many that the bodies of children were roasted and eaten by the soldiers. These last traits of horror are, however, only mentioned by Hoofd as reports. The tearing out of the heart before the father's eyes is attested both by him and by Bor.

7 Hoofd, vii. 280.

pain of death, should give lodging or food to any fugitive. He likewise forbade to the dead all that could now be forbidden them—a grave. Three weeks long did these unburied bodies pollute the streets, nor could the few wretched women who still cowered within such houses as had escaped the flames ever move from their lurking-places without treading upon the festering remains of what had been their husbands, their fathers, or their brethren. Such was the express command of him whom the flatterers called the "most divine genius ever known." Shortly afterwards came an order to dismantle the fortifications, which had certainly proved sufficiently feeble in the hour of need, and to raze what was left of the city from the surface of the earth. The work was faithfully accomplished, and for a long time Naarden ceased to exist.[1]

Alva wrote, with his usual complacency in such cases, to his sovereign, that "they had cut the throats of the burghers and all the garrison, and that they had not left a mother's son alive."[2] The statement was almost literally correct, nor was the cant with which these bloodhounds commented upon their crimes less odious than their guilt. "It was *a permission of God*," said the Duke, "that these people should have undertaken to defend a city which was so weak that no other persons would have attempted such a thing."[3] Nor was the reflection of Mendoza less pious. "The sack of Naarden," said that really brave and accomplished cavalier, "was a chastisement which must be believed to have taken place by express permission of a Divine Providence—a punishment for having been the first of the Holland towns in which heresy built its nest, whence it has taken flight to all the neighbouring cities."[4]

It is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination, that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base, to exaggerate impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single harmless nation at the hands of despotism and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people, bursting from time to time out of slavery into madness. It is good, too, that those crimes should be remembered and freshly pondered; but it is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny, ever young and ever old, constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features, with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all the ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portrait, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less.

The history of Alva's administration in the Netherlands is one of those pictures which strike us almost dumb with wonder. Why has the Almighty suffered such crimes to be perpetrated in His sacred name? Was it necessary that many generations should wade through this blood in order to acquire for their descendants the blessings of civil and religious freedom? Was it necessary that an Alva should ravage a peaceful nation with sword and flame—that desolation should be spread over a happy land, in order that the pure and heroic character of a William of Orange should stand forth more conspicuously, like an antique statue of spotless marble against a stormy sky?

After the army which the Prince had so unsuccessfully led to the relief of

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[1] Bor, vi. 419. Hooft, vii. 280. Meteren, iv. 78.

[2] "Degollaron burgeses y soldados sin escaparse hombre nascido."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186. Every inhabitant of Naarden was put to the sword, says the ultra-Catholic Renom de France, except the ecclesiastics and two or three persons of quality who were reserved. Then the city was pillaged, after which a fire was lighted, "qui la *consomma entierement*."—Hist. des Causes des Révoltes des Pays Bas, MS., ii. xx.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186.

[4] Mendoza, viii. 173. The details of these acts of iniquity have only been preserved by the Dutch writers. Mendoza and Cabrera (who always follows Mendoza) dismiss the sacking of each successive city with a phrase and a pious ejaculation. Alva briefly condenses the principal horrors in a few energetic lines. Compare Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 403-408; Meteren, iv. 78; Bentivoglio, vi. 115.

Mons had been disbanded, he had himself repaired to Holland. He had come to Kampen shortly before its defection from his cause. Thence he had been escorted across the Zuyder Zee to Enkhuizen.[1] He came to that province, the only one which, through good and ill report, remained entirely faithful to him, not as a conqueror, but as an unsuccessful, proscribed man. But there were warm hearts beating within those cold lagunes, and no conqueror returning from a brilliant series of victories could have been received with more affectionate respect than William in that darkest hour of the country's history. He had but seventy horsemen at his back, all which remained of the twenty thousand troops which he had a second time levied in Germany, and he felt that it would be at that period hopeless for him to attempt the formation of a third army. He had now come thither to share the fate of Holland at least, if he could not accomplish her liberation. He went from city to city, advising with the magistracies and with the inhabitants, and arranging many matters pertaining both to peace and war.[2] At Harlem the States of the provinces, according to his requests, had been assembled. The assembly begged him to lay before them, if it were possible, any schemes and means which he might have devised for further resistance to the Duke of Alva. Thus solicited, the Prince, in a very secret session, unfolded his plans, and satisfied them as to the future prospects of the cause.[3] His speech has nowhere been preserved. His strict injunctions as to secrecy, doubtless, prevented or effaced any record of the session. It is probable, however, that he entered more fully into the state of his negotiations with England, and into the possibility of a resumption by Count Louis of his private intercourse with the French court, than it was safe publicly to divulge.

While the Prince had been thus occupied in preparing the stout-hearted province for the last death-struggle with its foe, that mortal combat was already fast approaching; for the aspect of the contest in the Netherlands was not that of ordinary warfare. It was an encounter between two principles, in their nature so hostile to each other, that the absolute destruction of one was the only possible issue. As the fight went on, each individual combatant seemed inspired by direct personal malignity, and men found a pleasure in deeds of cruelty, from which generations not educated to slaughter recoil with horror. To murder defenceless prisoners; to drink, not metaphorically *but literally*, the heart's blood of an enemy; to exercise a devilish ingenuity in inventions of mutual torture, became not only a duty but a rapture. The liberty of the Netherlands had now been hunted to its lair. It had taken its last refuge among the sands and thickets where its savage infancy had been nurtured, and had now prepared itself to crush its tormentor in a last embrace, or to die in the struggle.

After the conclusion of the sack and massacre of Naarden, Don Frederic had hastened to Amsterdam,[4] where the Duke was then quartered, that he might receive the paternal benediction for his well-accomplished work. The royal approbation was soon afterwards added to the applause of his parent, and the Duke was warmly congratulated, in a letter written by Philip as soon as the murderous deed was known, that Don Frederic had so plainly shown himself to be his father's son.[5] There was now more work for father and son. Amsterdam was the only point in Holland which held for Alva, and from that point it was determined to recover the whole province. The Prince of Orange was established in the southern district; Diedrich Sonoy, his lieutenant, was stationed in North Holland.[6] The important city of Harlem lay between

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[1] Bor, vi. 414. Hoofd, vii. 264.
[2] Letter of St. Aldegonde in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv 22.
[3] Bor, vi. 414 Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 396, 397.
[4] Bor, vi. 420, 421.
[5] Corr. de Phil. II., ii. 1197.
[6] Bor, vi. 424.

the two, at a spot where the whole breadth of the territory, from sea to sea, was less than an hour's walk. With the fall of that city the province would be cut in twain, the rebellious forces utterly dissevered, and all further resistance, it was thought, rendered impossible.

The inhabitants of Harlem felt their danger. Bossu, Alva's stadholder for Holland, had formally announced the system hitherto pursued at Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden as the deliberate policy of the Government. The King's representative had formally proclaimed the extermination of man, woman, and child in every city which opposed his authority,[1] but the promulgation and practice of such a system had an opposite effect to the one intended. The hearts of the Hollanders were rather steeled to resistance than awed into submission by the fate of Naarden.[2] A fortunate event, too, was accepted as a lucky omen for the coming contest. A little fleet of armed vessels, belonging to Holland, had been frozen up in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam. Don Frederic, on his arrival from Naarden, dispatched a body of picked men over the ice to attack the imprisoned vessels. The crews had, however, fortified themselves by digging a wide trench around the whole fleet, which thus became from the moment an almost impregnable fortress. Out of this frozen citadel a strong band of well-armed and skilful musketeers sallied forth upon skates as the besieging force advanced. A rapid, brilliant, and slippery skirmish succeeded, in which the Hollanders, so accustomed to such sports, easily vanquished their antagonists, and drove them off the field, with the loss of several hundred left dead upon the ice.[3] "'Twas a thing never heard of before to-day," said Alva, "to see a body of arquebusiers thus skirmishing upon a frozen sea."[4] In the course of the next four-and-twenty hours, a flood and a rapid thaw released the vessels, which all escaped to Enkhuizen, while a frost immediately and strangely succeeding, made pursuit impossible.[5]

The Spaniards were astonished at these novel manœuvres upon the ice. It is amusing to read their elaborate descriptions of the wonderful appendages which had enabled the Hollanders to glide so glibly into battle with a superior force, and so rapidly to glance away, after achieving a signal triumph. Nevertheless, the Spaniards could never be dismayed, and were always apt scholars, even if an enemy were the teacher. Alva immediately ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and his soldiers soon learned to perform military evolutions with these new accoutrements as audaciously, if not as adroitly, as the Hollanders.[6]

A portion of the Harlem magistracy, notwithstanding the spirit which pervaded the province, began to tremble as danger approached. They were base enough to enter into secret negotiations with Alva, and to send three of their own number to treat with the Duke at Amsterdam. One was wise enough to remain with the enemy. The other two were arrested on their return, and condemned, after an impartial trial, to death.[7] For, while these emissaries of a cowardly magistracy were absent, the stout commandant of the little garrison, Ripperda, had assembled the citizens and soldiers in the market-place. He warned them of the absolute necessity to make a last effort for freedom. In startling colours he held up to them the fate of Mechlin, of Zutphen, of Naarden, as a prophetic mirror, in which they might read their own fate should they be base enough to surrender the city. There was no composition possible, he urged, with foes who were as false as they were

[1] Bor, vi. 417.
[2] Ibid., 420. Hoofd, vii. 280, 281. Meteren, vi. 78. Bentivoglio, vi. 115
[3] Mendoza, vii. 173.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1186: "Que me parece la mas nueva cosa que hasta oy se ha oido, escaramuzar arcabuzeria sobre la mer alada."
[5] Hoofd, vii. 281.
[6] Bentivoglio, vii. 122. Mendoza, viii. 173, et al.
[7] Bor, vi. 420, 421. Hoofd, vii. 282. Meteren, iv. 78

sanguinary, and whose foul passions were stimulated, not slaked, by the horrors with which they had already feasted themselves.[1]

Ripperda addressed men who could sympathise with his bold and lofty sentiments. Soldiers and citizens cried out for defence instead of surrender, as with one voice, for there were no abject spirits at Harlem save among the magistracy; and St. Aldegonde, the faithful minister of Orange, was soon sent to Harlem by the Prince to make a thorough change in that body.[2]

Harlem, over whose ruins the Spanish tyranny intended to make its entrance into Holland, lay in the narrowest part of that narrow isthmus which separates the Zuyder Zee from the German Ocean. The distance from sea to sea is hardly five English miles across. Westerly from the city extended a slender strip of land, once a morass, then a fruitful meadow, maintained by unflagging fortitude in the very jaws of a stormy ocean. Between the North Sea and the outer edge of this pasture surged those wild and fantastic downs, heaped up by wind and wave in mimicry of mountains, the long coils of that rope of sand by which, plaited into additional strength by the slenderest of bulrushes,[3] the waves of the North Sea were made to obey the command of man. On the opposite, or eastern side, Harlem looked towards Amsterdam. That already flourishing city was distant but ten miles. The two cities were separated by an expanse of inland water, and united by a slender causeway. The Harlem Lake, formed less than a century before by the bursting of four lesser meres during a storm which had threatened to swallow the whole peninsula, extended itself on the south and east; a sea of limited dimensions, being only fifteen feet in depth, with seventy square miles of surface, but, exposed as it lay to all the winds of heaven, often lashed into storms as dangerous as those of the Atlantic.[4] Beyond the lake, towards the north, the waters of the Y nearly swept across the peninsula. This inlet of the Zuyder Zee was only separated from the Harlem mere by a slender thread of land. Over this ran the causeway between the two sister cities, now so unfortunately in arms against each other. Midway between the two, the dyke was pierced and closed again with a system of sluice-works, which when opened admitted the waters of the lake into those of the estuary, and caused an inundation of the surrounding country.[5]

The city was one of the largest and most beautiful in the Netherlands. It was also one of the weakest.[6] The walls were of antique construction, turreted, but not strong. The extent and feebleness of the defences made a large garrison necessary, but, unfortunately, the garrison was even weaker than the walls. The city's main reliance was on the stout hearts of the inhabitants. The streets were, for that day, spacious and regular; the canals planted with limes and poplars. The ancient Church of St. Bavon, a large imposing structure of brick, stood almost in the centre of the place, the most prominent object, not only of the town but of the province, visible over leagues of sea and of land more level than the sea, and seeming to gather the whole quiet little city under its sacred and protective wings. Its tall open-work leaden spire was surmounted by a colossal crown, which an exalted imagination might have regarded as the emblematic guerdon of martyrdom held aloft over the city to reward its heroism and its agony.

It was at once obvious that the watery expanse between Harlem and Amsterdam would be the principal theatre of the operations about to com-

1 Bor, vi. 420, 421. Hoofd, vii. 283. Meteren, iv. 78.
2 Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza, ubi sup.
3 Arundo arenaria.
4 Bentivoglio, vii. 118. Mendoza, viii. 176. Bor, vi. 422. Meteren, iv. 78. This lake, the scene of so many romantic events during the period with which we are occupied, has, within the last few years, been converted into dry land. The magnificent undertaking was completed in the year 1853.
5 Bor, Meteren, Bentivoglio. Mendoza, ubi sup.
6 Bor, vi. 422.

mence. The siege was soon begun. The fugitive burgomaster, De Fries, had the effrontery, with the advice of Alva, to address a letter to the citizens, urging them to surrender at discretion. The messenger was hanged—a cruel but practical answer, which put an end to all further traitorous communications.[1] This was in the first week of December. On the 10th, Don Frederic sent a strong detachment to capture the fort and village of Sparendam, as an indispensable preliminary to the commencement of the siege. A peasant having shown Zapata, the commander of the expedition, a secret passage across the flooded and frozen meadows, the Spaniards stormed the place gallantly, routed the whole garrison, killed three hundred, and took possession of the works and village. Next day, Don Frederic appeared before the walls of Harlem, and proceeded regularly to invest the place. The misty weather favoured his operations, nor did he cease reinforcing himself until at least thirty thousand men, including fifteen hundred cavalry, had been encamped around the city. The Germans, under Count Overstein, were stationed in a beautiful and extensive grove of limes and beeches, which spread between the southern walls and the shore of Harlem Lake. Don Frederic, with his Spaniards, took up a position on the opposite side, at a place called the House of Kleef, the ruins of which still remain. The Walloons and other regiments were distributed in different places, so as completely to encircle the town.[2] On the edge of the mere the Prince of Orange had already ordered a cluster of forts to be erected, by which the command of its frozen surface was at first secured for Harlem.[3] In the course of the siege, however, other forts were erected by Don Frederic, so that the aspect of things suffered a change.

Against this immense force, nearly equal in number to that of the whole population of the city, the garrison within the walls never amounted to more than four thousand men.[4] In the beginning it was much less numerous. The same circumstances, however, which assisted the initiatory operations of Don Frederic were of advantage to the Harlemers. A dense frozen fog hung continually over the surface of the lake. Covered by this curtain, large supplies of men, provisions, and ammunition were daily introduced into the city, notwithstanding all the efforts of the besieging force.[5] Sledges skimming over the ice, men, women, and even children, moving on their skates as swiftly as the wind, all brought their contributions in the course of the short dark days and long nights of December in which the wintry siege was opened.[6] The garrison at last numbered about one thousand pioneers or delvers, three thousand fighting men, and about three hundred fighting women.[7] The last was a most efficient corps, all females of respectable character, armed with sword, musket, and dagger. Their chief, Kenau Hasselaer, was a widow of distinguished family and unblemished reputation, about forty-seven years of age, who, at the head of her amazons, participated in many of the most fiercely contested actions of the siege both within and without the walls.[8] When such a spirit animated the maids and matrons of the city, it might be expected that the men would hardly surrender the place without a struggle. The Prince had assembled a force of three or four thousand men at Leyden, which he sent before the middle of December towards the city under the command of De la Marck.[9] These troops were, however, attacked on the way by a strong

[1] Hoofd, vii. 284.

[2] Pierre Sterlincx, Eene Corte Waerachtige Beschryvinghe van alle Geschiedinissen, Anschlagen, Stormen, Schermutsingen oude Schieten voor de vroome Stadt Haerlem in Holland geschicht, etc., etc., Delft, 1574.

This is by far the best contemporary account of the famous siege. The author was a citizen of Antwerp, who kept a daily journal of the events as they occurred at Harlem. It is a dry, curt register of horrors, jotted down without passion or comment. Compare Bor, vi. 422, 423; Meteren, iv. 79; Mendoza, viii. 174, 175; Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vi. 413, 414.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza. Wagenaer, vi. 415.

[4] Hoofd, vii. 285. [5] Ibid.

[6] Mendoza, ix. 190. Hoofd, vii. 285, 286. Meteren, iv. 79, 80.

[7] Wagenaer, vi. 415. Bor. Hoofd. vii. 286.

[8] Wagenaer, Hoofd. Meteren, iv. 79.

[9] Bor, vi. 424.

detachment under Bossu, Noircarmes, and Romero. After a sharp action in a heavy snowstorm, De la Marck was completely routed. One thousand of his soldiers were cut to pieces, and a large number carried off as prisoners to the gibbets, which were already conspicuously erected in the Spanish camp, and which from the commencement to the close of the siege were never bare of victims.[1] Among the captives was a gallant officer, Baptist van Trier, for whom De la Marck in vain offered two thousand crowns and nineteen Spanish prisoners. The proposition was refused with contempt. Van Trier was hanged upon the gallows by one leg until he was dead, in return for which barbarity the nineteen Spaniards were immediately gibbeted by De la Marck.[2] With this interchange of cruelties the siege may be said to have opened.

Don Frederic had stationed himself in a position opposite to the Gate of the Cross, which was not very strong, but fortified by a ravelin. Intending to make a very short siege of it, he established his batteries immediately, and on the 18th, 19th, and 20th December directed a furious cannonade against the Cross Gate, the St. John's Gate, and the curtain between the two.[3] Six hundred and eighty shots were discharged on the first, and nearly as many on each of the two succeeding days.[4] The walls were much shattered, but men, women, and children worked night and day within the city, repairing the breaches as fast as made. They brought bags of sand, blocks of stone, cartloads of earth, from every quarter, and they stripped the churches of all their statues, which they threw by heaps into the gaps.[5] They sought thus a more practical advantage from those sculptured saints than they could have gained by only imploring their interposition. The fact, however, excited horror among the besiegers. Men who were daily butchering their fellow-beings, and hanging their prisoners in cold blood, affected to shudder at the enormity of the offence thus exercised against graven images.[6]

After three days' cannonade, the assault was ordered, Don Frederic only intending a rapid massacre, to crown his achievements at Zutphen and Naarden. The place, he thought, would fall in a week, and after another week of sacking, killing, and ravishing, he might sweep on to "pastures new," until Holland was overwhelmed. Romero advanced to the breach, followed by a numerous storming-party, but met with a resistance which astonished the Spaniards. The church-bells rang the alarm throughout the city, and the whole population swarmed to the walls. The besiegers were encountered not only with sword and musket, but with every implement which the burghers' hands could find. Heavy stones, boiling oil, live coals, were hurled upon the heads of the soldiers; hoops, smeared with pitch and set on fire, were dexterously thrown upon their necks. Even Spanish courage and Spanish ferocity were obliged to shrink before the steady determination of a whole population animated by a single spirit. Romero lost an eye in the conflict, many officers were killed and wounded, and three or four hundred soldiers left dead in the breach, while only three or four of the townsmen lost their lives. The signal of recall was reluctantly given, and the Spaniards abandoned the assault. Don Frederic was now aware that Harlem would not fall at his feet at the first sound of his trumpet. It was obvious that a siege must precede the massacre. He gave orders, therefore, that the ravelin should be undermined, and doubted not that, with a few days' delay, the place would be in his hands.[7]

Meantime, the Prince of Orange, from his headquarters at Sassenheim,

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[1] P. Sterlincx, Corte Beschr., etc. Bor. Hoofd, vii. 286.
[2] Hoofd, vii. 286. P. Sterlincx.
[3] Bor, vi. 423. Meteren, iv. 79. Hoofd, vii. 287. Mendoza, ix. 178–180.
[4] Meteren, iv. 79. Hoofd.
[5] Bor, Bentivoglio, P. Sterlincx.
[6] Vide Bentivoglio, vii. 121. Mendoza, passim.
[7] Bor, vi. 423. Hoofd, vii. 287, 288. Meteren, 79 Mendoza, ix. 178–180.

on the southern extremity of the mere, made a fresh effort to throw succour into the place.[1] Two thousand men, with seven field-pieces and many waggon-loads of munitions, were sent forward under Batenburg. This officer had replaced De la Marck, whom the Prince had at last deprived of his commission.[2] The reckless and unprincipled freebooter was no longer to serve a cause which was more sullied by his barbarity than it could be advanced by his desperate valour. Batenburg's expedition was, however, not more successful than the one made by his predecessor. The troops, after reaching the vicinity of the city, lost their way in the thick mists which almost perpetually enveloped the scene. Cannons were fired, fog-bells were rung, and beacon fires were lighted on the ramparts, but the party was irretrievably lost. The Spaniards fell upon them before they could find their way to the city. Many were put to the sword, others made their escape in different directions; a very few succeeded in entering Harlem. Batenburg brought off a remnant of the forces, but all the provisions so much needed were lost, and the little army entirely destroyed.[3]

De Koning, the second in command, was among the prisoners. The Spaniards cut off his head and threw it over the walls into the city, with this inscription: "This is the head of Captain De Koning, who is on his way with reinforcements for the good city of Harlem." The citizens retorted with a practical jest which was still more barbarous. They cut off the heads of eleven prisoners and put them into a barrel, which they threw into the Spanish camp. A label upon the barrel contained these words: "Deliver these ten heads to Duke Alva in payment of his tenpenny tax, with one additional head for interest."[4] With such ghastly merriment did besieged and besiegers vary the monotonous horror of that winter's siege. As the sallies and skirmishes were of daily occurrence, there was a constant supply of prisoners, upon whom both parties might exercise their ingenuity, so that the gallows in camp or city was perpetually garnished.

Since the assault of the 21st December, Don Frederic had been making his subterranean attack by regular approaches. As fast, however, as the Spaniards mined the citizens countermined. Spaniard and Netherlander met daily in deadly combat within the bowels of the earth. Desperate and frequent were the struggles within gangways so narrow that nothing but daggers could be used, so obscure that the dim lanterns hardly lighted the death-stroke. They seemed the conflicts, not of men, but of evil spirits. Nor were these hand-to-hand battles all. A shower of heads, limbs, mutilated trunks, the mangled remains of hundreds of human beings, often spouted from the earth, as if from an invisible volcano. The mines were sprung with unexampled frequency and determination. Still the Spaniards toiled on with undiminished zeal, and still the besieged, undismayed, delved below their works, and checked their advance by sword, and spear, and horrible explosions.[5]

The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, encouraged the citizens to persevere by frequent promises of assistance. His letters, written on extremely small bits of paper, were sent into the town by carrier-pigeons.[6] On the 28th of January he dispatched a considerable supply of the two necessaries, powder and bread, on one hundred and seventy sledges across the Harlem Lake, together with four hundred veteran soldiers.[7] The citizens continued to contest the ap-

[1] Hoofd, vii. 290. Bor, vi. 431.

[2] See all the proceedings and papers in the case of De la Marck, in Bor, vi. 425-431. See also Hoofd, vii. 288, 289.

[3] Hoofd, vii. 290.

[4] P. Sterlincx, Corte Beschyr., etc. Bor, vi. 431. Hoofd, vii. 290, 291.

[5] P. Sterlincx. Bor, vi. 431. Mendoza, ix. 182: "Assi mismo consumian las minas mucha gente y soldados——y en las mismas que se labraran, se combatio algunas vezes, por la estrecheza del lugar con espada y rodela, por no poderse aprovechar de otras armas." "Daer onstond dan een ysslyk schonwspel en slaghreegen van hoofden, armen, beenen een sleeteren van ingewant, uit den aarde, naa de lucht' — Hoofd, vii. 291.

[6] Hoofd, viii. 303 Mendoza, ix. 188, 189. Meteren, iv. 80.

[7] Bor, vi. 432.

proaches to the ravelin before the Cross Gate ; but it had become obvious that they could not hold it long. Secretly, steadfastly, and swiftly they had, therefore, during the long wintry nights, been constructing a half moon of solid masonry on the inside of the same portal.[1] Old men, feeble women, tender children united with the able-bodied to accomplish this work, by which they hoped still to maintain themselves after the ravelin had fallen.[2]

On the 31st of January, after two or three days' cannonade against the gates of the Cross and of St. John, and the intervening curtains, Don Frederic ordered a midnight assault.[3] The walls had been much shattered, parts of the John's Gate was in ruins ; the Spaniards mounted the breach in great numbers ; the city was almost taken by surprise ; while the commander-in-chief, sure of victory, ordered the whole of his forces under arms to cut off the population who were to stream panicstruck from every issue. The attack was unexpected, but the forty or fifty sentinels defended the walls while they sounded the alarm. The tocsin-bells tolled, and the citizens, whose sleep was not apt to be heavy during that perilous winter, soon manned the ramparts again. The daylight came upon them while the fierce struggle was still at its height. The besieged, as before, defended themselves with musket and rapier, with melted pitch, with firebrands, with clubs and stones. Meantime, after morning prayers in the Spanish camp, the trumpet for a general assault was sounded. A tremendous onset was made upon the Gate of the Cross, and the ravelin was carried at last. The Spaniards poured into this fort, so long the object of their attack, expecting instantly to sweep into the city with sword and fire. As they mounted its walls they became for the first time aware of the new and stronger fortification which had been secretly constructed on the inner side.[4] The reason why the ravelin had been at last conceded was revealed. The half moon, whose existence they had not suspected, rose before them bristling with cannon. A sharp fire was instantly opened upon the besiegers, while at the same instant the ravelin, which the citizens had undermined, blew up with a severe explosion, carrying into the air all the soldiers who had just entered it so triumphantly. This was the turning-point. The retreat was sounded, and the Spaniards fled to their camp, leaving at least three hundred dead beneath the walls. Thus was a second assault, made by an overwhelming force and led by the most accomplished generals of Spain, signally and gloriously repelled by the plain burghers of Harlem.[5]

It became now almost evident that the city could be taken neither by regular approaches nor by sudden attack. It was therefore resolved that it should be reduced by famine. Still, as the winter wore on, the immense army without the walls were as great sufferers by that scourge as the population within. The soldiers fell in heaps before the diseases engendered by intense cold and insufficient food, for, as usual in such sieges, these deaths far outnumbered those inflicted by the enemy's hand. The sufferings inside the city necessarily increased day by day, the whole population being put on a strict allowance of food.[6] Their supplies were daily diminishing, and with the approach of the spring and the thawing of the ice on the lake there was danger that they would be entirely cut off. If the possession of the water were lost, they must yield or starve ; and they doubted whether the Prince would be able to organise a fleet. The gaunt spectre of Famine already rose before them with a menace which could not be misunderstood. In their misery they longed for the assaults of the Spaniards, that they might look in the face of a less formidable foe. They paraded the ramparts daily, with drums beating, colours flying,

[1] Bor, vi. 431, 432. Mendoza, iv. 188.
[2] Bor, vi. 432.
[3] Ibid., vi. 432. Hoofd, vii. 292, 293.
[4] Hoofd, vii. 293.
[5] Hoofd, vii. 293. Mendoza, ix. 184, 185. Bor, vi. 432. Bentivoglio, vii. 124.
[6] Bentivoglio, vii. 125. Mendoza, ix. 185. Bor, vi. 436, 437.

taunting the besiegers to renewed attempts. To inflame the religious animosity of their antagonists, they attired themselves in the splendid, gold-embroidered vestments of the priests, which they took from the churches, and moved about in mock procession, bearing aloft images bedizened in ecclesiastical finery, relics, and other symbols, sacred in Catholic eyes, which they afterwards hurled from the ramparts, or broke, with derisive shouts, into a thousand fragments.[1]

It was, however, at that season earnestly debated by the enemy whether or not to raise the siege.[2] Don Frederic was clearly of opinion that enough had been done for the honour of the Spanish arms. He was wearied with seeing his men perish helplessly around him, and considered the prize too paltry for the lives it must cost. His father thought differently. Perhaps he recalled the siege of Metz, and the unceasing regret with which, as he believed, his imperial master had remembered the advice received from him. At any rate, the Duke now sent back Don Bernardino de Mendoza, whom Don Frederic had dispatched to Nimwegen, soliciting his father's permission to raise the siege, with this reply:—"Tell Don Frederic," said Alva, "that if he be not decided to continue the siege till the town be taken, I shall no longer consider him my son, whatever my opinion may formerly have been. *Should he fall in the siege*, I will myself take the field to maintain it; and when we have both perished, the Duchess, my wife, shall come from Spain to do the same."[3]

Such language was unequivocal, and hostilities were resumed as fiercely as before. The besieged welcomed them with rapture, and, as usual, made daily the most desperate sallies. In one outbreak the Harlemers, under cover of a thick fog, marched up to the enemy's chief battery, and attempted to spike the guns before his face. They were all slain at the cannon's mouth, whither patriotism, not vainglory, had led them, and lay dead around the battery, with their hammers and spikes in their hands.[4] The same spirit was daily manifested. As the spring advanced the kine went daily out at the gates to their peaceful pasture, notwithstanding all the turmoil within and around; nor was it possible for the Spaniards to capture a single one of these creatures without paying at least a dozen soldiers as its price."[5] "These citizens," wrote Don Frederic, "do as much as the best soldiers in the world could do."[6]

The frost broke up by the end of February. Count Bossu, who had been building a fleet of small vessels in Amsterdam, soon afterwards succeeded in entering the lake with a few gunboats, through a breach which he had made in the Overtoom, about half a league from that city.[7] The possession of the lake was already imperilled. The Prince, however, had not been idle, and he, too, was soon ready to send his flotilla to the mere.[8] At the same time, the city of Amsterdam was in almost as hazardous a position as Harlem. As the one on the lake, so did the other depend upon its dyke for its supplies. Should that great artificial road which led to Muyden and Utrecht be cut asunder, Amsterdam might be starved as soon as Harlem. "Since I came into the world," wrote Alva, "I have never been in such anxiety. If they should succeed in cutting off the communication along the dykes, we should have to raise the siege of Harlem, to surrender hands crossed, or to starve."[9] Orange was fully aware of the position of both places, but he was, as usual, sadly deficient in men and means. He wrote imploringly to his friends in England, in France, in Germany. He urged his brother Louis to bring a few soldiers, if it were humanly possible. "The whole country longs for you," he wrote to Louis, "as if you were the Archangel Gabriel."[10]

[1] Bentivoglio, vii. 121.
[2] Mendoza ix. 185, 186. Bentivoglio, vii. 124, 125.
[3] Mendoza, ix. 192. [4] Ibid., 182.
[5] Hoofd, viii. 303.
[6] "Todo lo que humanamente podian hacer los mejores soldados del mundo."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1217.
[7] Bor, vi. 436. [8] Ibid., 436, 437.
[9] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1245.
[10] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 74.

The Prince, however, did all that it was possible for man, so hampered, to do. He was himself, while anxiously writing, and hoping, and waiting for supplies of troops from Germany or France, doing his best with such volunteers as he could raise. He was still established at Sassenheim, on the south of the city, while Sonoy with his slender forces was encamped on the north. He now sent that general with as large a party as he could muster to attack the Diemerdyk.[1] His men entrenched themselves as strongly as they could between the Diemer and the Y, at the same time opening the sluices and breaking through the dyke. During the absence of their commander, who had gone to Edam for reinforcements, they were attacked by a large force from Amsterdam. A fierce amphibious contest took place, partly in boats, partly on the slippery causeway, partly in the water, resembling in character the frequent combats between the ancient Batavians and Romans during the wars of Civilis. The patriots were eventually overpowered.

Sonoy, who was on his way to their rescue, was frustrated in his design by the unexpected faint-heartedness of the volunteers whom he had enlisted at Edam.[2] Braving a thousand perils, he advanced, almost unattended, in his little vessel, but only to witness the overthrow and expulsion of his band.[3] It was too late for him singly to attempt to rally the retreating troops. They had fought well, but had been forced to yield before superior numbers, one individual of the little army having performed prodigies of valour. John Haring, of Horn, had planted himself entirely alone upon the dyke, where it was so narrow between the Y on the one side and the Diemer Lake on the other that two men could hardly stand abreast. Here, armed with sword and shield, he had actually opposed and held in check one thousand of the enemy, during a period long enough to enable his own men, if they had been willing, to rally and effectively to repel the attack. It was too late—the battle was too far lost to be restored; but still the brave soldier held the post, till, by his devotion, he had enabled all those of his compatriots who still remained in the entrenchments to make good their retreat. He then plunged into the sea, and, untouched by spear or bullet, effected his escape.[4] Had he been a Greek or a Roman, a Horatius or a Chabrias, his name would have been famous in history, his statue erected in the market-place; for the bold Dutchman on his dyke had manifested as much valour in a sacred cause as the most classic heroes of antiquity.

This unsuccessful attempt to cut off the communication between Amsterdam and the country strengthened the hopes of Alva. Several hundreds of the patriots were killed or captured, and among the slain was Antony Oliver, the painter through whose agency Louis of Nassau had been introduced into Mons. His head was cut off by two ensigns in Alva's service, who received the price which had been set upon it of two thousand caroli.[5] It was then labelled with its owner's name, and thrown into the city of Harlem.[6] At the same time a new gibbet was erected in the Spanish camp before the city, in a conspicuous situation, upon which all the prisoners were hanged, some by the neck, some by the heels, in full view of their countrymen.[7] As usual, this especial act of cruelty excited the emulation of the citizens. Two of the old board of magistrates belonging to the Spanish party were still imprisoned at Harlem, together with seven other persons, among whom was a priest and a boy of twelve years. They were now condemned to the gallows.[8] The wife of one of the ex-burgomasters, and his daughter, who was a beguin, went by his side as he

[1] Bor, vi. 437.
[2] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 300.
[3] Bor, Hoofd.
[4] Hoofd, viii. 300, 301. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 80.
[5] Letter of Alva to Philip, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1231.
[6] Hoofd, viii. 304.
[7] Ibid. Meteren. iv. 80. P. Sterlincx.
[8] P. Sterlincx, Corte Beschr.

was led to execution, piously exhorting him to sustain with courage the execrations of the populace and his ignominious doom. The rabble, irritated by such boldness, were not satisfied with wreaking their vengeance on the principal victims, but, after the execution had taken place, they hunted the wife and daughter into the water, where they both perished.[1] It is right to record these instances of cruelty sometimes perpetrated by the patriots as well as by their oppressors—a cruelty rendered almost inevitable by the incredible barbarity of the foreign invader. It was a war of wolfish malignity. In the words of Mendoza, every man within and without Harlem "seemed inspired by a spirit of special and personal vengeance."[2] The innocent blood poured out in Mechlin, Zutphen, Naarden, and upon a thousand scaffolds, had been crying too long from the ground. The Hollanders must have been more or less than men not to be sometimes betrayed into acts which justice and reason must denounce.

The singular mood which has been recorded of a high-spirited officer of the garrison, Captain Curey, illustrates the horror with which such scenes of carnage were regarded by noble natures. Of a gentle disposition originally, but inflamed almost to insanity by a contemplation of Spanish cruelty, he had taken up the profession of arms, to which he had a natural repugnance. Brave to recklessness, he led his men on every daring outbreak, on every perilous midnight adventure. Armed only with his rapier, without defensive armour, he was ever found where the battle raged most fiercely, and numerous were the victims who fell before his sword. On returning, however, from such excursions, he invariably shut himself in his quarters, took to his bed, and lay for days sick with remorse, and bitterly lamenting all that bloodshed in which he had so deeply participated, and which a cruel fate seemed to render necessary. As the gentle mood subsided, his frenzy would return, and again he would rush to the field, to seek new havoc and fresh victims for his rage.[3]

The combats before the walls were of almost daily occurrence. On the 25th March, one thousand of the besieged made a brilliant sally, drove in all the outposts of the enemy, burned three hundred tents, and captured seven cannon, nine standards, and many waggon-loads of provisions, all which they succeeded in bringing with them into the city.[4] Having thus reinforced themselves, in a manner not often practised by the citizens of a beleaguered town, in the very face of thirty thousand veterans—having killed eight hundred of the enemy, which was nearly one for every man engaged, while they lost but four of their own party[5]—the Harlemers, on their return, erected a trophy of funereal but exulting aspect. A mound of earth was constructed upon the ramparts, in the form of a colossal grave, in full view of the enemy's camp, and upon it were planted the cannon and standards so gallantly won in the skirmish, with the taunting inscription floating from the centre of the mound, "Harlem is the graveyard of the Spaniards."[6]

Such were the characteristics of this famous siege during the winter and early spring. Alva might well write to his sovereign that "it was a war such as never before was seen or heard of in any land on earth."[7] Yet the Duke had known near sixty years of warfare. He informed Philip that "*never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Harlem*, either by rebels or by men fighting for their lawful prince."[8] Certainly his son had discovered his mistake in asserting that the city would yield in a week; while the father, after nearly six years' experience, had found this "people of butter" less malleable than even those "iron people" whom he boasted of having tamed. It was

[1] P. Sterlincx, Corte Beschr. Hoofd, viii. 304, 305. Meteren, iv. 80. Brandt, i. x. 541.
[2] Mendoza, ix. 191.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 302.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] P. Sterlincx, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[7] "Es guerra que hasta oy se ha visto ny oyde semijante en pais estraño."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1230.
[8] Ibid., 1198.

seen that neither the skies of Greece or Italy, nor the sublime scenery of Switzerland, were necessary to arouse the spirit of defiance to foreign oppression—a spirit which beat as proudly among the wintry mists and the level meadows of Holland as it had ever done under sunnier atmospheres and in more romantic lands.

Mendoza had accomplished his mission to Spain, and had returned with supplies of money within six weeks from the date of his departure.[1] Owing to his representations and Alva's entreaties, Philip had, moreover, ordered Requesens, governor of Milan, to send forward to the Netherlands three veteran Spanish regiments, which were now more required at Harlem than in Italy.[2] While the land force had thus been strengthened, the fleet upon the lake had also been largely increased. The Prince of Orange had, on the other hand, provided more than a hundred sail of various descriptions,[3] so that the whole surface of the mere was now alive with ships. Sea-fights and skirmishes took place almost daily, and it was obvious that the life and death struggle was now to be fought upon the water. So long as the Hollanders could hold or dispute the possession of the lake, it was still possible to succour Harlem from time to time. Should the Spaniards overcome the Prince's fleet, the city must inevitably starve.

At last, on the 28th of May, a decisive engagement of the fleets took place. The vessels grappled with each other, and there was a long, fierce, hand-to-hand combat. Under Bossu were one hundred vessels; under Martin Brand, admiral of the patriot fleet, nearly one hundred and fifty, but of lesser dimensions. Batenburg commanded the troops on board the Dutch vessels. After a protracted conflict, in which several thousands were killed, the victory was decided in favour of the Spaniards, twenty-two of the Prince's vessels being captured, and the rest totally routed. Bossu swept across the lake in triumph. The forts belonging to the patriots were immediately taken, and the Harlemers, with their friends, entirely excluded from the lake.[4]

This was the beginning of the end. Despair took possession of the city. The whole population had been long subsisting upon an allowance of a pound of bread to each man and half-a-pound for each woman; but the bread was now exhausted, the famine had already begun,[5] and with the loss of the lake starvation was close at their doors. They sent urgent entreaties to the Prince to attempt something in their behalf. Three weeks more they assigned as the longest term during which they could possibly hold out.[6] He sent them word by carrier-pigeons to endure yet a little time, for he was assembling a force, and would still succeed in furnishing them with supplies.[7] Meantime, through the month of June the sufferings of the inhabitants increased hourly. Ordinary food had long since vanished. The population now subsisted on linseed and rape-seed; as these supplies were exhausted, they devoured cats, dogs, rats, and mice; and when at last these unclean animals had been all consumed, they boiled the hides of horses and oxen; they ate shoe-leather; they plucked the nettles and grass from the graveyards, and the weeds which grew between the stones of the pavement, that with such food they might still support life a little longer, till the promised succour should arrive. Men, women, and children fell dead by scores in the streets, perishing of pure starvation, and the survivors had hardly the heart or the strength to bury them out of their sight. They who yet lived seemed to flit like shadows to and fro, envying those whose sufferings had already been terminated by death.[8]

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1 Mendoza, ix. 192.
2 Ibid.
3 Bor, vi. 436.
4 Ibid., 437. Hoofd, viii. 306, 309.
5 Bor, vi. 437. Hoofd, viii. 309.
6 Letter of Prince of Orange to his brothers, 16th May 1573, Archives, etc., iv. 95.
7 Bor, vi. 438, 439. Hoofd, viii. 310.
8 Bor, vi. 436, 437. Hoofd, viii. 309, 310. Meteren, iv. 80. Bentivoglio, vii. 128.

Thus wore away the month of June. On the 1st of July the burghers consented to a parley. Deputies were sent to confer with the besiegers, but the negotiations were abruptly terminated, for no terms of compromise were admitted by Don Frederic.[1] On the 3d a tremendous cannonade was reopened upon the city. One thousand and eight balls were discharged—the most which had ever been thrown in one day since the commencement of the siege.[2] The walls were severely shattered, but the assault was not ordered, because the besiegers were assured that it was physically impossible for the inhabitants to hold out many days longer.[3] A last letter, written in blood,[4] was now dispatched to the Prince of Orange, stating the forlorn condition to which they were reduced. At the same time, with the derision of despair, they flung into the hostile camp the few loaves of bread which yet remained within the city walls. A day or two later, a second and third parley were held, with no more satisfactory result than had attended the first. A black flag was now hoisted on the cathedral tower, the signal of despair to friend and foe, but a pigeon soon afterwards flew into the town with a letter from the Prince, begging them to maintain themselves two days longer, because succour was approaching.[5]

The Prince had indeed been doing all which, under the circumstances, was possible. He assembled the citizens of Delft in the market-place, and announced his intention of marching in person to the relief of the city, in the face of the besieging army, if any troops could be obtained.[6] Soldiers there were none; but there was the deepest sympathy for Harlem throughout its sister cities, Delft, Rotterdam, Gouda. A numerous mass of burghers, many of them persons of station, all people of respectability, volunteered to march to the rescue. The Prince highly disapproved[7] of this miscellaneous army, whose steadfastness he could not trust. As a soldier, he knew that for such a momentous enterprise enthusiasm could not supply the place of experience. Nevertheless, as no regular troops could be had, and as the emergency allowed no delay, he drew up a commission, appointing Paulus Buys to be governor during his absence, and provisional stadholder should he fall in the expedition.[8] Four thousand armed volunteers, with six hundred mounted troopers under Carlo de Noot, had been assembled, and the Prince now placed himself at their head.[9] There was, however, a universal cry of remonstrance from the magistracies and burghers of all the towns, and from the troops themselves, at this project.[10] They would not consent that a life so precious, so indispensable to the existence of Holland, should be needlessly hazarded. It was important to succour Harlem, but the Prince was of more value than many cities. He at last reluctantly consented, therefore, to abandon the command of the expedition to Baron Batenburg,[11] the less willingly from the want of confidence which he could not help feeling in the character of the forces. On the 8th of July, at dusk, the expedition set forth from Sassenheim.[12] It numbered nearly five thousand men, who had with them four hundred waggon-loads of provisions and seven field-pieces.[13] Among the volunteers, Oldenbarneveld, afterwards so illustrious in the history of the Republic, marched in the ranks, with his musket on his shoulder.[14] Such was a sample of the spirit which pervaded the population of the province.

Batenburg came to a halt in the woods of Nordwyk, on the south side of the city, where he remained till midnight.[15] All seemed still in the enemy's

[1] Hoofd, viii. 310. Mendoza, ix. 202, 203.
[2] Wagenaer, vi. 426. [3] Hoofd, viii. 310.
[4] Letter of Don Frederic to Duke of Alva, 8th and 9th June 1573, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1839.
[5] Hoofd, viii. 309, 310. [6] Bor, vi. 439, 440.
[7] See his letter of 18th July 1573, in Bor, vi 440.
[8] This commission is published in Kluit, Hol Staatsreg., iii. 425–427, Bijalgen.
[9] Hoofd, viii. 311. [10] Bor, vi. 439. Hoofd.
[11] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iv. 80.
[12] Bor, Hoofd. [13] Bor, ubi sup.
[14] Hoofd (viii. 311), to whose father Oldenbarneveld related the anecdote. [15] Bor, Hoofd, viii. 311.

camp. After prayers, he gave orders to push forward, hoping to steal through the lines of his sleeping adversaries and accomplish the relief by surprise.[1] He was destined to be bitterly disappointed. His plans and his numbers were thoroughly known to the Spaniards, two doves, bearing letters which contained the details of the intended expedition, having been shot and brought into Don Frederic's camp.[2]

The citizens, it appeared, had broken through the curtain work on the side where Batenburg was expected, in order that a sally might be made in co-operation with the relieving force as soon as it should appear.[3] Signal fires had been agreed upon, by which the besieged were to be made aware of the approach of their friends. The Spanish commander accordingly ordered a mass of green branches, pitch, and straw, to be lighted opposite to the gap in the city wall. Behind it he stationed five thousand picked troops.[4] Five thousand more, with a force of cavalry, were placed in the neighbourhood of the downs, with orders to attack the patriot army on the left. Six regiments, under Romero, were ordered to move eastward and assail their right.[5] The dense mass of smoke concealed the beacon lights displayed by Batenburg from the observation of the townspeople, and hid the five thousand Spaniards from the advancing Hollanders. As Batenburg emerged from the wood, he found himself attacked by a force superior to his own, while a few minutes later he was entirely enveloped by overwhelming numbers. The whole Spanish army was, indeed, under arms, and had been expecting him for two days.[6] The unfortunate citizens alone were ignorant of his arrival. The noise of the conflict they supposed to be a false alarm created by the Spaniards to draw them into their camp, and they declined a challenge which they were in no condition to accept.[7] Batenburg was soon slain, and his troops utterly routed. The number killed was variously estimated at from six hundred to two and even three thousand.[8] It is, at any rate, certain that the whole force was entirely destroyed or dispersed, and the attempt to relieve the city completely frustrated. The death of Batenburg was the less regretted because he was accused, probably with great injustice, of having been intoxicated at the time of action,[9] and therefore incapable of properly conducting the enterprise intrusted to him.

The Spaniards now cut off the nose and ears of a prisoner, and sent him into the city to announce the news, while a few heads were also thrown over the walls to confirm the intelligence.[10] When this decisive overthrow became known in Delft, there was even an outbreak of indignation against Orange. According to a statement of Alva, which, however, is to be received with great distrust, some of the populace wished to sack the Prince's house, and offered him personal indignities.[11] Certainly, if these demonstrations were made, popular anger was never more senseless; but the tale rests entirely upon a vague assertion of the Duke, and is entirely at variance with every other contemporaneous account of these transactions. It had now become absolutely necessary, however, for the heroic but wretched town to abandon itself to its fate. It was impossible to attempt anything more in its behalf. The lake and its forts were in the hands of the enemy, the best force which could be mustered to make head against the besieging army had been cut to pieces,

1 Bor, vi. 439. Hoofd, viii. 311.
2 Hoofd, viii. 311. Mendoza, ix. 203.
3 Ibid. 4 Ibid. Wagenaer, vi. 428.
5 Hoofd, viii. 312. Wagenaer.
6 Ibid., Ibid. Bor, vi. 439.
7 Hoofd, viii. 312.
8 Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 312. Meteren, iv. 80. Wagenaer, vi. 428, 429. Compare Mendoza, ix. 204; Bentivoglio, vii. 128; Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1254. The Dutch authorities give four thousand five hundred as the number of the whole force under Batenburg; the Spanish put them as high as eight thousand. The number of the slain, according to the Netherland accounts, was five or six hundred; according to those of the victors, from one thousand five hundred to three thousand.
9 Bor, vi. 440.
10 P. Sterlincx. Hoofd, viii. 312.
11 Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1254.

and the Prince of Orange, with a heavy heart, now sent word that the burghers were to make the best terms they could with the enemy.[1]

The tidings of despair created a terrible commotion in the starving city. There was no hope either in submission or resistance. Massacre or starvation was the only alternative. But if there was no hope within the walls, without there was still a soldier's death. For a moment the garrison and the able-bodied citizens resolved to advance from the gates in a solid column to cut their way through the enemy's camp or to perish on the field.[2] It was thought that the helpless and the infirm, who would alone be left in the city, might be treated with indulgence after the fighting men had all been slain. At any rate, by remaining, the strong could neither protect nor comfort them. As soon, however, as this resolve was known, there was such wailing and outcry of women and children as pierced the hearts of the soldiers and burghers, and caused them to forego the project.[3] They felt that it was cowardly not to die in their presence. It was then determined to form all the females, the sick, the aged, and the children, into a square, to surround them with all the able-bodied men who still remained, and, thus arrayed, to fight their way forth from the gates, and to conquer by the strength of despair, or at least to perish all together.[4]

These desperate projects, which the besieged were thought quite capable of executing, were soon known in the Spanish camp. Don Frederic felt, after what he had witnessed in the past seven months, that there was nothing which the Harlemers could not do or dare. He feared lest they should set fire to their city, and consume their houses, themselves, and their children, to ashes together;[5] and he was unwilling that the fruits of his victory, purchased at such a vast expense, should be snatched from his hand as he was about to gather them A letter was accordingly, by his order, sent to the magistracy and leading citizens, in the name of Count Overstein, commander of the German forces in the besieging army.[6] This dispatch invited a surrender at discretion, but contained the solemn assurance that no punishment should be inflicted except upon those who, in the judgment of the citizens themselves, had deserved it, and promised ample forgiveness if the town should submit without further delay.[7] At the moment of sending this letter, Don Frederic was in possession of strict orders from his father not to leave a man alive of the garrison, excepting only the Germans, and to execute besides a large number of the burghers.[8] These commands he dared not disobey, even if he had felt any inclination to do so. In consequence of the semi-official letter of Overstein, however, the city formally surrendered at discretion on the 12th July.[9]

The great bell was tolled, and orders were issued that all arms in the possession of the garrison or the inhabitants should be brought to the town-house.[10] The men were then ordered to assemble in the cloister of Zyl, the women in the cathedral.[11] On the same day Don Frederic, accompanied by Count Bossu and a numerous staff, rode into the city. The scene which met his view might have moved a heart of stone. Everywhere was evidence of the misery which had been so bravely endured during that seven months' siege.

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1 Hoofd, viii. 312, 313. Wagenaer, vi. 429.

2 Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza, ix. 204.

3 Hoofd, Meteren, Mendoza.

4 Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza, ix. 204.

5 Hoofd, viii. 313.

6 Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Wagenaer, 429, 430.

7 Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Even Mendoza admits that a message promising mercy was sent into the city in order to induce the besieged to abandon their desperate resolution: "Se embio aviso del campo que todos los que quisiessen quedar en la villa à merced, se usaria con ellos de misericordia, ix. 204. The assurance in Count Overstein's letter, according to the uniform testimony of Dutch historians, was to the effect stated in the text: "Dat er alsnoch vergiffenis ten beste was. Zoo zy tot oovergift verstaan wilden; *ende niemand* gestraft zoude worden, oft hy hadde 't naa hun eighen oordeel, verdient."—Hoofd, viii. 313.

8 Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1253.

9 Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, viii. 313. Meteren, iv. 80. Mendoza, ix. 205, says the 14th July.

10 P. Sterlincx. Bor, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 314, 315.

11 Ibid. Ibid. Ibid. Mendoza, ix. 205.

The smouldering ruins of houses which had been set on fire by balls, the shattered fortifications, the felled trunks of trees, upturned pavements, broken images, and other materials for repairing gaps made by the daily cannonade, strewn around in all directions, the skeletons of unclean animals from which the flesh had been gnawed, the unburied bodies of men and women who had fallen dead in the public thoroughfares—more than all, the gaunt and emaciated forms of those who still survived, the ghosts of their former selves—all might have induced at least a doubt whether the suffering inflicted already were not a sufficient punishment even for crimes so deep as heresy and schism. But this was far from being the sentiment of Don Frederic. He seemed to read defiance as well as despair in the sunken eyes which glared upon him as he entered the place, and he took no thought of the pledge which he had informally but sacredly given.

All the officers of the garrison were at once arrested. Some of them had anticipated the sentence of their conqueror by a voluntary death. Captain Bordet, a French officer of distinction, like Brutus, compelled his servant to hold the sword upon which he fell, rather than yield himself alive to the vengeance of the Spaniards.[1] Traits of generosity were not wanting. Instead of Peter Hasselaer, a young officer who had displayed remarkable bravery throughout the siege, the Spaniards by mistake arrested his cousin Nicholas. The prisoner was suffering himself to be led away to the inevitable scaffold without remonstrance, when Peter Hasselaer pushed his way violently through the ranks of the captors. "If you want Ensign Hasselaer, I am the man. Let this innocent person depart," he cried.[2] Before the sun set his head had fallen. All the officers were taken to the House of Kleef, where they were immediately executed.[3] Captain Ripperda, who so heroically rebuked the craven conduct of the magistracy, whose eloquence had inflamed the soldiers and citizens to resistance, and whose skill and courage had sustained the siege so long, was among the first to suffer.[4] A natural son of Cardinal Granvelle, who could have easily saved his life by proclaiming a parentage which he loathed,[5] and Lancelot Brederode, an illegitimate scion of that ancient house, were also among the earliest victims.

The next day Alva came over to the camp. He rode about the place, examining the condition of the fortifications from the outside, but returned to Amsterdam without having entered the city.[6] On the following morning the massacre commenced. The plunder had been commuted for two hundred and forty thousand guilders, which the citizens bound themselves to pay in four instalments;[7] but murder was an indispensable accompaniment of victory, and admitted of no compromise. Moreover, Alva had already expressed the determination to effect a general massacre upon this occasion.[8] The garrison, during the siege, had been reduced from four thousand to eighteen hundred.[9] Of these, the Germans, six hundred in number, were, by Alva's order, dismissed, on a pledge to serve no more against the King. All the rest of the garrison were immediately butchered, with at least as many citizens. Drummers went about the city daily, proclaiming that all who harboured persons having at any former period been fugitives, were immediately to give them up, on pain of being instantly hanged themselves in their own doors. Upon these refugees

[1] Bor, vi. 440. Hoofd, Meteren, Mendoza. According to Pierre Sterlincx, the instrument of death selected was an arquebuse. Bordet's words to his servant being, "Et toy, mon ami, qui m'avez faict plusieurs services, faitez moy asthеure la dernière, me donnant un coup d'harquebouze." "Het welcke," continues Sterlincx, "den knegt naar lange weygheren volbragt heeft."—Corte Beschryv., etc., etc.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 326. [3] Bor, vi. 441.

[4] P. Sterlincx. Hoofd, viii. 325.

[5] Hoofd, viii. 325. Wagenaer, vi. 431.

[6] Hoofd, viii. 315.

[7] Bor, vi. 441. Meteren, iv. 80.

[8] "Comme le Duc d'Albe me dist *encores hier* se convertira en justice car il n'est pas déliberé d'en *laisser eschapper pas ung*."—Letter of Mondoucet, 14th July 1573. Correspondance de Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com. Doy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, 299.

[9] Hoofd, viii. 3.

and upon the soldiery fell the brunt of the slaughter, although from day to day reasons were perpetually discovered for putting to death every individual at all distinguished by service, station, wealth, or liberal principles; for the carnage could not be accomplished at once, but, with all the industry and heartiness employed, was necessarily protracted through several days. Five executioners, with their attendants, were kept constantly at work; and when at last they were exhausted with fatigue, or perhaps sickened with horror, three hundred wretches were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned in the Harlem Lake.[1]

At last, after twenty-three hundred human creatures[2] had been murdered in cold blood, within a city where so many thousands had previously perished by violent or by lingering deaths; the blasphemous farce of a pardon was enacted.[3] Fifty-seven of the most prominent burghers of the place were, however, excepted from the act of amnesty, and taken into custody as security for the future good conduct of the other citizens. Of these hostages, some were soon executed, some died in prison, and all would have been eventually sacrificed, had not the naval defeat of Bossu soon afterwards enabled the Prince of Orange to rescue the remaining prisoners.[4] Ten thousand two hundred and fifty-six shots had been discharged against the walls during the siege.[5] Twelve thousand of the besieging army had died of wounds or disease, during the seven months and two days between the investment and the surrender.[6] In the earlier part of August,[7] after the executions had been satisfactorily accomplished, Don Frederic made his triumphal entry, and the first chapter in the invasion of Holland was closed. Such was the memorable siege of Harlem, an event in which we are called upon to wonder equally at human capacity to inflict and to endure misery.

The Spaniards celebrated a victory, while in Utrecht they made an effigy of the Prince of Orange, which they carried about in procession, broke upon the wheel, and burned.[8] It was, however, obvious, that if the reduction of Harlem were a triumph, it was one which the conquerors might well exchange for a defeat. At any rate, it was certain that the Spanish Empire was not strong enough to sustain many more such victories. If it had required thirty thousand choice troops, among which were three regiments called by Alva respectively the "Invincibles," the "Immortals," and the "None-such,"[9] to conquer the weakest city of Holland in seven months, and with the loss of twelve thousand men; how many men, how long a time, and how many deaths would it require to reduce the rest of that little province? For, as the sack of Naarden had produced the contrary effect from the one intended, inflaming rather than subduing the spirit of Dutch resistance, so the long and glorious defence of Harlem, notwithstanding its tragical termination, had only served to strain to the highest pitch the hatred and patriotism of the other cities in the province. Even the treasures of the New World were inadequate to pay for the conquest of that little sandbank. Within five years, twenty-

[1] P. Sterlincx. Bor, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 315, 316. Meteren, iv. 81.

Compare Mendoza, ix. 205; Bentivoglio, vii. 129; Correspondance de Philippe II., 1257; Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, x. 754-759. Even Bentivoglio is shocked at the barbarities committed after the surrender of the city: "Più di 2 mille furono giustiziati e nell' operatione restarono ò stracchi, ò satii, ò inhorriditi per maniera i carnefici stessi——resto in dubbio, se fossero stati più atroci, ò da una parte i falli commessi ò dall' altra i supplicij eseguiti."—Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

Cabrera, on the contrary, expresses great disgust that any one should be moved to compassion for the fate of these heretics.

[2] This is the number given by Alva (Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1257). The Dutch historians make the amount of slaughter less than it is estimated by the Spanish writers, who, as usual, exaggerate these achievements, which they think commendable. Only Meteren, among the Netherland authorities, puts the number of the executed as high as two thousand, three hundred less than that stated by Alva, while Carnero raises it to three thousand. Compare Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Bentivoglio, et al.

[3] Bor, vi. 442, 443. Meteren, iv. 80, 82.

[4] Bor, vi. 443. Meteren.

[5] Mendoza, ix. 203.

[6] According to Hoofd, viii. 316, and Bor, vi. 444. The Spanish writers estimate the number at four or five thousand. Mendoza, ix. 206. Cabrera, x. 759.

[7] Wagenaer, vi. 433. [8] Ibid., 433, 434.

[9] Meteren, iv. 81.

five millions of florins had been sent from Spain for war expenses in the Netherlands.[1] Yet this amount, with the addition of large sums annually derived from confiscations,[2] of five millions, at which the proceeds of the hundredth penny was estimated, and the two millions yearly for which the tenth and twentieth pence had been compounded, was insufficient to save the treasury from beggary and the unpaid troops from mutiny.

Nevertheless, for the moment the joy created was intense. Philip was lying dangerously ill at the wood of Segovia,[3] when the happy tidings of the reduction of Harlem, with its accompanying butchery, arrived. The account of all this misery, minutely detailed to him by Alva, acted like magic. The blood of twenty-three hundred of his fellow-creatures, coldly murdered by his orders in a single city, proved for the sanguinary monarch the elixir of life: he drank and was refreshed. "The *principal medicine which has cured his Majesty*," wrote Secretary Cayas from Madrid to Alva, "is the joy caused to him by the *good news* which you have communicated of *the surrender of Harlem*."[4] In the height of his exultation, the King forgot how much dissatisfaction he had recently felt with the progress of events in the Netherlands, how much treasure had been annually expended with an insufficient result. "Knowing your necessity," continued Cayas, "his Majesty instantly sent for Doctor Velasco, and ordered him to provide you with funds, if he had to descend into the earth to dig for it."[5] While such was the exultation of the Spaniards, the Prince of Orange was neither dismayed nor despondent. As usual, he trusted to a higher power than man. "I had hoped to send you better news," he wrote to Count Louis, "nevertheless, since it has otherwise pleased the good God, we must conform ourselves to His Divine will. I take the same God to witness that I have done everything, according to my means, which was possible to succour the city."[6] A few days later, writing in the same spirit, he informed his brother that the Zealanders had succeeded in capturing the castle of Rammekens on the isle of Walcheren. "I hope," he said, "that this will reduce the pride of our enemies, who, after the surrender of Harlem, have thought that they were about to swallow us alive. I assure myself, however, that they will find a very different piece of work from the one which they expect."[7]

CHAPTER IX.

Position of Alva—Hatred entertained for him by elevated personages—Quarrels between him and Medina Cœli—Departure of the latter—Complaints to the King by each of the other—Attempts at conciliation addressed by Government to the people of the Netherlands—Grotesque character of the address—Mutinous demonstration of the Spanish troops—Secret overtures to Orange—Obedience with difficulty restored by Alva—Commencement of the siege of Alkmaar—Sanguinary menaces of the Duke—Encouraging and enthusiastic language of the Prince—Preparations in Alkmaar for defence—The first assault steadily repulsed—Refusal of the soldiers to storm a second time—Expedition of the Carpenter-envoy—Orders of the Prince to flood the country—The carpenter's dispatches in the enemy's hands—Effect produced upon the Spaniards—The siege raised—Negotiations of Count Louis with France—Uneasiness and secret correspondence of the Duke—Convention with the English Government—Objects pursued by Orange—Cruelty of De la Marck—His dismissal from office and subsequent death—Negotiations with France—Altered tone of the French court with regard to the St. Bartholomew—Ill effects of the crime upon the royal projects—Hypocrisy of the Spanish Government—Letter of Louis to Charles IX.—Complaints of Charles IX.—Secret aspirations of that monarch and of Philip—Intrigues concerning the Polish election—Renewed negotiations between Schomberg and Count Louis, with consent of Orange—Conditions prescribed by the Prince—

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[1] From 1569–1572. Vide Kluit, Hol. Staatsreg., iv. 512, 513, and Van Wyn op Wagen., d. i. bl. 287, and d. vi. 17. In June 1559, Philip had to pay his army in the Netherlands 8,689,581 florins of arrearage.

[2] According to Meteren, iv. 86, eight millions annually; but the statement is a great exaggeration.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1259.

[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

[6] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 175.

[7] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 181.

Articles of secret alliance—Remarkable letter of Count Louis to Charles IX.—Responsible and isolated situation of Orange—The "Address" and the "Epistle"—Religious sentiments of the Prince—Naval action on the Zuyder Zee—Captivity of Bossu and of St. Aldegonde—Odious position of Alva—His unceasing cruelty—Execution of Uitenhoove—Fraud practised by Alva upon his creditors—Arrival of Requesens, the new Governor-General—Departure of Alva—Concluding remarks upon his administration.

For the sake of continuity in the narrative, the siege of Harlem has been related until its conclusion. This great event constituted, moreover, the principal stuff in Netherland history up to the middle of the year 1573. A few loose threads must be now taken up before we can proceed farther.

Alva had for some time felt himself in a false and uncomfortable position. While he continued to be the object of a popular hatred as intense as ever glowed, he had gradually lost his hold upon those who, at the outset of his career, had been loudest and lowest in their demonstrations of respect. "Believe me," wrote Secretary Albornoz to Secretary Cayas, "this people abhor our nation worse than they abhor the devil. As for the Duke of Alva, they foam at the mouth when they hear his name."[1] Viglius, although still maintaining smooth relations with the Governor, had been, in reality, long since estranged from him. Even Aerschot, with whom the Duke had long maintained an intimacy half affectionate, half contemptuous, now began to treat him with a contumely which it was difficult for so proud a stomach to digest.[2]

But the main source of discomfort was doubtless the presence of Medina Cœli. This was the perpetual thorn in his side, which no cunning could extract. A successor who would not and could not succeed him, yet who attended him as his shadow and his evil genius—a confidential colleague who betrayed his confidence, mocked his projects, derided his authority, and yet complained of ill treatment—a rival who was neither compeer nor subaltern, and who affected to be his censor—a functionary of a purely anomalous character, sheltering himself under his abnegation of an authority which he had not dared to assume, and criticising measures which he was not competent to grasp;—such was the Duke of Medina Cœli in Alva's estimation.

The bickering between the two Dukes became unceasing and disgraceful. Of course each complained to the King, and each according to his own account was a martyr to the other's tyranny; but the meekness manifested by Alva in all his relations with the new comer was wonderful, if we are to believe the accounts furnished by himself and by his confidential secretary.[3] On the other hand, Medina Cœli wrote to the King complaining of Alva in most unmitigated strains, and asserting that he *was himself never allowed to see any dispatches*, nor to have the slightest information as to the policy of the Government.[4] He reproached the Duke with shrinking from personal participation in military operations, and begged the royal forgiveness if he withdrew from a scene where he felt himself to be superfluous.[5]

Accordingly, towards the end of November, he took his departure, without paying his respects. The Governor complained to the King of this unceremonious proceeding, and assured his Majesty that never were courtesy and gentleness so ill requited as his had been by this ingrate and cankered Duke. "He told me," said Alva, "that if I did not stay in the field, he would not remain with me in peaceful cities, and he asked me if I intended to march into Holland with the troops which were to winter there. I answered, that I should go wherever it was necessary, even should I be obliged to swim through all the canals of Holland."[6] After giving these details, the Duke added, with great appearance of candour and meekness, that he was certain Medina Cœli had only been influenced by extreme zeal for his Majesty's

[1] "Escupen en oir su nombre."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1208. [2] Ibid., 1177, 1298. [3] Correspond. de Philippe II., ii. 1174, 1177, 1178. [4] Ibid., 1178. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid., 1193.

service, and that, finding so little for him to do in the Netherlands, he had become dissatisfied with his position.[1]

Immediately after the fall of Harlem, another attempt was made by Alva to win back the allegiance of the other cities by proclamations. It had become obvious to the Governor that so determined a resistance on the part of the first place besieged augured many long campaigns before the whole province could be subdued. A circular was accordingly issued upon the 26th July from Utrecht, and published immediately afterwards in all the cities of the Netherlands. It was a paper of singular character, commingling an affectation of almost ludicrous clemency with honest and hearty brutality. There was consequently something very grotesque about the document. Philip, in the outset, was made to sustain towards his undutiful subjects the characters of the brooding hen and the prodigal's father; a range of impersonation hardly to be allowed him even by the most abject flattery. "Ye are well aware," thus ran the address, "that the King has over and over again manifested his willingness to receive his children, in however forlorn a condition the prodigals might return. His Majesty assures you once more that your sins, however black they may have been, shall be forgiven and forgotten in the plenitude of royal kindness, if you repent and return in season to his Majesty's embrace. Notwithstanding your manifold crimes, his Majesty still seeks, *like a hen calling her chickens, to gather you all under the parental wing.* The King hereby warns you once more, therefore, to place yourselves in his royal hands, *and not to wait for his rage, cruelty, and fury*, and the approach of his army."

The affectionate character of the address, already fading towards the end of the preamble, soon changes to bitterness. The domestic maternal fowl dilates into the sanguinary dragon as the address proceeds. "But if," continues the monarch, "ye disregard these offers of mercy, receiving them with closed ears as heretofore, then we warn you that there is no rigour, nor cruelty however great, which you are not to expect by laying waste, starvation, and the sword, in such manner that nowhere shall *remain a relic of that which at present exists*, but his Majesty will strip bare and *utterly depopulate the land*, and cause it to be inhabited *again by strangers*, since otherwise his Majesty could not believe that the *will of God and of his Majesty* had been accomplished."[2]

It is almost superfluous to add that this circular remained fruitless. The royal wrath, thus blasphemously identifying itself with Divine vengeance, inspired no terror, the royal blandishments no affection.

The next point of attack was the city of Alkmaar, situate quite at the termination of the peninsula, among the lagunes and redeemed prairies of North Holland. The Prince of Orange had already provided it with a small garrison.[3] The city had been summoned to surrender by the middle of July, and had returned a bold refusal.[4] Meantime the Spaniards had retired from before the walls, while the surrender and chastisement of Harlem occupied them during the next succeeding weeks. The month of August, moreover, was mainly consumed by Alva in quelling a dangerous and protracted mutiny which broke out among the Spanish soldiers at Harlem,[5] between three and four thousand of them having been quartered upon the ill-fated population of that city.[6] Unceasing misery was endured by the inhabitants at the hands of these ferocious Spaniards, flushed with victory, mutinous for long arrears of pay, and greedy for the booty which had been denied. At times, however, the fury of the soldiery was more violently directed against their own commanders than against the enemy. A project was even formed by the malcon-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1193.
[2] The document is published in Bor, vi. 445, 446.
[3] Bor, vi. 444.
[4] Ibid., vi. 444, 445.
[5] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 317.
[6] Bor, vi. 449.

tent troops to deliver Harlem into the hands of Orange. A party of them, disguised as Baltic merchants, waited upon the Prince at Delft, and were secretly admitted to his bedside before he had risen. They declared to him that they were Spanish soldiers, who had compassion on his cause, were dissatisfied with their own Government, and were ready, upon receipt of forty thousand guilders, to deliver the city into his hands. The Prince took the matter into consideration, and promised to accept the offer if he could raise the required sum. This, however, he found himself unable to do within the stipulated time, and thus, for want of so paltry a sum, the offer was of necessity declined.[1]

Various were the excesses committed by the insubordinate troops in every province in the Netherlands upon the long-suffering inhabitants. "Nothing," wrote Alva, "had given him so much pain during his forty years of service."[2] He avowed his determination to go to Amsterdam in order to offer himself as a hostage to the soldiery, if by so doing he could quell the mutiny.[3] He went to Amsterdam accordingly, where by his exertions, ably seconded by those of the Marquis Vitelli, and by the payment of thirty crowns to each soldier—fourteen on account of arrearages, and sixteen as his share in the Harlem compensation money—the rebellion was appeased, and obedience restored.[4]

There was now leisure for the General to devote his whole energies against the little city of Alkmaar. On that bank and shoal, the extreme verge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's freedom stood at bay. The grey towers of Egmont Castle and of Egmont Abbey rose between the city and the sea, and there the troops sent by the Prince of Orange were quartered during the very brief period in which the citizens wavered as to receiving them. The die was soon cast, however, and the Prince's garrison admitted. The Spaniards advanced, burned the village of Egmont to the ground as soon as the patriots had left it, and on the 21st of August, Don Frederic, appearing before the walls, proceeded formally to invest Alkmaar.[5] In a few days this had been so thoroughly accomplished, that, in Alva's language, "it was impossible for a sparrow to enter or go out of the city."[6] The odds were somewhat unequal. Sixteen thousand veteran troops constituted the besieging force.[7] Within the city were a garrison of *eight hundred*[8] soldiers, together with *thirteen hundred* burghers, capable of bearing arms.[9] The rest of the population consisted of a very few refugees, besides the women and children. Two thousand one hundred able-bodied men, of whom only about one-third were soldiers, to resist sixteen thousand regulars!

Nor was there any doubt as to the fate which was reserved for them should they succumb. The Duke was vociferous at the ingratitude with which his *clemency* had hitherto been requited. He complained bitterly of the ill success which had attended his monitory circulars; reproached himself with incredible vehemence for his previous mildness; and protested that, after having executed only twenty-three hundred persons at the surrender of Harlem, besides a few additional burghers since, he had met with no correspondent demonstrations of affection. He promised himself, however, an ample compensation for all this ingratitude in the wholesale vengeance which he proposed to wreak upon

[1] Meteren, iv. 81. Hoofd (viii. 318) also tells the story, but does not vouch for it.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1260.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Hoofd, viii. 318. Corresp. de Phil. II., ii. 1264.

[5] Nanning van Foreest, Een Kort Verhael van de strenghe Belegheringe ende Aftrek der Spangiaerden van de Stadt Alckmaar, Delft, 1573.

This is much the most important and detailed account of the siege of Alkmaar. The story is told with vigour and ferocity, by a man who was daily and nightly on the walls during the whole siege, and who wrote his narrative as soon as the Spaniards had been repulsed.

The author, who was a magistrate and a pensionary of the city, observes that his "slumberous and sleepy fellow burghers were converted into experienced soldiers by the Spaniards, who summoned them every moment out of bed to the walls," p. 41.

Compare Hoofd, viii. 317–319. Wagenaer, vi. 441.

[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

[7] Wagenaer, vi. 441. Hoofd, viii. 321.

[8] Wagenaer, viii. 441, 442. Hoofd.

[9] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 321.

Alkmaar. Already he gloated in anticipation over the havoc which would soon be let loose within those walls. Such ravings, if invented by the pen of fiction, would seem a puerile caricature; proceeding authentically from his own, they still appear almost too exaggerated for belief. "If I take Alkmaar," he wrote to Philip, "I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive; the knife shall be put to every throat. Since the example of Harlem has proved of no use, *perhaps an example of cruelty* will bring the other cities to their senses."[1] He took occasion also to read a lecture to the party of conciliation in Madrid, whose councils, as he believed, his sovereign was beginning to heed. Nothing, he maintained, could be more senseless than the idea of pardon and clemency. This had been sufficiently proved by recent events. It was easy for people at a distance to talk about gentleness; but those upon the spot knew better. *Gentleness had produced nothing*, so far; violence alone could succeed in future. "Let your Majesty," he said, "be disabused of the impression that with kindness anything can be done with these people. Already have matters reached such a point, that many of those born in the country, who have hitherto advocated clemency, are now undeceived, and acknowledge their mistake. They are of opinion *that not a living soul should be left in Alkmaar, but that every individual should be put to the sword.*"[2] At the same time he took occasion, even in these ferocious letters, which seem dripping with blood, to commend his own natural benignity of disposition. "Your Majesty may be certain," he said, "that no man on earth desires the path of clemency more than I do, notwithstanding my particular hatred for heretics and traitors."[3] It was therefore with regret that he saw himself obliged to take the opposite course, and to stifle all his gentler sentiments.

Upon Diedrich Sonoy, Lieutenant-Governor for Orange in the province of North Holland, devolved the immediate responsibility of defending this part of the country.[4] As the storm rolled slowly up from the south, even that experienced officer became uneasy at the unequal conflict impending. He dispatched a letter to his chief giving a gloomy picture of his position.[5] All looked instinctively towards the Prince, as to a god in their time of danger; all felt as if upon his genius and fortitude depended the whole welfare of the fatherland. It was hoped, too, that some resource had been provided in a secret foreign alliance. "If your princely grace," wrote Sonoy, "have made a contract for assistance with any powerful potentate, it is of the highest importance that it should be known to all the cities, in order to put an end to the emigration, and to console the people in their affliction."[6]

The answer of the Prince was full of lofty enthusiasm. He reprimanded with gentle but earnest eloquence the despondency and little faith of his lieutenant and other adherents. He had not expected, he said, that they would have so soon forgotten their manly courage. They seemed to consider the whole fate of the country attached to the city of Harlem. He took God to witness that he had spared no pains, and would willingly have spared no drop of his blood, to save that devoted city. "But as, notwithstanding our efforts," he continued, "it has pleased God Almighty to dispose of Harlem according to His Divine will, shall we, therefore, deny and deride His holy Word? Has the strong arm of the Lord thereby grown weaker? Has His Church therefore come to nought? You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate, to which I answer, that before I ever

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1 "Estoy resuelto en no dexar criatura con la vida, sino hazerlos passar todos à cuchillo quizà con al exemplo de la crueldad, vernan las demas villas."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1264.

2 Ibid., 1266.

3 "V. M. sea cierto que nadie en la tierra desea mas el camino de la blandura que yo; aunque es odio particular el que tengo con los hereges y traidores," etc., etc.—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1266.

4 Hoofd, viii. 321. Bor, vi. 451, 452.

5 Bor (vi. 446, 447) publishes the letter.

6 Bor, ubi sup.

took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered *into a close alliance with the King of kings;* and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by His almighty hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us to do battle with our enemies and His own." In conclusion, he stated his preparations for attacking the enemy by sea as well as by land, and encouraged his lieutenant and the citizens of the northern quarter to maintain a bold front before the advancing foe.[1]

And now, with the dismantled and desolate Harlem before their eyes, a prophetic phantom, perhaps, of their own imminent fate, did the handful of people shut up within Alkmaar prepare for the worst. Their main hope lay in the friendly sea. The vast sluices called the Zyp, through which an inundation of the whole northern province could be very soon effected, were but a few miles distant. By opening these gates, and by piercing a few dykes, the ocean might be made to fight for them. To obtain this result, however, the consent of the inhabitants was requisite, as the destruction of all the standing crops would be inevitable. The city was so closely invested, that it was a matter of life and death to venture forth, and it was difficult, therefore, to find an envoy for this hazardous mission. At last, a carpenter in the city, Peter Van der Mey by name, undertook the adventure,[2] and was intrusted with letters to Sonoy, to the Prince of Orange, and to the leading personages in several cities of the province. These papers were enclosed in a hollow walking-staff, carefully made fast at the top.[3]

Affairs soon approached a crisis within the beleaguered city. Daily skirmishes, without decisive result, had taken place outside the walls. At last, on the 18th of September, after a steady cannonade of nearly twelve hours, Don Frederic, at three in the afternoon, ordered an assault.[4] Notwithstanding his seven months' experience at Harlem, he still believed it certain that he should carry Alkmaar by storm. The attack took place at once upon the Frisian gate and upon the Red Tower on the opposite side. Two choice regiments, recently arrived from Lombardy, led the onset, rending the air with their shouts, and confident of an easy victory. They were sustained by what seemed an overwhelming force of disciplined troops. Yet never, even in the recent history of Harlem, had an attack been received by more dauntless breasts. Every living man was on the walls. The storming parties were assailed with cannon, with musketry, with pistols. Boiling water, pitch, and oil, molten lead, and unslaked lime, were poured upon them every moment. Hundreds of tarred and burning hoops were skilfully quoited around the necks of the soldiers, who struggled in vain to extricate themselves from these fiery ruffs, while as fast as any of the invaders planted foot upon the breach, they were confronted face to face with sword and dagger by the burghers, who hurled them headlong into the moat below.[5]

Thrice was the attack renewed with ever-increasing rage—thrice repulsed with unflinching fortitude. The storm continued four hours long. During all that period, not one of the defenders left his post till he dropped from it dead or wounded.[6] The women and children, unscared by the balls flying in every direction, or by the hand-to-hand conflicts on the ramparts, passed steadily to and fro from the arsenals to the fortifications, constantly supplying their fathers, husbands, and brothers with powder and ball.[7] Thus, every human being in the city that could walk had become a soldier. At last darkness fell upon the scene. The trumpet of recall was sounded, and the Spaniards,

[1] See this remarkable and eloquent letter, dated Dort, August 9, 1573, in Bor, vi. 447, 448.
[2] Bor, vi. 452.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323. Mendoza, x. 217–219.
[5] Nanning van Foreest, p. 34. Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323.
[6] Bor, Hoofd. Compare Mendoza, x. 216–219. N. van Foreest.
[7] Nanning van Foreest, 33. Hoofd, viii. 324.

utterly discomfited, retired from the walls, leaving at least one thousand dead in the trenches,[1] while only thirteen burghers and twenty-four of the garrison lost their lives.[2] Thus was Alkmaar preserved for a little longer—thus a large and well-appointed army signally defeated by a handful of men fighting for their firesides and altars. Ensign Solis, who had mounted the breach for an instant, and miraculously escaped with life after having been hurled from the battlements, reported that he had seen "neither helmet nor harness," as he looked down into the city: only some plain-looking people, generally dressed like fishermen.[3] Yet these plain-looking fishermen had defeated the veterans of Alva.

The citizens felt encouraged by the results of that day's work. Moreover, they already possessed such information concerning the condition of affairs in the camp of the enemy as gave them additional confidence. A Spaniard named Jeronimo had been taken prisoner, and brought into the city.[4] On receiving a promise of pardon, he had revealed many secrets concerning the position and intentions of the besieging army. It is painful to add that the prisoner, notwithstanding his disclosures, and the promise under which they had been made, was treacherously executed.[5] He begged hard for his life as he was led to the gallows, offering fresh revelations, which, however, after the ample communications already made, were esteemed superfluous. Finding this of no avail, he promised his captors, with perfect simplicity, to go down on his knees and *worship the devil precisely as they did*,[6] if by so doing he might obtain mercy. It may be supposed that such a proposition was not likely to gain additional favour for him in the eyes of these rigid Calvinists, and the poor wretch was accordingly hanged.

The day following the assault, a fresh cannonade was opened upon the city. Seven hundred shots having been discharged, the attack was ordered. It was in vain; neither threats nor entreaties could induce the Spaniards, hitherto so indomitable, to mount the breach. The place seemed to their imagination protected by more than mortal powers, otherwise how was it possible that a few half-starved fishermen could already have so triumphantly overthrown the time-honoured legions of Spain? It was thought, no doubt, that the devil, whom they worshipped, would continue to protect his children. Neither the entreaties nor the menaces of Don Frederic were of any avail. Several soldiers allowed themselves to be run through the body by their own officers rather than advance to the walls, and the assault was accordingly postponed to an indefinite period.[7]

Meantime, as Governor Sonoy had opened many of the dykes, the land in the neighbourhood of the camp was becoming plashy, although as yet the threatened inundation had not taken place. The soldiers were already very uncomfortable and very refractory. The carpenter-envoy had not been idle, having upon the 26th September arrived at Sonoy's quarters, bearing letters from the Prince of Orange. These dispatches gave distinct directions to Sonoy to flood the country at all risks rather than allow Alkmaar to fall into the enemy's hands. The dykes and sluices were to be protected by a strong guard, lest the peasants, in order to save their crops, should repair or close them in the night-time. The letters of Orange were copied, and, together with fresh communications from Sonoy, delivered to the carpenter. A note on the margin of the Prince's letter directed the citizens to kindle four beacon fires in specified places as soon as it should prove necessary to resort to extreme measures. When that moment should arrive, it was solemnly promised that

[1] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 324.
[2] Hoofd. Nanning van Foreest, 38.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 324. N. van Foreest.
[4] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 322, 323.
[5] Bor, vi. 453. Hoofd, viii. 323.
[6] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[7] Hoofd, viii. 324. Compare Mendoza, x. 219, 220.

an inundation should be created which should sweep the whole Spanish army into the sea. The work had, in fact, been commenced. The Zyp and other sluices had already been opened, and a vast body of water, driven by a strong north-west wind, had rushed in from the ocean. It needed only that two great dykes should be pierced to render the deluge and the desolation complete. The harvests were doomed to destruction, and a frightful loss of property rendered inevitable, but, at any rate, the Spaniards, if this last measure were taken, must fly, or perish to a man.[1]

This decisive blow having been thus ordered and promised, the carpenter set forth towards the city. He was, however, not so successful in accomplishing his entrance unmolested as he had been in effecting his departure. He narrowly escaped with his life in passing through the enemy's lines, and while occupied in sewing himself was so unlucky, or, as it proved, so fortunate, as to lose the stick in which his dispatches were enclosed. He made good his entrance into the city, where, by word of mouth, he enlightened his fellow-burghers as to the intentions of the Prince and Sonoy. In the meantime, his letters were laid before the general of the besieging army. The resolution taken by Orange, of which Don Frederic was thus unintentionally made aware, to flood the country far and near, rather than fail to protect Alkmaar, made a profound impression upon his mind. It was obvious that he was dealing with a determined leader and with desperate men. His attempt to carry the place by storm had signally failed, and he could not deceive himself as to the temper and disposition of his troops ever since that repulse. When it should become known that they were threatened with submersion in the ocean, in addition to all the other horrors of war, he had reason to believe that they would retire ignominiously from that remote and desolate sand-hook, where, by remaining, they could only find a watery grave. These views having been discussed in a council of officers, the result was reached that sufficient had been already accomplished for the glory of the Spanish arms. Neither honour nor loyalty, it was thought, required that sixteen thousand soldiers should be sacrificed in a contest, not with man, but with the ocean.[2]

On the 8th of October, accordingly, the siege, which had lasted seven weeks, was raised,[3] and Don Frederic rejoined his father in Amsterdam. Ready to die in the last ditch, and to overwhelm both themselves and their foes in a common catastrophe, the Hollanders had at last compelled their haughty enemy to fly from a position which he had so insolently assumed.

These public transactions and military operations were not the only important events which affected the fate of Holland and its sister provinces at this juncture. The secret relations which had already been renewed between Louis of Nassau, as plenipotentiary of his brother, and the French court, had for some time excited great uneasiness in the mind of Alva. Count Louis was known to be as skilful a negotiator as he was valiant and accomplished as a soldier. His frankness and boldness created confidence. The "brave spirit in the loyal breast" inspired all his dealing; his experience and quick

[1] Bor, vi. 454. Hoofd, viii. 325. Mendoza, x. 219, 220.
[2] Bor and Hoofd, ubi sup. Compare Mendoza, x. 219, 220.
[3] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza. Letter of Noircarmes to his brother De Selles, in Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1280. Nanning van Foreest, Cort Verhael, etc. The stout pensionary, after recording the events of the siege, before the smoke had fairly rolled away, gives his readers two ballads; effusions of the same spirit which had pervaded the city during its energetic resistance. They are, as usual, martial and jocular; a single verse may be translated as a specimen—

"De stad van Alkmaer behielt de kroon,
Zy gaaven de Spangaeds kranssen,
Pypen en trommeln gingen daer schoon.
Men spelde daer vreemde danssen.
De Spangaerds stonden daar vergaart
Zy tansten ecce nieuwe Spaansche galjaert.
Maar zy vergeten te komen in de schanssen,"
etc., etc.

With double-quick time the Spaniard proud
Against Alkmaar advances,
The piping and drumming are merry and loud,
We play them the best of dances.
The Spaniards stop—though they look very big—
They dance a very new Spanish jig,
But forget the use of their lances, etc., etc.

perception of character prevented his becoming a dupe of even the most adroit politicians, while his truth of purpose made him incapable either of overreaching an ally or of betraying a trust. His career indicated that diplomacy might be sometimes successful even although founded upon sincerity.

Alva secretly expressed to his sovereign much suspicion of France.[1] He reminded him that Charles IX., during the early part of the preceding year, had given the assurance that he was secretly dealing with Louis of Nassau *only that he might induce the Count to pass over to Philip's service.*[2] At the same time Charles had been doing all he could to succour Mons, and had written the memorable letter which had fallen into Alva's hands on the capture of Genlis, and which expressed such a fixed determination to inflict a deadly blow upon the King, whom the writer was thus endeavouring to cajole.[3] All this the Governor recalled to the recollection of his sovereign. In view of the increasing repugnance of the English court, Alva recommended that fair words should be employed; hinting, however, that it would be by no means necessary for his master to consider himself very strictly bound by any such pledges to Elizabeth, if they should happen to become inconveniently pressing. "A monarch's promises," he delicately suggested, "were not to be considered so sacred as those of humbler mortals.[4] Not that the King should directly violate his word, but at the same time," continued the Duke, "I have thought all my life, and I have learned it from the Emperor, your Majesty's father, that the negotiations of kings depend upon different principles from those of us private gentlemen who walk the world; and in this manner I always observed that your Majesty's father, who was so great a gentleman and so powerful a prince, conducted his affairs."[5] The Governor took occasion, likewise, to express his regrets at the awkward manner in which the Ridolfi scheme had been managed. Had he been consulted at an earlier day, the affair could have been treated much more delicately; as it was, there could be little doubt but that the discovery of the plot had prejudiced the mind of Elizabeth against Spain. "From that dust," concluded the Duke, "has resulted all this dirt."[6] It could hardly be matter of surprise either to Philip or his Viceroy that the discovery by Elizabeth of a plot upon their parts to take her life and place the crown upon the head of her hated rival, should have engendered unamiable feelings in her bosom towards them. For the moment, however, Alva's negotiations were apparently successful.

On the 1st of May 1573, the articles of convention between England and Spain with regard to the Netherland difficulty had been formally published in Brussels.[7] The Duke, in communicating the termination of these arrangements, quietly recommended his master thenceforth to take the English ministry into his pay. In particular, he advised his Majesty to bestow an annual bribe upon Lord Burleigh, "who held the kingdom in his hand; for it has always been my opinion," he continued, "that it was an excellent practice for princes to give pensions to the ministers of other potentates, and to keep those at home who took bribes from nobody."[8]

On the other hand, the negotiations of Orange with the English court were not yet successful, and he still found it almost impossible to raise the requisite funds for carrying on the war. Certainly, his private letters showed that neither he nor his brothers were self-seekers in their negotiations. "You know," said he in a letter to his brothers, "that my intention has never been

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[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1211.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 269, note.
[4] Ibid., 1211.
[5] "Que las negociaciones de los reyes pendrian de muy differentes cabos que los negocios de los particulares cavalleros que andamos por el mundo, y desta manera lo vi tratar à su padre de V. M. que era tan gran cavallero y tan principe."
[6] "Porque V. M. sea cierto que de aquellos polvos han salido todos estos lodos."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1211.
[7] Ibid., 333, 334. Metteren [8] Ibid., 1221.

to seek my private advantage. I have only aspired for the liberty of the country, in conscience and in polity, which foreigners have sought to oppress. I have no other articles to propose, save that religion, reformed according to the Word of God, should be permitted, that then the commonwealth should be restored to its ancient liberty, and, to that end, that the Spaniards and other soldiery should be compelled to retire.[1]

The restoration of civil and religious liberty, *the establishment of the great principle of toleration* in matters of conscience, constituted the purpose to which his days and nights were devoted, his princely fortune sacrificed, his life-blood risked. At the same time, his enforcement of toleration to both religions excited calumny against him among the bigoted adherents of both. By the Catholics he was accused of having instigated the excesses which he had done everything in his power to repress. The enormities of De la Marck, which had inspired the Prince's indignation, were even laid at the door of him who had risked his life to prevent and to chastise them. De la Marck had, indeed, more than counterbalanced his great service in the taking of Brill by his subsequent cruelties. At last, Father Cornelius Musius, pastor of St. Agatha, at the age of seventy-two, a man highly esteemed by the Prince of Orange, had been put to torture and death by this barbarian, under circumstances of great atrocity. The horrid deed cost the Prince many tears, aroused the indignation of the Estates of Holland, and produced the dismission of the perpetrator from their service. It was considered expedient, however, in view of his past services, his powerful connections, and his troublesome character, that he should be induced peaceably to leave the country.[2]

It was long before the Prince and the Estates could succeed in ridding themselves of this encumbrance. He created several riots in different parts of the province, and boasted that he had many fine ships of war and three thousand men devoted to him, by whose assistance he could make the Estates "dance after his pipe." At the beginning of the following year (1574), he was at last compelled to leave the provinces, which he never again troubled with his presence. Some years afterwards, he died of the bite of a mad dog, an end not inappropriate to a man of so rabid a disposition.[3]

While the Prince was thus steadily striving for a lofty and generous purpose, he was, of course, represented by his implacable enemies as a man playing a game which, unfortunately for himself, was a losing one. "That poor prince," said Granvelle, "has been ill advised. I doubt now whether he will ever be able to make his peace, and I think we shall rather *try to get rid of him and his brother as if they were Turks.* The marriage with the daughter of Maurice, *unde mala et quia ipse talis*, and his brothers have done him much harm. So have Schwendi and German intimacies. I saw it all very plainly, but he did not choose to believe me."[4]

Ill-starred, worse counselled William of Orange! Had he but taken the friendly Cardinal's advice, kept his hand from German marriages and his feet from conventicles—had he assisted his sovereign in burning heretics and hunting rebels, it would not then have become necessary "to treat him like a Turk." This is unquestionable. It is equally so that there would have been one great lamp the less in that strait and difficult pathway which leads to the temple of true glory.

The main reliance of Orange was upon the secret negotiations which his

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[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 50.

[2] Hoofd, vii. 281, 282. Bor, vi. 422. Brandt, Hist. der Ref., x. 538–540 (d. i.). "De tijding van so verv-locke een handel koste den prince klagten en traenen: deese onmenschelijkheit deed den Staaten wee, en strekte den pleeger self een trap tot sijne ondergank." —Brandt. Hoofd.

[3] Meteren. Strada. Hoofd, vii. 289, 290. Bor, vi. 424–431. Wagenaer, vi. 434–436.

[4] Granvelle to Morillon, in Groen v. Prinst., iv. 31*

brother Louis was then renewing with the French Government. The Prince had felt an almost insurmountable repugnance towards entertaining any relation with that blood-stained court since the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But a new face had recently been put upon that transaction. Instead of glorying in their crime, the King and his mother now assumed a tone of compunction, and averred that the deed had been unpremeditated; that it had been the result of a panic or an ecstasy of fear inspired by the suddenly discovered designs of the Huguenots; and that, in the instinct of self-preservation, the King, with his family and immediate friends, had plunged into a crime which they now bitterly lamented.[1] The French envoys at the different courts of Europe were directed to impress this view upon the minds of the monarchs to whom they were accredited. It was certainly a very different instruction from that which they had at first received. Their cue had originally been to claim a full meed of praise and thanksgiving in behalf of their sovereign for his meritorious exploit. The salvos of artillery, the illuminations and rejoicings, the solemn processions and masses by which the auspicious event had been celebrated, were yet fresh in the memory of men. The ambassadors were sufficiently embarrassed by the distinct and determined approbation which they had recently expressed. Although the King, by formal proclamation, had assumed the whole responsibility, as he had notoriously been one of the chief perpetrators of the deed, his agents were now to stultify themselves and their monarch by representing, as a deplorable act of frenzy, the massacre which they had already extolled to the echo as a skilfully executed and entirely commendable achievement.[2]

To humble the power of Spain, to obtain the hand of Queen Elizabeth for the Duke d'Alençon, to establish an insidious kind of protectorate over the Protestant princes of Germany, to obtain the throne of Poland for the Duke of Anjou, and even to obtain the imperial crown for the House of Valois—all these cherished projects seemed dashed to the ground by the Paris massacre and the abhorrence which it had created. Charles and Catherine were not slow to discover the false position in which they had placed themselves, while the Spanish jocularity at the immense error committed by France was visible enough through the assumed mask of holy horror.

Philip and Alva listened with mischievous joy to the howl of execration which swept through Christendom upon every wind. They rejoiced as heartily in the humiliation of the malefactors as they did in the perpetration of the crime. "Your Majesty," wrote Louis of Nassau, very bluntly, to King Charles, "sees how the Spaniard, your mortal enemy, feasts himself full with the desolation of your affairs; how he laughs, to split his sides, at your misfortunes. This massacre has enabled him to weaken your Majesty more than he could have done by a war of thirty years."[3]

Before the year had revolved, Charles had become thoroughly convinced of the fatal impression produced by the event. Bitter and almost abject were his whinings at the Catholic King's desertion of his cause. "He knows well," wrote Charles to St. Goard, "that if he can terminate these troubles and leave me alone in the dance, he will have leisure and means to establish his authority, not only in the Netherlands but elsewhere, and that he will render himself more grand and formidable than he has ever been. This is the

[1] M. Groen van Prinsterer, in the second part of vol. iv. of the Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau. Compare De Thou, liv. lv. t. vi. 590, sqq.

[2] See the letters in the second part of vol. iv., Archives de la Maison d'Orange.

[3] "Que S. M. voit l'Espagnol, son ennemy mortel, faire ses choux gras de la désolation de ses affaires, se rire à gorge ouverte de ses malheurs, et employer tout son industrie et estude à entretenir les troubles en son royaume; s'asseurant avec bonne raison que c'est le seul moyen de parvenir à ses fins sans coup frapper, veu que desjà, tant les guerres passées que par le dernier massacre et troubles présens, l'Espagnol a plus affoibli S. M. que s'il eust faicte la guerre trente ans."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 85*.

return they render for *the good received from me, which is such* as every one knows."[1]

Gaspar de Schömberg, the adroit and honourable agent of Charles in Germany, had at a very early day warned his royal master of the ill effect of the massacre upon all the schemes which he had been pursuing, and especially upon those which referred to the crowns of the Empire and of Poland. The first project was destined to be soon abandoned. It was reserved neither for Charles nor Philip to divert the succession in Germany from the numerous offspring of Maximilian; yet it is instructive to observe the unprincipled avidity with which the prize was sought by both. Each was willing to effect its purchase by abjuring what were supposed his most cherished principles. Philip of Spain, whose mission was to extirpate heresy throughout his realms, and who, in pursuance of that mission, had already perpetrated more crimes, and waded more deeply in the blood of his subjects, than monarch had often done before; Philip, for whom his apologists have never found any defence save that he believed it his duty to God rather to depopulate his territories than to permit a single heretic within their limits—now entered into secret negotiations with the princes of the Empire. He pledged himself, if they would confer the crown upon him, that he would withdraw the Spaniards from the Netherlands; that he would tolerate in those provinces the exercise of the Reformed religion; that he would recognise their union with the rest of the German Empire, and their consequent claim to the benefits of the Passau treaty; that he would restore the Prince of Orange "and all his accomplices" to their former possessions, dignities, and condition; and that he would cause to be observed, throughout every realm incorporated with the Empire, all the edicts and ordinances which had been constructed to secure religious freedom in Germany.[2] In brief, Philip was willing, in case the crown of Charlemagne should be promised him, to undo the work of his life, to reinstate the arch-rebel whom he had hunted and proscribed, and to bow before that Reformation whose disciples he had so long burned and butchered. So much extent and no more had that religious conviction by which he had for years had the effrontery to excuse the enormities practised in the Netherlands. God would never forgive him so long as one heretic remained unburned in the provinces; yet give him the imperial sceptre, and every heretic, without forswearing his heresy, should be purged with hyssop and become whiter than snow.

Charles IX., too, although it was not possible for him to recall to life the countless victims of the Parisian wedding, was yet ready to explain those murders to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind. This had become strictly necessary. Although the accession of either his Most Christian or Most Catholic Majesty to the throne of the Cæsars was a most improbable event, yet the humbler elective throne actually vacant was indirectly in the gift of the same powers. It was possible that the crown of Poland might be secured for the Duke of Anjou.[3] That key unlocks the complicated policy of this and the succeeding year. The Polish election is the clue to the labyrinthian intrigues and royal tergiversations during the period of the interregnum. Sigismund Augustus, last of the Jagellons, had died on the 7th July 1572.[4] The prominent candidates to succeed him were the Archduke Ernest, son of the Emperor, and Henry of Anjou. The Prince of Orange

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 33*.

[2] "—— Le Roy d'Espagne à l'estat de l'Empereur veu les honestes offres qu'il leur propose, a sçavoir si les princes veulent consentir à l'eslire Empereur, il promet qu'avant que d'entrer en ceste dignité, il ostera les Espagnols du Pays Bas; qu'il réunira le dict Pays Bas au corps de l'Empire, qu'il remettera le Prince d'Orange et tous ses complices en leur bien et premier estat, et qu'il fera observer et maintenir dedans tous les pays de son obeissance, qui auroient este ou seront incorporez à l'Empire, les mêmes edicts et ordonnances qui ont été establis et se gardent par le reste d'Allemagne sur le faict de la religion."—G. de Schomberg au Duc d'Anjou, Paris, 10me Feb. 1573, in Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., etc., iv. 30. See also the same volume, p. 2.

[3] Compare De Thou, t. vi. lib. lv.

[4] Ibid., t. vi. lib. liii. 448.

was not forgotten. A strong party were in favour of compassing his election, as the most signal triumph which Protestantism could gain, but his ambition had not been excited by the prospect of such a prize. His own work required all the energies of all his life. His influence, however, was powerful, and eagerly sought by the partisans of Anjou. The Lutherans and Moravians in Poland were numerous, the Protestant party there and in Germany holding the whole balance of the election in their hands.

It was difficult for the Prince to overcome his repugnance to the very name of the man whose crime had at once made France desolate and blighted the fair prospects under which he and his brother had, the year before, entered the Netherlands. Nevertheless, he was willing to listen to the statements by which the King and his ministers endeavoured, not entirely without success, to remove from their reputations, if not from their souls, the guilt of deep design. It was something that the murderers now affected to expiate their offence in sackcloth and ashes; it was something that, by favouring the pretensions of Anjou, and by listening with indulgence to the repentance of Charles, the siege of Rochelle could be terminated, the Huguenots restored to freedom of conscience, and an alliance with a powerful nation established, by aid of which the Netherlands might once more lift their heads.[1] The French Government, deeply hostile to Spain, both from passion and policy, was capable of rendering much assistance to the revolted provinces. "I entreat you most humbly, my good master," wrote Schömberg to Charles IX., "to beware of allowing the electors to take into their heads that you are favouring the affairs of the King of Spain in any manner whatsoever. Commit against him no act of open hostility, if you think that imprudent; but look sharp! if you do not wish to be thrown clean out of your saddle. I should split with rage if I should see you, in consequence of the wicked calumnies of your enemies, fail to secure the prize."[2] Orange was induced, therefore, to accept, however distrustfully, the expression of a repentance which was to be accompanied with healing measures. He allowed his brother Louis to resume negotiations with Schömberg in Germany. He drew up and transmitted to him the outlines of a treaty which he was willing to make with Charles.[3] The main conditions of this arrangement illustrated the disinterested character of the man. He stipulated that the King of France should immediately make peace with his subjects, declaring expressly that he had been abused by those who, under pretext of his service, had sought their own profit at the price of ruin to the crown and people. The King should make religion free. The edict to that effect should be confirmed by all the parliaments and estates of the kingdom, and such confirmations should be distributed without reserve or deceit among all the princes of Germany. If his Majesty were not inclined to make war for the liberation of the Netherlands, he was to furnish the Prince of Orange with one hundred thousand crowns at once, and every three months with another hundred thousand. The Prince was to have liberty to raise one thousand cavalry and seven thousand infantry in France. Every city or town in the provinces which should be conquered by his arms, except in Holland or Zealand, should be placed under the sceptre and in the hands of the King of France. The provinces of Holland and Zealand should also be placed under his protection, but should be governed by their own gentlemen and citizens. Perfect religious liberty and maintenance of the ancient constitutions, privileges, and charters were to be guaranteed "without any cavilling whatsoever."[4] The Prince of Orange, or the Estates of Holland or Zealand,

[1] Letters in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. part ii., passim. Compare De Thou, vi. l. 53, and 55 et al.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 15*, 16*.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 116–118.
[4] "Sans contredit ou cavillation quelconque." Ibid., 118.

were to reimburse his Christian Majesty for the sums which he was to advance. In this last clause was the only mention which the Prince made of himself, except in the stipulation that he was to be allowed a levy of troops in France. His only personal claims were to enlist soldiers to fight the battles of freedom, and to pay their expense, if it should not be provided for by the Estates. At nearly the same period he furnished his secret envoys, Lumbres and Doctor Taijaert, who were to proceed to Paris, with similar instructions.[1]

The indefatigable exertions of Schömberg, and the almost passionate explanations on the part of the court of France, at length produced their effect. "You will constantly assure the princes," wrote the Duke of Anjou to Schömberg, "that the things written to you concerning that which had happened in this kingdom are true; *that the events occurred suddenly*, without having been in any manner premeditated; that neither the King nor *myself have ever had any intelligence with the King of Spain* against those of the religion, and that all is utter imposture which is daily said on this subject to the princes."[2]

Count Louis required peremptorily, however, that the royal repentance should bring forth the fruit of salvation for the remaining victims. Out of the nettles of these dangerous intrigues his fearless hand plucked the "flower of safety" for his down-trodden cause. He demanded not words, but deeds, or at least pledges. He maintained with the agents of Charles and with the monarch himself the same hardy scepticism which was manifested by the Huguenot deputies in their conferences with Catherine de Medicis. "Is the word of a king," said the dowager to the commissioners, who were insisting upon guarantees, "is the word of a king not sufficient?" "No, madam," replied one of them, "*by St. Bartholomew*, no!"[3] Count Louis told Schömberg roundly, and repeated it many times, that he must have in a very few days a categorical response, "not to consist in words alone, but in deeds; and that he could not, and would not, risk for ever the honour of his brother, nor the property, blood, and life of those poor people who favoured the cause."[4]

On the 23d March 1573, Schömberg had an interview with Count Louis, which lasted seven or eight hours. In that interview the enterprises of the Count, "which," said Schömberg, "are assuredly grand and beautiful," were thoroughly discussed, and a series of conditions, drawn up partly in the hand of one, partly in that of the other negotiator, definitely agreed upon.[5] These conditions were on the basis of a protectorate over Holland and Zealand for the King of France, with sovereignty over the other places to be acquired in the Netherlands. They were in strict accordance with the articles furnished by the Prince of Orange. Liberty of worship for those of both religions, sacred preservation of municipal charters, and stipulation of certain annual subsidies on the part of France, in case his Majesty should not take the field, were the principal features.[6]

Ten days later, Schömberg wrote to his master that the Count was willing to use all the influence of his family to procure for Anjou the crown of Poland,[7] while Louis, having thus completed his negotiations with the agent, addressed a long and earnest letter to the royal principal.[8] This remarkable dispatch was stamped throughout with the impress of the writer's frank and fearless character. "Thus diddest thou" has rarely been addressed to anointed monarch in such unequivocal tones. The letter painted the favourable position in which the King had been placed previously to the fatal summer of 1572. The Queen of England was then most amicably disposed towards him,

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 109–124, and 43* to 48*. Compare De Thou, vi. liv. lv. 593, sqq.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 26* and 27*.
[3] Vide Raumer, Gesch. Eur., ii. 265.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 38*.
[5] Ibid., 43*, sqq.
[6] Ibid., 43*–48*.
[7] Ibid., 53*, 54*
[8] June 1, 1573. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 81*–90*.

and inclined to a yet closer connection with his family. The German princes were desirous to elect him King of the Romans, a dignity for which his grandfather had so fruitlessly contended. The Netherlanders, driven to despair by the tyranny of their own sovereign, were eager to throw themselves into his arms. All this had been owing to his edict of religious pacification. How changed the picture now! Who now did reverence to a King so criminal and so fallen? "Your Majesty to-day," said Louis, earnestly and plainly, "is near to ruin. The state, crumbling on every side and almost abandoned, is a prey to any one who wishes to seize upon it; the more so because your Majesty having, by the late excess and by the wars previously made, endeavoured to force men's consciences, is now so destitute, not only of nobility and soldiery, but of that which constitutes the strongest column of the throne, the love and good wishes of the lieges, that your Majesty resembles an ancient building propped up, day after day, with piles, but which it will be impossible to long prevent from falling to the earth."[1] Certainly, here were wholesome truths told in straightforward style.

The Count proceeded to remind the King of the joy which the "Spaniard, his mortal enemy," had conceived from the desolation of his affairs, being assured that he should, by the troubles in France, be enabled to accomplish his own purposes without striking a blow.[2] This, he observed, had been the secret of the courtesy with which the writer himself had been treated by the Duke of Alva at the surrender of Mons.[3] Louis assured the King, in continuation, that if he persevered in these oppressive courses towards his subjects of the new religion, there was no hope for him, and that his two brothers would to no purpose take their departure for England and for Poland, leaving him with a difficult and dangerous war upon his hands. So long as he maintained a hostile attitude towards the Protestants in his own kingdom, his fair words would produce no effect elsewhere. "We are beginning to be vexed," said the Count, "with the manner of negotiation practised by France. Men do not proceed roundly to business there, but angle with their dissimulation as with a hook."[4]

He bluntly reminded the King of the deceit which he had practised towards the Admiral—a sufficient reason why no reliance could in future be placed upon his word. Signal vengeance on those concerned in the attempted assassination of that great man had been promised in the royal letters to the Prince of Orange just before St. Bartholomew. "Two days afterwards," said Louis, "*your Majesty took that vengeance, but in rather ill fashion.*"[5] It was certain that the King was surrounded by men who desired to work his ruin, and who, for their own purposes, would cause him "*to bathe still deeper than he had done before in the blood of his subjects.*[6] This ruin his Majesty could still avert by making peace in his kingdom, and by ceasing to torment his poor subjects of the religion."[7]

In conclusion, the Count, with a few simple but eloquent phrases, alluded to the impossibility of chaining men's thoughts. The soul, being immortal, was beyond the reach of kings. Conscience was not to be conquered, nor the religious spirit imprisoned. This had been discovered by the Emperor Charles, who had taken all the cities and great personages of Germany captive, but who had, nevertheless, been unable to take religion captive. "That is a sentiment," said Louis, "*deeply rooted in the hearts of men, which is not to be*

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1 "Qu'elle resemble à ung viel bastiment qu'on appuye tous les jours de quelques pillotis, mais enfin on ne le peult empescher de tomber."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 85*.

2 Ibid.

3 Letter of Count Louis to Charles IX., June 1, 1573. Ibid., 86*.

4 "Descouvrant qu'on ne procède point rondement et ne sert-on que de dissimulation, comme ung hameçon."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 87*.

5 "A deux jours de là elle la fist assez mal."—Ibid. 88*.

6 "Mais pour le faire, plus que devant, baigner au sang de ses subjetstz."—Ibid., 89*.

7 Ibid.

plucked out by force of arms. Let your Majesty, therefore, not be deceived by the flattery of those who, like bad physicians, keep their patients in ignorance of their disease, whence comes their ruin." [1]

It would be impossible, without insight into these private and most important transactions, to penetrate the heart of the mystery which enwrapped at this period the relations of the great powers with each other. Enough has been seen to silence for ever the plea, often entered in behalf of religious tyranny, that the tyrant acts in obedience to a sincere conviction of duty; that, in performing his deeds of darkness, he believes himself to be accomplishing the will of Heaven. Here we have seen Philip offering to restore the Prince of Orange and to establish freedom of religion in the Netherlands, if by such promises he can lay hold of the imperial diadem. Here also we have Charles IX. and his mother—their hands reeking with the heretic blood of St. Bartholomew—making formal engagements with heretics to protect heresy everywhere, if by such pledges the crown of the Jagellons and the hand of Elizabeth can be secured.

While Louis was thus busily engaged in Germany, Orange was usually established at Delft. He felt the want of his brother daily; [2] for the solitude of the Prince, in the midst of such fiery trials, amounted almost to desolation. Not often have circumstances invested an individual with so much responsibility and so little power. He was regarded as the protector and father of the country; but from his own brains and his own resources he was to furnish himself with the means of fulfilling those high functions. He was anxious thoroughly to discharge the duties of a dictatorship, without grasping any more of its power than was indispensable to his purpose. But he was alone on that little isthmus, in single combat with the great Spanish monarchy. It was to him that all eyes turned during the infinite horrors of the Harlem siege, and in the more prosperous leaguer of Alkmaar. What he could do he did. He devised every possible means to succour Harlem, and was only restrained from going personally to its rescue by the tears of the whole population of Holland. By his decision, and the spirit which he diffused through the country, the people were lifted to a pitch of heroism by which Alkmaar was saved. Yet, during all this harassing period, he had no one to lean upon but himself. "Our affairs are in pretty good condition in Holland and Zealand," he wrote, "if I only had some aid. 'Tis impossible for me to support alone so many labours, and the weight of such great affairs as come upon me hourly—financial, military, political. I have no one to help me, not a single man, wherefore I leave you to suppose in what trouble I find myself." [3]

For it was not alone the battles and sieges which furnished him with occupation and filled him with anxiety. Alone, he directed in secret the politics of the country, and, powerless and outlawed though he seemed, was in daily correspondence not only with the Estates of Holland and Zealand, whose deliberations he guided, but with the principal governments of Europe. The Estates of the Netherlands, moreover, had been formally assembled by Alva in September at Brussels, to devise ways and means for continuing the struggle. [4] It seemed to the Prince a good opportunity to make an appeal to the patriotism of the whole country. He furnished the province of Holland, accordingly, with the outlines of an address which was forthwith dispatched in their own and his name to the general assembly of the Netherlands. [5] The document was a nervous and rapid review of the course of late events in the provinces, with a cogent statement of the reasons which should influence them all to unite

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 90*.
[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 74, 177, 192.
[3] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 191.
[4] Bor, vi. 459.
[5] See the Address in Bor, vi. 459–464.

in the common cause against the common enemy. It referred to the old affection and true-heartedness with which they had formerly regarded each other, and to the certainty that the Inquisition would be for ever established in the land, upon the ruins of all their ancient institutions, unless they now united to overthrow it for ever. It demanded of the people, thus assembled through their representatives, how they could endure the tyranny, murders, and extortions of the Duke of Alva. The princes of Flanders, Burgundy, Brabant, or Holland, had never made war or peace, coined money, or exacted a stiver from the people without the consent of the Estates. How could the nation now consent to the daily impositions which were practised? Had Amsterdam and Middelburg remained true, had those important cities not allowed themselves to be seduced from the cause of freedom, the northern provinces would have been impregnable. "'Tis only by the Netherlands that the Netherlands are crushed," said the appeal. "Whence has the Duke of Alva the power of which he boasts, but from yourselves—from Netherland cities? Whence his ships, supplies, money, weapons, soldiers? From the Netherland people. Why has poor Netherland thus become degenerate and bastard? Whither has fled the noble spirit of our brave forefathers, that never brooked the tyranny of foreign nations, nor suffered a stranger even to hold office within our borders? If the little province of Holland can thus hold at bay the power of Spain, what could not all the Netherlands—Brabant, Flanders, Friesland, and the rest—united accomplish?"[1] In conclusion, the States-general were earnestly adjured to come forward like brothers in blood, and join hands with Holland, that together they might rescue the fatherland and restore its ancient prosperity and bloom.[2]

At almost the same time the Prince drew up and put in circulation one of the most vigorous and impassioned productions which ever came from his pen. It was entitled, an "Epistle, in form of supplication, to his royal Majesty of Spain, from the Prince of Orange and the Estates of Holland and Zealand."[3] The document produced a profound impression throughout Christendom. It was a loyal appeal to the monarch's loyalty—a demand that the land privileges should be restored, and the Duke of Alva removed. It contained a startling picture of his atrocities and the nation's misery, and, with a few energetic strokes, demolished the pretence that these sorrows had been caused by the people's guilt. In this connection the Prince alluded to those acts of condemnation which the Governor-General had promulgated under the name of pardons, and treated with scorn the hypothesis that any crimes had been committed for Alva to forgive. "We take God and your Majesty to witness," said the epistle, "that if we have done such misdeeds as are charged in the pardon, we neither desire nor deserve the pardon. Like the most abject creatures which crawl the earth, we will be content to atone for our misdeeds with our lives. We will not murmur, O merciful King, if we be seized one after another, and torn limb from limb, if it can be proved that we have committed the crimes of which we have been accused."[4]

After having thus set forth the tyranny of the Government and the innocence of the people, the Prince, in his own name and that of the Estates, announced the determination at which they had arrived. "The tyrant," he continued, "would rather stain every river and brook with our blood, and hang our bodies upon every tree in the country, than not feed to the full his vengeance, and steep himself to the lips in our misery. Therefore we have taken up arms against the Duke of Alva and his adherents, to free ourselves, our wives and

[1] Address, etc., Bor, vi. 461. [2] Ibid., 464.
[3] "Sendbrief in forme van supplicatie aen Coninglijke Majesteit van Spangien, van wegen des Prinzen van Orangien en der Staten van Holland en Zealand," etc., etc., in Bor, vi. 464–472.
[4] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi., 469.

children, from his bloodthirsty hands. If he prove too strong for us, we will rather die an honourable death and leave a praiseworthy fame, than bend our necks and reduce our dear fatherland to such slavery. Herein are all our cities pledged to each other, to stand every siege, to dare the utmost, to endure every possible misery, yea, rather to set fire to all our homes, and be consumed with them into ashes together, than ever submit to the decrees of this cruel tyrant."[1]

These were brave words, and destined to be bravely fulfilled, as the life and death of the writer and the records of his country proved from generation unto generation. If we seek for the mainspring of the energy which thus sustained the Prince in the unequal conflict to which he had devoted his life, we shall find it in the one pervading principle of his nature—confidence in God. He was the champion of the political rights of his country, but before all he was the defender of its religion. Liberty of conscience for his people was his first object. To establish Luther's axiom, that thoughts are toll-free, was his determination. The peace of Passau, and far more than the peace of Passau, was the goal for which he was striving. Freedom of worship for all denominations, toleration for all forms of faith, this was the great good in his philosophy. For himself, he had now become a member of the Calvinist or Reformed Church, having delayed for a time his public adhesion to this communion, in order not to give offence to the Lutherans and to the Emperor. He was never a dogmatist, however, and he sought in Christianity for that which unites rather than for that which separates Christians. In the course of October he publicly joined the church at Dort.[2]

The happy termination of the siege of Alkmaar was followed, three days afterwards, by another signal success on the part of the patriots. Count Bossu, who had constructed or collected a considerable fleet at Amsterdam, had early in October sailed into the Zuyder Zee, notwithstanding the sunken wrecks and other obstructions by which the patriots had endeavoured to render the passage of the Y impracticable.[3] The patriots of North Holland had, however, not been idle, and a fleet of five-and-twenty vessels, under Admiral Dirkzoon, was soon cruising in the same waters. A few skirmishes took place, but Bossu's ships, which were larger, and provided with heavier cannon, were apparently not inclined for the close quarters which the patriots sought.[4] The Spanish Admiral, Hollander as he was, knew the mettle of his countrymen in a close encounter at sea, and preferred to trust to the calibre of his cannon. On the 11th October, however, the whole patriot fleet, favoured by a strong easterly breeze, bore down upon the Spanish armada, which, numbering now thirty sail of all denominations, was lying off and on in the neighbourhood of Horn and Enkhuizen. After a short and general engagement, nearly all the Spanish fleet retired with precipitation, closely pursued by most of the patriot Dutch vessels. Five of the King's ships were eventually taken—the rest effected their escape. Only the Admiral remained, who scorned to yield, although his forces had thus basely deserted him.[5] His ship, the *Inquisition*,[6] for such was her insolent appellation, was far the largest and best manned of both the fleets. Most of the enemy had gone in pursuit of the fugitives, but four vessels of inferior size had attacked the *Inquisition* at the commencement of the action. Of these, one had soon been silenced, while the other three had grappled themselves inextricably to her sides and prow. The four drifted together, before wind and tide, a severe and savage action going on incessantly, during which the navigation of the ships was entirely abandoned. No scientific

[1] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi. 471.
[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 226.
[3] Bor, vi. 455.
[4] Ibid., 455, 456. Hoofd, viii. 326, 327.
[5] Bor, vi. 456. Hoofd, viii. 326, 327. Letters of Alva to Philip, and of Bossu to Alva, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1274, and pp. 420, 421, notes.
[6] Bor, vi. 456. Hoofd, viii. 326.

gunnery, no military or naval tactics, were displayed or required in such a conflict. It was a life-and-death combat, such as always occurred when Spaniard and Netherlander met, whether on land or water. Bossu and his men, armed in bullet-proof coats of mail, stood with shield and sword on the deck of the *Inquisition*, ready to repel all attempts to board. The Hollanders, as usual, attacked with pitch hoops, boiling oil, and molten lead. Repeatedly they effected their entrance to the Admiral's ship, and as often they were repulsed and slain in heaps, or hurled into the sea. The battle began at three in the afternoon, and continued without intermission through the whole night. The vessels, drifting together, struck on the shoal called the Nek, near Wydeness. In the heat of the action the occurrence was hardly heeded. In the morning twilight, John Haring of Horn, the hero who had kept one thousand soldiers at bay upon the Diemer dyke, clambered on board the *Inquisition*, and hauled her colours down. The gallant but premature achievement cost him his life. He was shot through the body, and died on the deck of the ship, which was not quite ready to strike her flag. In the course of the forenoon, however, it became obvious to Bossu that further resistance was idle. The ships were aground near a hostile coast, his own fleet was hopelessly dispersed, three-quarters of his crew were dead or disabled, while the vessels with which he was engaged were constantly recruited by boats from the shore, which brought fresh men and ammunition, and removed their killed and wounded. At eleven o'clock, Admiral Bossu surrendered, and with three hundred prisoners was carried into Holland. Bossu was himself imprisoned at Horn, in which city he was received, on his arrival, with great demonstrations of popular hatred. The massacre of Rotterdam, due to his cruelty and treachery, had not yet been forgotten or forgiven.[1]

This victory, following so hard upon the triumph at Alkmaar, was as gratifying to the patriots as it was galling to Alva. As his administration drew to a close, it was marked by disaster and disgrace on land and sea. The brilliant exploits by which he had struck terror into the heart of the Netherlanders at Jemmingen and in Brabant had be effaced by the valour of a handful of Hollanders, without discipline or experience. To the patriots, the opportune capture of so considerable a personage as the Admiral and Governor of the northern province was of great advantage. Such of the hostages from Harlem as had not yet been executed now escaped with their lives. Moreover, St. Aldegonde, the eloquent patriot and confidential friend of Orange, who was taken prisoner a few weeks later in an action at Maeslandsluis,[2] was preserved from inevitable destruction by the same cause. The Prince hastened to assure the Duke of Alva that the same measure would be dealt to Bossu as should be meted to St. Aldegonde.[3] It was, therefore, impossible for the Governor-General to execute his prisoner, and he was obliged to submit to the vexation of seeing a leading rebel and heretic in his power whom he dared not strike. Both the distinguished prisoners eventually regained their liberty.

The Duke was, doubtless, lower sunk in the estimation of all classes than he had ever been before during his long and generally successful life. The reverses sustained by his army, the belief that his master had grown cold towards him, the certainty that his career in the Netherlands was closing without a satisfactory result, the natural weariness produced upon men's minds by the contemplation of so monotonous and unmitigated a tyranny during so many years, all contributed to diminish his reputation. He felt himself odious alike to princes and to plebeians. With his cabinet councillors he had long been upon unsatisfactory terms. President Tisnacq had died early in the

[1] Bor, Hoofd. Letters of Alva and Bossu, ubi sup. Mendoza, x. 214.

[2] Hoofd, viii. 331. Corresp. de Philippe II., ii. 1283 Meteren, iv. 85. Bor, vi. 472.

[3] Hoofd, viii. 331.

summer, and Viglius, much against his will, had been induced, provisionally, to supply his place.[1] But there was now hardly a pretence of friendship between the learned Frisian and the Governor. Each cordially detested the other. Alva was weary of Flemish and Frisian advisers, however subservient, and was anxious to fill the whole council with Spaniards of the Vargas stamp. He had forced Viglius once more into office, only that, by a little delay, he might expel him and every Netherlander at the same moment. "Till this ancient set of dogmatisers be removed," he wrote to Philip, "with Viglius, their chief, who teaches them all their lessons, nothing will go right. 'Tis of no use adding one or two Spaniards to fill vacancies; that is only pouring a flask of good wine into a hogshead of vinegar; it changes to vinegar likewise.[2] Your Majesty will soon be able to reorganise the council at a blow, so that Italians or Spaniards, as you choose, may entirely govern the country."[3]

Such being his private sentiments with regard to his confidential advisers, it may be supposed that his intercourse with his council during the year was not like to be amicable. Moreover, he had kept himself, for the most part, at a distance from the seat of government. During the military operations in Holland, his headquarters had been at Amsterdam. Here, as the year drew to its close, he had become as unpopular as in Brussels. The time-serving and unpatriotic burghers, who, at the beginning of the spring, set up his bust in their houses, and would give large sums for his picture in little, now broke his images, and tore his portrait from their walls; for it was evident that the power of his name was gone, both with prince and people. Yet, certainly, those fierce demonstrations which had formerly surrounded his person with such an atmosphere of terror had not slackened or become less frequent than heretofore. He continued to prove that he could be barbarous both on a grand and a minute scale, even as in preceding years he could ordain wholesale massacres with a breath, and superintend in person the executions of individuals. This was illustrated, among other instances, by the cruel fate of Uitenhoove.[4] That unfortunate nobleman, who had been taken prisoner in the course of the summer, was accused of having been engaged in the capture of Brill, and was, therefore, condemned by the Duke to be roasted to death before a slow fire. He was accordingly fastened by a chain, a few feet in length, to a stake, around which the fagots were lighted. Here he was kept in slow torture for a long time, insulted by the gibes of the laughing Spaniards who surrounded him, until the executioner and his assistants, more humane than their superior, dispatched the victim with their spears—a mitigation of punishment which was ill received by Alva.[5] The Governor had, however, no reason to remain longer in Amsterdam. Harlem had fallen, Alkmaar was relieved; and Leyden—destined in its second siege to furnish so signal a chapter to the history of the war—was beleaguered,[6] it was true, but, because known to be imperfectly supplied, was to be reduced by blockade rather than by active operations. Don Francis Valdez was accordingly left in command of the siege,[7] which, however, after no memorable occurrences, was raised, as will soon be related.

The Duke had contracted in Amsterdam an enormous amount of debt, both public and private. He accordingly, early in November, caused a proclamation to be made throughout the city by sound of trumpet, that all persons having demands upon him were to present their claims in person upon a

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1234, p. 359, note.

[2] Ibid., ii. 1234: "Yendo los poniendo poco à poco, los que estàn gastan á los que entran, que es como hechar un jarro de buen vino en cuba de vinagre, que lo convierte luego en vinagre."

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1234.

[4] Brandt, Hist. der Ref. in de Nederl., d. i. b. x. 546. Hoofd, viii. 433.

[5] Brandt, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[6] Bor, vi. 472.

[7] Ibid. Hoofd, viii. 330.

specified day.[1] During the night preceding the day so appointed, the Duke and his train very noiselessly took their departure, without notice or beat of drum.[2] By this masterly generalship his unhappy creditors were foiled upon the very eve of their anticipated triumph; the heavy accounts which had been contracted on the faith of the King and the Governor remained for the most part unpaid, and many opulent and respectable families were reduced to beggary.[3] Such was the consequence of the unlimited confidence which they had reposed in the honour of their tyrant.

On the 17th of November, Don Luis de Requesens y Cuñiga, Grand Commander of St. Jago, the appointed successor of Alva, arrived in Brussels, where he was received with great rejoicings. The Duke on the same day wrote to the King, "kissing his feet" for thus relieving him of his functions. There was, of course, a profuse interchange of courtesy between the departing and the newly arrived Governors. Alva was willing to remain a little while to assist his successor with his advice, but preferred that the Grand Commander should immediately assume the reins of office. To this Requesens, after much respectful reluctance, at length consented. On the 29th of November he accordingly took the oaths, at Brussels, as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General, in presence of the Duke of Aerschot, Baron Berlaymont, the President of the Council, and other functionaries.[4]

On the 18th of December the Duke of Alva departed from the provinces for ever.[5] With his further career this history has no concern, and it is not desirable to enlarge upon the personal biography of one whose name certainly never excites pleasing emotions. He had kept his bed for the greater part of the time during the last few weeks of his government—partly on account of his gout, partly to avoid being seen in his humiliation, but mainly, it was said, to escape the pressing demands of his creditors.[6] He expressed a fear of travelling homeward through France, on the ground that he might very probably receive a shot out of a window as he went by. He complained pathetically that, after all his labours, he had not "gained the approbation of the King," while he had incurred "the malevolence and universal hatred of every individual in the country." Mondoucet, to whom he made the observation, was of the same opinion, and informed his master that the Duke "had engendered such an extraordinary hatred in the hearts of all persons in the land, that they would have fireworks in honour of his departure if they dared."[7]

On his journey from the Netherlands, he is said to have boasted that he had caused eighteen thousand six hundred inhabitants of the provinces to be executed during the period of his government.[8] The number of those who had perished by battle, siege, starvation, and massacre, defied computation. The Duke was well received by his royal master, and remained in favour until a new adventure of Don Frederic brought father and son into disgrace. Having deceived and abandoned a maid of honour, he suddenly espoused his cousin, in order to avoid that reparation by marriage which was demanded

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1 Hoofd, viii. 329, 330.

2 Ibid. Compare Correspondance de Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq. "Et craignant," says the envoy, "toutes sortes de personnes à qu'il est deu argent que se tenir ainsi reserré ne soit ung commencement pour peu à peu se partir tout en ung coup sans dire adieu, manquant son credit en Anvers et ailleurs comme ilz voient qu'il faict. Ce que je ne puis croyre qu'il veuille faire, et que avec la disgrace des affaires publicques qu'il laisse en mauvais estat, il veuille ainsi engager son particulier. Nous verrons," etc., etc.

3 Hoofd, viii. 329, 330.

4 Bor, vi. 474. Hoofd, viii. 331. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1283, 1284.

5 Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291.

6 "—— Il a toujours gardé le lict, soit qu'il a les gouttes, ou bien qu'il ne se veuille monstrer au monde pr mauvais succes qu'il a eus—— il laissa le lyct sans encores passer outre, plus a ce que je veois de crainte des importunitez et demandemens d'argent dont il est fort pressé."—Corresp. de Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq.

7 Corresp. de Charles IX. et Mondoucet. Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq. The Duke used nearly the language which the poet, at a little later epoch, was placing in the mouth of another tyrant—

"There is no creature loves me,
And, if I die, no soul will pity me."
—*King Richard III.*

8 Bor, vi. 474. Hoofd, viii. 332. Reidani, l. i 10. Apologie d'Orange, 88.

for his offence.[1] In consequence, both the Duke and Don Frederic were imprisoned and banished, nor was Alva released till a general of experience was required for the conquest of Portugal.[2] Thither, as it were with fetters on his legs, he went. After having accomplished the military enterprise intrusted to him, he fell into a lingering fever, at the termination of which he was so much reduced that he was only kept alive by milk, which he drank from a woman's breast.[3] Such was the gentle second childhood of the man who had almost literally been drinking blood for seventy years. He died on the 12th December 1582.[4]

The preceding pages have been written in vain if an elaborate estimate be now required of his character. His picture has been painted, as far as possible, by his own hand. His deeds, which are not disputed, and his written words, illustrate his nature more fully than could be done by the most eloquent pen. No attempt has been made to exaggerate his crimes or to extenuate his superior qualities. Virtues he had none, unless military excellence be deemed, as by the Romans, a virtue. In war, both as a science and a practical art, he excelled all the generals who were opposed to him in the Netherlands, and he was inferior to no commander in the world during the long and belligerent period to which his life belonged. Louis of Nassau possessed high reputation throughout Europe as a skilful and daring general. With raw volunteers he had overthrown an army of Spanish regulars, led by a Netherland chieftain of fame and experience; but when Alva took the field in person, the scene was totally changed. The Duke dealt him such a blow at Jemmingen as would have disheartened for ever a less indomitable champion. Never had a defeat been more absolute. The patriot army was dashed out of existence, almost to a man, and its leader, naked and beggared, though not disheartened, sent back into Germany to construct his force and his schemes anew.

Having thus flashed before the eyes of the country the full terrors of his name, and vindicated the ancient military renown of his nation, the Duke was at liberty to employ the consummate tactics, in which he could have given instruction to all the world, against his most formidable antagonist. The country, paralysed with fear, looked anxiously but supinely upon the scientific combat between the two great champions of Despotism and Protestantism which succeeded. It was soon evident that the conflict could terminate in but one way. The Prince had considerable military abilities, and enthusiastic courage; he lost none of his well-deserved reputation by the unfortunate issue of his campaign; he measured himself in arms with the great commander of the age, and defied him day after day, in vain, to mortal combat; but it was equally certain that the Duke's quiet game was played in the most masterly manner. His positions and his encampments were taken with faultless judgment, his skirmishes wisely and coldly kept within the prescribed control, while the inevitable dissolution of the opposing force took place exactly as he had foreseen, and within the limits which he had predicted. Nor in the disastrous commencement of the year 1572 did the Duke less signally manifest his military genius. Assailed as he was at every point, with the soil suddenly upheaving all around him as by an earthquake, he did not lose his firmness nor his perspicacity. Certainly, if he had not been so soon assisted by that other earthquake, which on St. Bartholomew's Day caused all Christendom to tremble, and shattered the recent structure of Protestant freedom in the Netherlands, it might have been worse for his reputation. With Mons safe, the Flemish frontier guarded, France faithful, and thirty

[1] Vie du Duc d'Albe, ii. Hoofd, 332.
[2] Ibid., Ibid., ubi sup.
[3] Von Raumer, Gesch. Europas., iii. 170.
[4] Vie du Duc d'Albe. Hoofd, ubi sup.

thousand men under the Prince of Orange in Brabant, the heroic brothers might well believe that the Duke was "at their mercy." The treason of Charles IX. "smote them as with a club," as the Prince exclaimed in the bitterness of his spirit. Under the circumstances, his second campaign was a predestined failure, and Alva easily vanquished him by a renewed application of those dilatory arts which he so well understood.

The Duke's military fame was unquestionable when he came to the provinces, and both in stricken fields and in long campaigns he showed how thoroughly it had been deserved; yet he left the Netherlands a baffled man. The Prince might be many times defeated, but he was not to be conquered. As Alva penetrated into the heart of the ancient Batavian land he found himself overmatched as he had never been before, even by the most potent generals of his day. More audacious, more inventive, more desperate than all the commanders of that or any other age, the spirit of national freedom now taught the oppressor that it was invincible, except by annihilation. The same lesson had been read in the same thickets by the Nervii to Julius Cæsar, by the Batavians to the legions of Vespasian; and now a loftier and a purer flame than that which inspired the national struggles against Rome glowed within the breasts of the descendants of the same people, and inspired them with the strength which comes from religious enthusiasm. More experienced, more subtle, more politic than Hermann; more devoted, more patient, more magnanimous than Civilis, and equal to either in valour and determination, William of Orange was a worthy embodiment of the Christian national resistance of the German race to a foreign tyranny. Alva had entered the Netherlands to deal with them as with conquered provinces. He found that the conquest was still to be made, and he left the land without having accomplished it. Through the sea of blood the Hollanders felt that they were passing to the promised land. More royal soldiers fell during the seven months' siege of Harlem than the rebels had lost in the defeat of Jemmingen and in the famous campaign of Brabant. At Alkmaar the rolling waves of insolent conquest were stayed, and the tide then ebbed for ever.

The accomplished soldier struggled hopelessly with the wild and passionate hatred which his tyranny had provoked. Neither his legions nor his consummate strategy availed him against an entirely desperate people. As a military commander, therefore, he gained, upon the whole, no additional laurels during his long administration of the Netherlands. Of all the other attributes to be expected in a man appointed to deal with a free country in a state of incipient rebellion, he manifested a signal deficiency. As a financier, he exhibited a wonderful ignorance of the first principles of political economy. No man before ever gravely proposed to establish confiscation as a permanent source of revenue to the state; yet the annual product from the escheated property of slaughtered heretics was regularly relied upon during his administration to replenish the King's treasury and to support the war of extermination against the King's subjects. Nor did statesman ever before expect a vast income from the commerce of a nation devoted to almost universal massacre. During the daily decimation of the people's lives, he thought a daily decimation of their industry possible. His persecutions swept the land of those industrious classes which had made it the rich and prosperous commonwealth it had been so lately; while at the same time he found a "Peruvian mine," as he pretended, in the imposition of a tenth penny upon every one of its commercial transactions. He thought that a people, crippled as this had been by the operations of the Blood Council, could pay ten per cent., not annually but daily; not upon its income, but upon its capital; not once only, but every time the value constituting the capital changed hands.

He had boasted that he should require no funds from Spain, but that, on the contrary, he should make annual remittances to the royal treasury at home from the proceeds of his imposts and confiscations; yet notwithstanding these resources, and notwithstanding twenty-five millions of gold in five years, sent by Philip from Madrid, the exchequer of the provinces was barren and bankrupt when his successor arrived. Requesens found neither a penny in the public treasury nor the means of raising one.

As an administrator of the civil and judicial affairs of the country, Alva at once reduced its institutions to a frightful simplicity. In the place of the ancient laws of which the Netherlanders were so proud, he substituted the Blood Council. This tribunal was even more arbitrary than the Inquisition. Never was a simpler apparatus for tyranny devised than this great labour-saving machine. Never was so great a quantity of murder and robbery achieved with such dispatch and regularity. Sentences, executions, and confiscations, to an incredible extent, were turned out daily with appalling precision. For this invention Alva is alone responsible. The tribunal and its councillors were the work and the creatures of his hand, and faithfully did they accomplish the dark purpose of their existence. Nor can it be urged, in extenuation of the Governor's crimes, that he was but the blind and fanatically loyal slave of his sovereign. A noble nature could not have contaminated itself with such slaughter-house work, but might have sought to mitigate the royal policy without forswearing allegiance. A nature less rigid than iron would at least have manifested compunction, as it found itself converted into a fleshless instrument of massacre. More decided than his master, however, he seemed, by his promptness, to rebuke the dilatory genius of Philip. The King seemed, at times, to loiter over his work, teasing and tantalising his appetite for vengeance, before it should be gratified. Alva, rapid and brutal, scorned such epicureanism. He strode with gigantic steps over haughty statutes and popular constitutions, crushing alike the magnates who claimed a bench of monarchs for their jury, and the ignoble artisans who could appeal only to the laws of their land. From the pompous and theatrical scaffolds of Egmont and Horn, to the nineteen halters prepared by Master Karl to hang up the chief bakers and brewers of Brussels on their own thresholds—from the beheading of the twenty nobles on the Horse-market, in the opening of the Governor's career, to the roasting alive of Uitenhoove at its close—from the block on which fell the honoured head of Antony Straalen, to the obscure chair in which the ancient gentlewoman of Amsterdam suffered death for an act of vicarious mercy—from one year's end to another's—from the most signal to the most squalid scenes of sacrifice, the eye and hand of the great master directed, without weariness, the task imposed by the sovereign.

No doubt the work of almost indiscriminate massacre had been duly mapped out. Not often in history has a governor arrived to administer the affairs of a province where the whole population, three millions strong, had been formally sentenced to death. As time wore on, however, he even surpassed the bloody instructions which he had received. He waved aside the recommendations of the Blood Council to mercy; he dissuaded the monarch from attempting the path of clemency, which, for secret reasons, Philip was inclined at one period to attempt. The Governor had, as he assured the King, been using gentleness in vain, and he was now determined to try what a little wholesome severity could effect. These words were written immediately after the massacres at Harlem.

With all the bloodshed at Mons, and Naarden, and Mechlin, and by the Council of Tumults daily for six years long, still crying from the ground, he taxed himself with a misplaced and foolish tenderness to the people. He

assured the King that when Alkmaar should be taken, he would not spare a "living soul among its whole population;" and, as his parting advice, he recommended that *every city in the Netherlands should be burned to the ground*, except a few which could be occupied permanently by the royal troops.[1] On the whole, so finished a picture of a perfect and absolute tyranny has rarely been presented to mankind by history as in Alva's administration of the Netherlands.

The tens of thousands in those miserable provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted; for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. Enough, however, is known, and enough has been recited in the preceding pages. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow-creatures to suffer was omitted from daily practice. Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake.[2] Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red-hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved, and flayed alive. Their skins, stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows.[3] The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury.[4] Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of Government, that rich heiresses might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred.[5] Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile.[6] Such was the regular course of affairs as administered by the Blood Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities are almost beyond belief; unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise.[7] Such was the administration of which Vargas affirmed, at its close, that too much mercy, "*nimia misericordia*," had been its ruin.[8]

Even Philip, inspired by secret views, became wearied of the Governor, who, at an early period, had already given offence by his arrogance. To commemorate his victories, the Viceroy had erected a colossal statue, not to his monarch, but to himself. To proclaim the royal pardon, he had seated himself upon a golden throne. Such insolent airs could be ill forgiven by the absolute King. Too cautious to provoke an open rupture, he allowed the Governor, after he had done all his work, and more than all his work, to retire without disgrace, but without a triumph. For the sins of that administration, master and servant are in equal measure responsible.

The character of the Duke of Alva, so far as the Netherlands are concerned, seems almost like a caricature. As a creation of fiction, it would seem grotesque; yet even that hardy, historical scepticism which delights in reversing the judgment of centuries, and in re-establishing reputations long since degraded to the dust, must find it difficult to alter this man's position. No historical

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1276.

[2] "—— Plonderen, roven en ruiten, verjagen en verwoesten, in 't vangen en spannen, in 't bannen, verdrijven en goederen confisqueren, ja 't branden en blanken, hangen, koppen, hacken, raeybraken met afgrijselijke tormenten pijnigen en vermoorden de ondersaten, so wel edele als onedele, arme als rijke, jonk als oud, weduwen en weesen, mannen, vrouwen en maegden."—Sendbrief in forme von Supplicatie, etc., in Bor, vi. 467.

[3] Sendbrief, etc., Bor, vi. 467.

[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid. [7] Ibid.

[8] Meteren, iv. 86.

decision is final; an appeal to a more remote posterity, founded upon more accurate evidence, is always valid; but when the verdict has been pronounced upon facts which are undisputed, and upon testimony from the criminal's lips, there is little chance of a reversal of the sentence.[1] It is an affectation of philosophical candour to extenuate vices which are not only avowed, but claimed as virtues.

NOTE.

As specimens of the songs made by the people while Alva was making their laws, the author ventures the following translations of popular ballads. The originals may be found, the one in the collection of Ernst Münch, Niederlandsches Museum, i. 125, 126; the other in Van Vloten's excellent republication of Netherland Historical Songs, Nederlandsche Geschiedzangen, i. 393. Professor Altmeyer has also quoted them in his "Succursale du Tribunal de Sang."

"Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne;
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom does:
Slaet op den tromele, van dirre dom deyne,
Vive le geus! is nu de loes.

"De Spaensche Inquisitie, voor Godt malitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie, als draecx bloet fel;
De Spaensche Inquisitie ghevoelt punitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie ontvaelt haer spel.

"Vive le geus! wilt christenlyk leven,
Vive le geus! houdt fraeye moet:
Vive le geus! Godt behoedt voor sneven,
Vive le geus! edel christen bloedt."

TRANSLATION.

Beat the drum gaily, rub a dow, rub a dub;
Beat the drum gaily, rub a dub, rub a dow;
Beat the drum gaily, rub a dow, rub a dub;—
Long live the Beggars! is the watchword now.

The Spanish Inquisition, without intermission—
The Spanish Inquisition has drunk our blood;
The Spanish Inquisition, may God's malediction
Blast the Spanish Inquisition and all her brood.

Long live the Beggars! wilt thou Christ's word cherish—
Long live the Beggars! be bold of heart and hand;
Long live the Beggars! God will not see thee perish;
Long live the Beggars! oh noble Christian band.

"De Paus en Papisten, Gods handt doet beven,
De Paus en Papisten zyn t' eynden haer raet:
De Paus en Papisten wreet boven schreven,
Ghy Paus en Papisten, soet nu oflaet.

"'T swaert is getrokken, certeyn godts wraec naect,
'T swaert is getrokken, daer Joannes a schryft;
'T swaert is getrokken, dat Apocalypsis maect, naect,
'T swaert is getrokken, ghy wert nu ontlyft.

"'T onschuldig bloet dat ghy heft vergoten,
'T onschuldig bloet royt over u wraeck;
'T onschuldig bloet te storten heeft u niet verdroten,
'T onschuldig bloet dat dronct ghy met den draeck.

"U vleisschen arm, daer ghy op betroude,
U vleisschen arm beschwyckt u nu;
U vleisschen arm die u huys houde,
U vleisschen arm, wyckt van u schoon."

ERNST MÜNCH, *Niederlandsches Museum*, i. 125, 126.

[1] The time is past when it could be said that the cruelty of Alva or the enormities of his administration have been exaggerated by party violence. Human invention is incapable of outstripping the truth upon this subject. To attempt the defence of either the man or his measures at the present day is to convict oneself of an amount of ignorance or of bigotry against which history and argument are alike powerless. The publication of the Duke's letters in the correspondence of Simancas and in the Besançon papers, together with that compact mass of horror long before the world under the title of "Sententien van Alva," in which a portion only of the sentences of death and banishment pronounced by him during his reign have been copied from the official records—these in themselves would be a sufficient justification of all the charges ever brought by the most bitter contemporary of Holland or Flanders. If the investigator should remain sceptical, however, let him examine the "Registre des Condamnés et Bannis à cause des Troubles des Pays Bas," in three, together with the Records of the "Conseil des Troubles," in forty-three folio volumes, in the Royal Archives at Brussels. After going through all these chronicles of iniquity, the most determined historic doubter will probably throw up the case

TRANSLATION.

The Pope and Papists are shivering and shaking;
The Pope and Papists are at their wits' ends;
The Pope and Papists at God's right hand are quaking;—
Pope and Papists, find absolution now, my friends!

The sword is drawn now, God's wakened vengeance lowers;
The sword is drawn now, the Apocalypse unrolled;
The sword is drawn now, God's sword and wrath are ours;
The sword is drawn now which Apostle John foretold.

The innocent blood which ye've caused to flow like water;
The innocent blood which your wicked hands hath stained;
The innocent blood cries out for blood and slaughter;—
That innocent blood which, like dragons fell, ye drained.

Your fleshly arm is withering and shrinking—
Your fleshly arm which ye trusted fierce and bold;
Your fleshly arm and the house it built are sinking;
Your fleshly arm now is marrowless and cold.

The bitter blasphemy of the following is but a faint expression of the hatred which the tyranny of Alva had excited in the popular heart. It is called the Ghent Paternoster (Gentsch Vaderonze), and is addressed to the Duke of Alva.

GENTSCH VADERONZE.

"Helsche duvel, die tot Brussel syt,
Uwen naem ende faem sy vermaledyt,
U ryck vergae sonder respyt,
Want heeft geduyrt te langen tyd.
Uwen willen sal nict gewerden,
Noch in hemel noch op erden:
Ghy beneempt ons huyden ons dagelicx broot,
Wyff ende knyderen hebben 't groote noot:
Ghy en vergeeft niemant syn schult,
Want ghy met haet ende nyt syt vervult:
Ghy en laet niemant ongetempteert,
Alle dese landen ghy perturbeert.
O hemelschen vader, die in den hemel syt,
Maeckt ons desen helschen duvel quyt,
Met synen bloedigen, valschen raet,
Daer hy meede handelt alle quaet,
En syn spaens chrychsvolk allegaer,
T welck leeft of sy des duvels waer.
Amen!"

VAN VLOTEN, *Nederlandsche Geschiedzangen*, i. 393.

TRANSLATION.

Our devil, who dost in Brussels dwell,
Curst be thy name in earth and hell:
Thy kingdom speedily pass away,
Which hath blasted and blighted us many a day;
Thy will nevermore be done,
In heaven above nor under the sun;
Thou takest daily our daily bread;
Our wives and children lie starving or dead.
No man's trespasses thou forgivest;
Revenge is the food on which thou livest,
Thou leadest all men into temptation;
Unto evil thou hast delivered this nation.
Our Father, in heaven which art,
Grant that this hellish devil may soon depart—
And with him his Council false and bloody,
Who make murder and rapine their daily study—
And all his savage war-dogs of Spain,
Oh send them back to the Devil, their father, again. Amen.

PART IV.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE GRAND COMMANDER.

1573–1576.

CHAPTER I.

Previous career of Requesens—Philip's passion for detail—Apparent and real purposes of Government—Universal desire for peace—Correspondence of leading royalists with Orange—Bankruptcy of the exchequer at Alva's departure—Expensive nature of the war—Pretence of mildness on the part of the Commander—His private views—Distress of Mondragon at Middelburg—Crippled condition of Holland—Orange's secret negotiations with France—St. Aldegonde's views in captivity—Expedition to relieve Middelburg—Counter preparations of Orange—Defeat of the expedition—Capitulation of Mondragon—Plans of Orange and his brothers—An army under Count Louis crosses the Rhine—Measures taken by Requesens—Manœuvres of Avila and of Louis—The two armies *en face* at Mook—Battle of Mook-heath—Overthrow and death of Count Louis—The phantom battle—Character of Louis of Nassau—Painful uncertainty as to his fate—Periodical mutinies of the Spanish troops characterised—Mutiny after the battle of Mook—Antwerp attacked and occupied—Insolent and oppressive conduct of the mutineers—Offers of Requesens refused—Mutiny in the citadel—Exploits of Salvatierra—Terms of composition—Soldiers' feast on the mere—Successful expedition of Admiral Boisot.

THE horrors of Alva's administration had caused men to look back with fondness upon the milder and more vacillating tyranny of the Duchess Margaret. From the same cause the advent of the Grand Commander was hailed with pleasure[1] and with a momentary gleam of hope. At any rate, it was a relief that the man in whom an almost impossible perfection of cruelty seemed embodied was at last to be withdrawn. It was certain that his successor, however ambitious of following in Alva's footsteps, would never be able to rival the intensity and the unswerving directness of purpose which it had been permitted to the Duke's nature to attain. The new Governor-General was, doubtless, human, and it had been long since the Netherlanders imagined anything in common between themselves and the late Viceroy.

Apart from this hope, however, there was little encouragement to be derived from anything positively known of the new functionary, or the policy which he was to represent. Don Luis de Requesens and Cuñiga, Grand Commander of Castile, and late Governor of Milan, was a man of mediocre abilities, who possessed a reputation for moderation and sagacity which he hardly deserved. His military prowess had been chiefly displayed in the bloody and barren battle of Lepanto, where his conduct and counsel were supposed to have contributed, in some measure, to the victorious result.[2] His administration at Milan had been characterised as firm and moderate.[3] Nevertheless, his character was regarded with anything but favourable eyes in the Netherlands. Men told each other of his broken faith to the Moors in Granada, and of his unpopularity in Milan, where, notwithstanding his boasted

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[1] Bor, vii. 477.
[2] Strada, viii. 405–408. Mendoza, x. 222, 223.
[3] Strada, viii. 405–408. Groen v. Prinsterer, iv. 259, 260.

moderation, he had, in reality, so oppressed the people as to gain their deadly hatred. They complained, too, that it was an insult to send, as Governor-General of the provinces, not a prince of the blood, as used to be the case, but a simple "gentleman of cloak and sword."[1]

Any person, however, who represented the royal authority in the provinces was under historical disadvantage. He was literally no more than an actor, hardly even that. It was Philip's policy and pride to direct all the machinery of his extensive empire, and to pull every string himself. His puppets, however magnificently attired, moved only in obedience to his impulse, and spoke no syllable but with his voice. Upon the table in his cabinet was arranged all the business of his various realms, even to the most minute particulars.[2] Plans, petty or vast, affecting the interests of empires and ages, or bounded within the narrow limits of trivial and evanescent detail, encumbered his memory and consumed his time. His ambition to do all the work of his kingdoms was aided by an inconceivable greediness for labour. He loved the routine of business, as some monarchs have loved war, as others have loved pleasure. The object, alike paltry and impossible, of this ambition, bespoke the narrow mind. His estates were regarded by him as private property; measures affecting the temporal and eternal interests of millions were regarded as domestic affairs, and the eye of the master was considered the only one which could duly superintend these estates and those interests. Much incapacity to govern was revealed in this inordinate passion to administer. His mind, constantly fatigued by petty labours, was never enabled to survey his wide domains from the height of majesty.

In Alva, certainly, he had employed an unquestionable reality; but Alva by a fortunate coincidence of character, had seemed his second self. He was now gone, however, and although the royal purpose had not altered, the royal circumstances were changed. The moment had arrived when it was thought that the mask and cothurn might again be assumed with effect, when a grave and conventional personage might decorously make his appearance to perform an interlude of clemency and moderation with satisfactory results. Accordingly, the Grand Commander, heralded by rumours of amnesty, was commissioned to assume the government which Alva had been permitted to resign.

It had been industriously circulated that a change of policy was intended. It was even supposed by the more sanguine that the Duke had retired in disgrace. A show of coldness was manifested towards him on his return by the King, while Vargas, who had accompanied the Governor, was peremptorily forbidden to appear within five leagues of the court.[3] The more discerning, however, perceived much affectation in this apparent displeasure. St. Goard, the keen observer of Philip's moods and measures, wrote to his sovereign that he had narrowly observed the countenances of both Philip and Alva; that he had informed himself as thoroughly as possible with regard to the course of policy intended; that he had arrived at the conclusion that the royal chagrin was but dissimulation, intended to dispose the Netherlanders to thoughts of an impossible peace, and that he considered the present merely a breathing time, in which still more active preparations might be made for

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[1] Correspondance de Mondoucet et Charles IX., Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340, sqq.

[2] Letter of St. Goard to Charles IX., in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 330, 331. "Se reservant," said the French envoy, "toutes choses, qui le rend extrêment chargé et travaillé et tient ung procédé qu'il respond et veult toutes les affaires et les départ toutes où elles se doibvent respondre *où elles demeurent le plus souvent immortelles*, où qu'elles soient, ou de grande ou de peu de conséquence de manière qu'il n'en vient rien mieulx, et sur ca les malintentionnés luy forgent infinies doubtes et soubçons."

See also Letter of St. Goard to Charles IX., Madrid, 17th December 1573, in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 27*, sqq.

[3] Letter of St. Goard to Charles IX., 4th of April 1574, Archives, etc., iv. 361.

crushing the rebellion.[1] It was now evident to the world that the revolt had reached a stage in which it could be terminated only by absolute conquest or concession.

To conquer the people of the provinces, except by extermination, seemed difficult, to judge by the seven years of executions, sieges, and campaigns, which had now passed without a definite result. It was, therefore, thought expedient to employ concession. The new Governor, accordingly, in case the Netherlanders would abandon every object for which they had been so heroically contending, was empowered to concede a pardon. It was expressly enjoined upon him, however, that no conciliatory measures should be adopted in which the King's absolute supremacy, and the total prohibition of every form of worship but the Roman Catholic, were not assumed as a basis.[2] Now, as the people had been contending at least ten years long for constitutional rights against prerogative, and at least seven for liberty of conscience against Papistry, it was easy to foretell how much effect any negotiations thus commenced were likely to produce.

Yet, no doubt, in the Netherlands there was a most earnest longing for peace. The Catholic portion of the population were desirous of a reconciliation with their brethren of the new religion. The universal vengeance which had descended upon heresy had not struck the heretics only. It was difficult to find a fireside, Protestant or Catholic, which had not been made desolate by execution, banishment, or confiscation. The common people and the grand seigniors were alike weary of the war. Not only Aerschot and Viglius, but Noircarmes and Berlaymont, were desirous that peace should be at last compassed upon liberal terms, and the Prince of Orange fully and unconditionally pardoned.[3] Even the Spanish commanders had become disgusted with the monotonous butchery which had stained their swords. Julian Romero, the fierce and unscrupulous soldier upon whose head rested the guilt of the Naarden massacre, addressed several letters to William of Orange, full of courtesy and good wishes for a speedy termination of the war, and for an entire reconciliation of the Prince with his sovereign.[4] Noircarmes also opened a correspondence with the great leader of the revolt, and offered to do all in his power to restore peace and prosperity to the country. The Prince answered the courtesy of the Spaniard with equal but barren courtesy, for it was obvious that no definite result could be derived from such informal negotiations. To Noircarmes he responded in terms of gentle but grave rebuke,[5] expressing deep regret that a Netherland noble of such eminence, with so many others of rank and authority, should so long have supported the King in his tyranny. He, however, expressed his satisfaction that their eyes, however late, had opened to the enormous iniquity which had been practised in the country, and he accepted the offers of friendship as frankly as they had been made. Not long afterwards the Prince furnished his correspondent with a proof of his sincerity, by forwarding to him two letters which had been intercepted,[6] from certain agents of Government to Alva, in which Noircarmes and others who had so long supported the King against their own country were spoken of in terms of menace and mistrust. The Prince accordingly warned his new correspondent that, in spite of all the proofs of uncompromising loyalty which he had exhibited, he was yet moving upon a dark and slippery pathway, and might, even like Egmont and Horn, find a scaffold as the end

[1] Letter of St. Goard, Archives, etc., iv. 361.
[2] Letter of Philip II. to Requesens, 30th March 1574, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 395.
[3] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293.
[4] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 81–87.
[5] See the Correspondence in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 301, 302.
[6] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 94, sqq.

and the reward of his career. So profound was that abyss of dissimulation which constituted the royal policy towards the Netherlands, that the most unscrupulous partisans of Government could only see doubt and danger with regard to their future destiny, and were sometimes only saved by an opportune death from disgrace and the hangman's hands.

Such, then, were the sentiments of many eminent personages even among the most devoted loyalists. All longed for peace; many even definitely expected it upon the arrival of the Grand Commander. Moreover, that functionary discovered, at his first glance into the disorderly state of the exchequer, that at least a short respite was desirable before proceeding with the interminable measures of hostility against the rebellion. If any man had been ever disposed to give Alva credit for administrative ability, such delusion must have vanished at the spectacle of confusion and bankruptcy which presented itself at the termination of his government. He resolutely declined to give his successor any information whatever as to his financial position.[1] So far from furnishing a detailed statement, such as might naturally, be expected upon so momentous an occasion, he informed the Grand Commander that even a sketch was entirely out of the question, and would require more time and labour than he could then afford.[2] He took his departure accordingly, leaving Requesens in profound ignorance as to his past accounts, an ignorance in which it is probable that the Duke himself shared to the fullest extent. His enemies stoutly maintained, that however loosely his accounts had been kept, he had been very careful to make no mistakes against himself, and that he had retired full of wealth, if not of honour, from his long and terrible administration.[3] His own letters, on the contrary, accused the King of ingratitude in permitting an old soldier to ruin himself, not only in health but in fortune, for want of proper recompense during an arduous administration.[4] At any rate, it is very certain that the rebellion had already been an expensive matter to the crown. The army in the Netherlands numbered more than sixty-two thousand men, eight thousand being Spaniards, the rest Walloons and Germans. Forty millions of dollars had already been sunk,[5] and it seemed probable that it would require nearly the whole annual produce of the American mines to sustain the war. The Transatlantic gold and silver, disinterred from the depths where they had been buried for ages, were employed not to expand the current of a healthy, life-giving commerce, but to be melted into blood. The sweat and the tortures of the King's pagan subjects in the primeval forests of the New World were made subsidiary to the extermination of his Netherland people and the destruction of an ancient civilisation. To this end had Columbus discovered a hemisphere for Castile and Aragon, and the New Indies revealed their hidden treasure.

Forty millions of ducats had been spent. Six and a half millions of arrearages[6] were due to the army, while its current expenses were six hundred thousand a month.[7] The military expenses alone of the Netherlands were accordingly more than seven millions of dollars yearly, and the mines of the New World produced, during the half century of Philip's reign, an average of only eleven.[8] Against this constantly increasing deficit there was not a stiver in the exchequer, nor the means of raising one.[9] The tenth penny had been long virtually extinct, and was soon to be formally abolished. Confiscation had ceased to afford a permanent revenue, and the Estates obstinately refused to grant a

[1] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., in Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1285. [2] Ibid.
[3] Hoofd, viii. 334.
[4] Letter of Requesens, Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 1288.
[5] Meteren, v. 102.
[6] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1294. [7] Ibid.
[8] Humboldt, Essai sur la Nouvelle Espagne, iii. 428 (2d ed.)
[9] Letter of Requesens, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1285.

dollar. Such was the condition to which the unrelenting tyranny and the financial experiments of Alva had reduced the country.

It was, therefore, obvious to Requesens that it would be useful at the moment to hold out hopes of pardon and reconciliation. He saw, what he had not at first comprehended, and what few bigoted supporters of absolutism in any age have ever comprehended, that national enthusiasm, when profound and general, makes a rebellion more expensive to the despot than to the insurgents. "Before my arrival," wrote the Grand Commander to his sovereign, "I did not understand how the rebels could maintain such considerable fleets, while your Majesty could not support a single one. It appears, however, that men who are fighting for their lives, their fireside, their property, and their false religion, for their own cause, in short, are contented to receive rations only, without receiving pay."[1] The moral which the new Governor drew from his correct diagnosis of the prevailing disorder was, not that this national enthusiasm should be respected, but that it should be deceived. He deceived no one but himself, however. He censured Noircarmes and Romero for their intermeddling, but held out hopes of a general pacification.[2] He repudiated the idea of any reconciliation between the King and the Prince of Orange, but proposed at the same time a settlement of the revolt.[3] He had not yet learned that the revolt and William of Orange were one. Although the Prince himself had repeatedly offered to withdraw for ever from the country, if his absence would expedite a settlement satisfactory to the provinces,[4] there was not a patriot in the Netherlands who could contemplate his departure without despair. Moreover, they all knew better than did Requesens the inevitable result of the pacific measures which had been daily foreshadowed.

The appointment of the Grand Commander was in truth a desperate attempt to deceive the Netherlanders. He approved distinctly and heartily of Alva's policy,[5] but wrote to the King that it was desirable to amuse the people with the idea of another and a milder scheme. He affected to believe, and perhaps really did believe, that the nation would accept the destruction of all their institutions, provided that penitent heretics were allowed to be reconciled to the Mother Church, and obstinate ones permitted to go into perpetual exile, taking with them a small portion of their worldly goods. For being willing to make this last and almost incredible concession, he begged pardon sincerely of the King. If censurable, he ought not, he thought, to be too severely blamed, for his loyalty was known. The world was aware how often he had risked his life for his Majesty, and how gladly and how many more times he was ready to risk it in future. In his opinion, religion had, after all, but very little to do with the troubles, and so he confidentially informed his sovereign. Egmont and Horn had died Catholics, the people did not rise to assist the Prince's invasion in 1568, and the new religion was only a lever by which a few artful demagogues had attempted to overthrow the King's authority.[6]

Such views as these revealed the measure of the new Governor's capacity. The people had really refused to rise in 1568, not because they were without sympathy for Orange, but because they were paralysed by their fear of Alva. Since those days, however, the new religion had increased and multiplied everywhere in the blood which had rained upon it. It was now difficult to find a Catholic in Holland and Zealand who was not a Government agent.[7] The Prince had been a moderate Catholic in the opening scenes of the rebellion, while he came forward as the champion of liberty for all forms of

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291.
[2] Ibid., 1293.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., 394–400.
[5] Letter of Requesens, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291: "A mi parecer ha tenido mucha razon,' etc., etc.
[6] Letter of Requesens, Corr. de Phil. II., ii. 1293.
[7] Letter of Prince of Orange, 28th September 1574, in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 73.

Christianity. He had now become a convert to the new religion, without receding an inch from his position in favour of universal toleration. The new religion was, therefore, not an instrument devised by a faction, but had expanded into the atmosphere of the people's daily life. Individuals might be executed for claiming to breathe it, but it was itself impalpable to the attacks of despotism. Yet the Grand Commander persuaded himself that religion had little or nothing to do with the state of the Netherlands. Nothing more was necessary, he thought, or affected to think, in order to restore tranquillity, than once more to spread the net of a general amnesty.

The Duke of Alva knew better. That functionary, with whom, before his departure from the provinces, Requesens had been commanded to confer, distinctly stated his opinion that there was no use of talking about pardon. Brutally, but candidly, he maintained that there was nothing to be done but to continue the process of extermination. It was necessary, he said, to reduce the country to a dead level of unresisting misery, before an act of oblivion could be securely laid down as the foundation of a new and permanent order of society.[1] He had already given his advice to his Majesty that every town in the country should be burned to the ground, except those which could be permanently occupied by the royal troops. The King, however, in his access of clemency at the appointment of a new administration, instructed the Grand Commander *not to resort to this measure unless it should become strictly necessary*.[2] Such were the opposite opinions of the old and new governors with regard to the pardon. The learned Viglius sided with Alva, although manifestly against his will. "It is both the Duke's opinion and my own," wrote the Commander, "that Viglius does not dare to express his real opinion, and that he is secretly desirous of an arrangement with the rebels."[3] With a good deal of inconsistency, the Governor was offended, not only with those who opposed his plans, but with those who favoured them. He was angry with Viglius, who, at least nominally, disapproved of the pardon, and with Noircarmes, Aerschot, and others, who manifested a wish for a pacification. Of the chief characteristic ascribed to the people by Julius Cæsar, namely, that they forgot neither favours nor injuries, the second half only, in the Grand Commander's opinion, had been retained. Not only did they never forget injuries, but their memory, said he, was so good, that they recollected many which they had never received.[4]

On the whole, however, in the embarrassed condition of affairs, and while waiting for further supplies, the Commander was secretly disposed to try the effect of a pardon. The object was to deceive the people and to gain time; for there was no intention of conceding liberty of conscience, of withdrawing foreign troops, or of assembling the States-general. It was, however, not possible to apply these hypocritical measures of conciliation immediately. The war was in full career, and could not be arrested even in that wintry season. The patriots held Mondragon closely besieged in Middelburg,[5] the last point in the isle of Walcheren which held for the King. There was a considerable treasure in money and merchandise shut up in that city; and, moreover, so deserving and distinguished an officer as Mondragon could not be abandoned to his fate. At the same time, famine was pressing him sorely, and, by the end of the year, garrison and townspeople had nothing but rats, mice, dogs, cats, and such repulsive substitutes for food, to support life withal.[6] It was necessary to take immediate measures to relieve the place.

On the other hand, the situation of the patriots was not very encouraging.

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1 Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293.
2 Ibid., 1287.
3 Ibid., 1293.
4 Ibid., 1291, and p. 443, note.
5 Bor, vii. 479. Meteren, v. 88.
6 Letter of De la Klunder in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 307, 308.

Their superiority on the sea was unquestionable, for the Hollanders and Zealanders were the best sailors in the world, and they asked of their country no payment for their blood but thanks. The land forces, however, were usually mercenaries, who were apt to mutiny at the commencement of an action, if, as was too often the case, their wages could not be paid. Holland was entirely cut in twain by the loss of Harlem and the leaguer of Leyden, no communication between the dissevered portions being possible, except with difficulty and danger.[1] The Estates, although they had done much for the cause, and were prepared to do much more, were too apt to wrangle about economical details. They irritated the Prince of Orange by huckstering about subsidies to a degree which his proud and generous nature could hardly brook.[2] He had strong hopes from France. Louis of Nassau had held secret interviews with the Duke of Alençon and the Duke of Anjou, now King of Poland, at Blamont.[3] Alençon had assured him secretly, affectionately, and warmly, that he would be as sincere a friend to the cause as were his two royal brothers. The Count had even received one hundred thousand livres in hand, as an earnest of the favourable intentions of France,[4] and was now busily engaged, at the instance of the Prince, in levying an army in Germany for the relief of Leyden and the rest of Holland, while William, on his part, was omitting nothing, whether by representations to the Estates or by secret foreign missions and correspondence, to further the cause of the suffering country.[5]

At the same time, the Prince dreaded the effect of the promised pardon. He had reason to be distrustful of the general temper of the nation when a man like St. Aldegonde, the enlightened patriot, and his own tried friend, was influenced by the discouraging and dangerous position in which he found himself to abandon the high ground upon which they had both so long and so firmly stood. St. Aldegonde had been held a strict prisoner since his capture at Maeslandsluis, at the close of Alva's administration.[6] It was, no doubt, a predicament attended with much keen suffering and positive danger. It had hitherto been the uniform policy of the Government to kill all prisoners, of whatever rank. Accordingly, some had been drowned, some had been hanged, some beheaded, some poisoned in their dungeons—all had been murdered. This had been Alva's course. The Grand Commander also highly approved of the system,[7] but the capture of Count Bossu by the patriots had necessitated a suspension of such rigour.[8] It was certain that Bossu's head would fall as soon as St. Aldegonde's, the Prince having expressly warned the Government of this inevitable result.[9] Notwithstanding that security, however, for his eventual restoration to liberty, a Netherland rebel in a Spanish prison could hardly feel himself at ease. There were so many footmarks into the cave, and not a single one coming forth. Yet it was not singular, however, that the Prince should read with regret the somewhat insincere casuistry with which St. Aldegonde sought to persuade himself and his fellow-countrymen that a reconciliation with the monarch was desirable, even upon unworthy terms. He was somewhat shocked that so valiant and eloquent a supporter of the Reformation should coolly express his opinion that the King would probably refuse liberty of conscience to the Netherlanders, but would, no doubt, permit heretics to go into banishment. "Perhaps, after we have gone into exile," added St. Aldegonde, almost with baseness, "God may give us an opportunity of doing such good service to the King,

[1] Bor, vii. 478.
[2] Ibid. Kluit, Hist. Holl. Staatsreg., vi. Hoofdst. and Bijlage, i. 401–415.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., iv. 263–278. De Thou, t. vii. liv. vii. 28–37. Hoofd, ix. 343, 344.
[4] Archives et Correspondance, iv. 281.
[5] Bor, viii. 479, 488, 490. Hoofd, ix. 334, 344.
[6] Bor, vii. 481, 482. Archives et Corresp., iv. 237.
[7] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291, 445.
[8] Ibid. [9] Bor, vii. 482.

that he will lend us a more favourable ear, and, peradventure, permit our return to the country."[1]

Certainly such language was not becoming the pen which wrote the famous Compromise. The Prince himself was, however, not to be induced, even by the captivity and the remonstrances of so valued a friend, to swerve from the path of duty. He still maintained, in public and private, that the withdrawal of foreign troops from the provinces, the restoration of the old constitutional privileges, and the entire freedom of conscience in religious matters, were the indispensable conditions of any pacification. It was plain to him that the Spaniards were not ready to grant these conditions, but he felt confident that he should accomplish the release of St. Aldegonde without condescending to an ignominious peace.

The most pressing matter, upon the Grand Commander's arrival, was obviously to relieve the city of Middelburg. Mondragon, after so stanch a defence, would soon be obliged to capitulate, unless he should promptly receive supplies. Requesens, accordingly, collected seventy-five ships at Bergen op Zoom, which were placed nominally under the command of Admiral de Glimes, but in reality under that of Julian Romero. Another fleet of thirty vessels had been assembled at Antwerp under Sancho d'Avila. Both, amply freighted with provisions, were destined to make their way to Middelburg by the two different passages of the Honde and the Eastern Scheld.[2] On the other hand, the Prince of Orange had repaired to Flushing to superintend the operations of Admiral Boisot, who already, in obedience to his orders, had got a powerful squadron in readiness at that place. Late in January 1574, D'Avila arrived in the neighbourhood of Flushing, where he awaited the arrival of Romero's fleet. United, the two commanders were to make a determined attempt to reinforce the starving city of Middelburg.[3] At the same time Governor Requesens made his appearance in person at Bergen op Zoom to expedite the departure of the stronger fleet,[4] but it was not the intention of the Prince of Orange to allow this expedition to save the city. The Spanish generals, however valiant, were to learn that their genius was not amphibious, and that the Beggars of the Sea were still invincible on their own element, even if their brethren of the land had occasonally quailed.

Admiral Boisot's fleet had already moved up the Scheld and taken a position nearly opposite to Bergen op Zoom.[5] On the 20th of January the Prince of Orange, embarking from Zierick Zee, came to make them a visit before the impending action. His galley, conspicuous for its elegant decorations, was exposed for some time to the artillery of the fort, but providentially escaped unharmed. He assembled all the officers of his armada, and, in brief but eloquent language, reminded them how necessary it was to the salvation of the whole country that they should prevent the city of Middelburg—the key to the whole of Zealand, already upon the point of falling into the hands of the patriots—from being now wrested from their grasp. On the sea, at least, the Hollanders and Zealanders were at home. The officers and men, with one accord, rent the air with their cheers. They swore that they would shed every drop of blood in their veins but they would sustain the Prince and the country; and they solemnly vowed not only to serve, if necessary, without wages, but to sacrifice all that they possessed in the world rather than abandon the cause of their fatherland.[6] Having by his

[1] See the Letter of St. Aldegonde, in Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 78, sqq.
[2] Bor, vii. 479. Hoofd, ix. 335. Meteren, v. 88.
[3] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[4] Mendoza, xi. 225. Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.
[5] Bor, vii. 479.
[6] Letter of De la Klunder in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 307: "Tellement encouragea les soldats que tous d'une même voix respondirent qu'ils étoient prets d'assister à son Exc. jusques à la dernière goutte de leur sang, et que plus tot que d'abandonner la cause, aymeroient mieulx de servir un an sans recevoir maille, voire à enchanger tout ce qu'ils ont en ce monde."

presence and his language aroused their valour to so high a pitch of enthusiasm, the Prince departed for Delft, to make arrangements to drive the Spaniards from the siege of Leyden.[1]

On the 29th of January, the fleet of Romero sailed from Bergen, disposed in three divisions, each numbering twenty-five vessels of different sizes. As the Grand Commander stood on the dyke of Schakerloo to witness the departure, a general salute was fired by the fleet in his honour, but with most unfortunate augury. The discharge, by some accident, set fire to the magazine of one of the ships, which blew up with a terrible explosion, every soul on board perishing. The expedition, nevertheless, continued its way. Opposite Romerswael, the fleet of Boisot awaited them, drawn up in battle array.[2] As an indication of the spirit which animated this hardy race, it may be mentioned that Schot, captain of the flag-ship, had been left on shore, dying of a pestilential fever. Admiral Boisot had appointed a Flushinger, Klaaf Klaafzoon, in his place. Just before the action, however, Schot, "scarcely able to blow a feather from his mouth," staggered on board his ship, and claimed the command.[3] There was no disputing a precedency which he had risen from his death-bed to vindicate. There was, however, a short discussion, as the enemy's fleet approached, between these rival captains regarding the manner in which the Spaniards should be received. Klaafzoon was of opinion that most of the men should go below till after the enemy's first discharge. Schot insisted that all should remain on deck, ready to grapple with the Spanish fleet, and to board them without the least delay. The sentiment of Schot prevailed, and all hands stood on deck, ready with boarding-pikes and grappling-irons.[4]

The first division of Romero came nearer, and delivered its first broadside, when Schot and Klaafzoon both fell mortally wounded. Admiral Boisot lost an eye,[5] and many officers and sailors in the other vessels were killed or wounded. This was, however, the first and last of the cannonading. As many of Romero's vessels as could be grappled with in the narrow estuary found themselves locked in close embrace with their enemies. A murderous hand-to-hand conflict succeeded. Battle-axe, boarding-pike, pistol, and dagger were the weapons. Every man who yielded himself a prisoner was instantly stabbed and tossed into the sea by the remorseless Zealanders. Fighting only to kill, and not to plunder, they did not even stop to take the gold chains which many Spaniards wore on their necks. It had, however, been obvious from the beginning that the Spanish fleet were not likely to achieve that triumph over the patriots which was necessary before they could relieve Middelburg. The battle continued a little longer; but after fifteen ships had been taken and twelve hundred royalists slain, the remainder of the enemy's fleet retreated into Bergen.[6] Romero himself, whose ship had grounded, sprang out of a porthole and swam ashore, followed by such of his men as were able to imitate him. He landed at the very feet of the Grand Commander, who, wet and cold, had been standing all day upon the dyke of Schakerloo, in the midst of a pouring rain, only to witness the total defeat of his armada at last.[7] "I told your Excellency," said Romero, coolly, as he climbed, all dripping, on the bank, "that I was a land-fighter and not a sailor. If you were to give me the command of a hundred fleets, I believe that none of them would fare better than this has done."[8] The Governor and his

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 247, sqq.
[2] Hoofd, ix. 336. Bor, vii. 479. Mendoza, xi. 225. Meteren, v. 89.
[3] Hoofd, ix. 336: "Zoo haast als hy een veder vanden moudt blaazen kan quam met noch ungenesen lichaam weeder t'scheep."
[4] Hoofd, ubi sup. [5] Ibid. Bor, vii. 479.
[6] Meteren, v. 89. Hoofd, ix. 336. Bor, vii. 479. Mendoza, xi. 226, 227.
[7] Cabrera, x. 780. Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[8] "Vide Excellencia bien sabia que yo no era marinero sino infante, no me entregue mas armadas, porque si ciento me diesse es de temer que las pierda todas" —Mendoza, xi. 227.

discomfited but philosophical lieutenants, then returned to Bergen, and thence to Brussels, acknowledging that the city of Middelburg must fall; while Sancho d'Avila, hearing of the disaster which had befallen his countrymen, brought his fleet with the greatest expedition back to Antwerp. Thus the gallant Mondragon was abandoned to his fate.[1]

That fate could no longer be protracted. The city of Middelburg had reached and passed the starvation point. Still Mondragon was determined not to yield at discretion, although very willing to capitulate. The Prince of Orange, after the victory of Bergen, was desirous of an unconditional surrender, believing it to be his right, and knowing that he could not be supposed capable of practising upon Middelburg the vengeance which had been wreaked on Naarden, Zutphen, and Harlem. Mondragon, however, swore that he would set fire to the city in twenty places, and perish with every soldier and burgher in the flames together, rather than abandon himself to the enemy's mercy.[2] The Prince knew that the brave Spaniard was entirely capable of executing his threat. He granted honourable conditions, which, on the 18th February, were drawn up in five articles, and signed.[3] It was agreed that Mondragon and his troops should leave the place, with their arms, ammunition, and all their personal property. The citizens who remained were to take oath of fidelity to the Prince, as stadholder for his Majesty, and were to pay besides a subsidy of three hundred thousand florins. Mondragon was, furthermore, to procure the discharge of St. Aldegonde, and of four other prisoners of rank, or, failing in the attempt, was to return within two months, and constitute himself prisoner of war. The Catholic priests were to take away from the city none of their property but their clothes.[4] In accordance with this capitulation, Mondragon, and those who wished to accompany him, left the city on the 21st of February, and were conveyed to the Flemish shore at Neuz. It will be seen in the sequel that the Governor neither granted him the release of the five prisoners, nor permitted him to return according to his parole. A few days afterwards, the Prince entered the city, re-organised the magistracy, received the allegiance of the inhabitants, restored the ancient constitution, and liberally remitted two-thirds of the sum in which they had been mulcted.[5]

The Spaniards had thus been successfully driven from the isle of Walcheren, leaving the Hollanders and Zealanders masters of the sea-coast. Since the siege of Alkmaar had been raised, however, the enemy had remained within the territory of Holland. Leyden was closely invested, the country in a desperate condition, and all communication between its different cities nearly suspended.[6] It was comparatively easy for the Prince of Orange to equip and man his fleets. The genius and habits of the people made them at home upon the water, and inspired them with a feeling of superiority to their adversaries. It was not so upon land. Strong to resist, patient to suffer, the Hollanders, although terrible in defence, had not the necessary discipline or experience to meet the veteran legions of Spain with confidence in the open field. To raise the siege of Leyden, the main reliance of the Prince was upon Count Louis, who was again in Germany. In the later days of Alva's administration, William had written to his brothers urging them speedily to arrange the details of a campaign, of which he forwarded them a sketch.[7] As soon as a sufficient force had been levied in Germany, an attempt was to be made upon Maestricht. If that failed, Louis was to cross the Meuse in

1 Bor, vii. 479, 480. Meteren, v. 89. Hoofd, ix. 338.

2 "Mondragon antworode, dat hy en de zynen de staat eer tot twintigh plaatsen aan brandt zouden steeken, daar naa in eenen uitval zich fechtende laaten aan stukken haaken."—Hoofd, ix. 330.

3 Bor, vii. 480. Meteren, v. 89. Mendoza, xi. 229.

4 Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Mendoza, ubi sup. Cabrera, x. 781.

5 Bor, vii. 481.

6 Ibid., 478.

7 Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 246, 247, sqq.

the neighbourhood of Stochem, make his way towards the Prince's own city of Gertruidenburg, and thence make a junction with his brother in the neighbourhood of Delft. They were then to take up a position together between Harlem and Leyden. In that case, it seemed probable that the Spaniards would find themselves obliged to fight at a great disadvantage, or to abandon the country. "In short," said the Prince, "if this enterprise be arranged with due diligence and discretion, I hold it as the only certain means for putting a speedy end to the war, and for driving these devils of Spaniards out of the country, before the Duke of Alva has time to raise another army to support them." [1]

In pursuance of this plan, Louis had been actively engaged all the earlier part of the winter in levying troops and raising supplies. He had been assisted by the French princes with considerable sums of money, as an earnest of what he was in future to expect from that source. He had made an unsuccessful attempt to effect the capture of Requesens on his way to take the government of the Netherlands. He had then passed to the frontier of France, where he had held his important interview with Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Anjou, then on the point of departure to ascend the throne of Poland. He had received liberal presents, and still more liberal promises. Anjou had assured him that he would go as far as any of the German princes in rendering active and sincere assistance to the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. The Duc d'Alençon—soon, in his brother's absence, to succeed to the chieftainship of the new alliance between the "politiques" and the Huguenots—had also pressed his hand, whispering in his ear, as he did so, that the Government of France now belonged to him, as it had recently done to Anjou, and that the Prince might reckon upon his friendship with entire security.[2]

These fine words, which cost nothing when whispered in secret, were not destined to fructify into a very rich harvest, for the mutual jealousy of France and England, lest either should acquire ascendancy in the Netherlands, made both Governments prodigal of promises, while the common fear entertained by them of the power of Spain rendered both languid, insincere, and mischievous allies. Count John, however, was indefatigable in arranging the finances of the proposed expedition, and in levying contributions among his numerous relatives and allies in Germany, while Louis had profited by the occasion of Anjou's passage into Poland to acquire for himself two thousand German and French cavalry, who had served to escort that Prince,[3] and who, being now thrown out of employment, were glad to have a job offered them by a general who was thought to be in funds. Another thousand of cavalry and six thousand foot were soon assembled [4] from those ever-swarming nurseries of mercenary warriors, the smaller German states. With these, towards the end of February, Louis crossed the Rhine in a heavy snowstorm, and bent his course towards Maestricht. All the three brothers of the Prince accompanied this little army, besides Duke Christopher, son of the Elector Palatine.[5]

Before the end of the month the army reached the Meuse, and encamped within four miles of Maestricht, on the opposite side of the river.[6] The garrison, commanded by Montesdoca, was weak, but the news of the warlike preparations in Germany had preceded the arrival of Count Louis. Requesens, feeling the gravity of the occasion, had issued orders for an immediate levy of eight thousand cavalry in Germany, with a proportionate number of infantry. At

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 246, 247, sqq.
[2] Letter of Count Louis to Prince of Orange, Archives, etc., iv. 278–281.
[3] Hoofd, ix. 334. Mendoza, xi. 231.
[4] Meteren, v. 90. Compare Bor, vii. 489; Mendoza, xi. 231.
[5] Bor, vii. 489, 490.
[6] Ibid., 490. Mendoza, xi. 231, 233. Archives et Correspondance, iv. 327.

the same time he had directed Don Bernardino de Mendoza, with some companies of cavalry then stationed in Breda, to throw himself without delay into Maestricht. Don Sancho d'Avila was intrusted with the general care of resisting the hostile expedition. That general had forthwith collected all the troops which could be spared from every town where they were stationed, had strengthened the cities of Antwerp, Ghent, Nimwegen, and Valenciennes, where there were known to be many secret adherents of Orange, and with the remainder of his forces had put himself in motion to oppose the entrance of Louis into Brabant, and his junction with his brother in Holland. Braccamonte had been dispatched to Leyden in order instantly to draw off the forces which were besieging the city. Thus Louis had already effected something of importance by the very news of his approach.[1]

Meantime the Prince of Orange had raised six thousand infantry, whose rendezvous was the Isle of Bommel. He was disappointed at the paucity of the troops which Louis had been able to collect, but he sent messengers immediately to him, with a statement of his own condition, and with directions to join him in the Isle of Bommel as soon as Maestricht should be reduced. It was, however, not in the destiny of Louis to reduce Maestricht. His expedition had been marked with disaster from the beginning. A dark and threatening prophecy had, even before its commencement, enwrapped Louis, his brethren, and his little army, in a funereal pall. More than a thousand of his men had deserted before he reached the Meuse. When he encamped opposite Maestricht, he found the river neither frozen nor open, the ice obstructing the navigation, but being too weak for the weight of an army.[2] While he was thus delayed and embarrassed, Mendoza arrived in the city with reinforcements. It seemed already necessary for Louis to abandon his hopes of Maestricht, but he was at least desirous of crossing the river in that neighbourhood, in order to effect his junction with the Prince at the earliest possible moment. While the stream was still encumbered with ice, however, the enemy removed all the boats. On the 3d of March, Avila arrived with a large body of troops at Maestricht; on the 18th Mendoza crossed the river in the night, giving the patriots so severe an *encamisada*, that seven hundred were killed, at the expense of only seven of his own party. Harassed, but not dispirited by these disasters, Louis broke up his camp on the 21st, and took a position farther down the river, at Fauquemont and Gulpen, castles in the Duchy of Limburg. On the 3d of April, Braccamonte arrived at Maestricht with twenty-five companies of Spaniards and three of cavalry, while on the same day Mondragon reached the scene of action with his sixteen companies of veterans.[3]

It was now obvious to Louis, not only that he should not take Maestricht, but that his eventual junction with his brother was at least doubtful, every soldier who could possibly be spared seeming in motion to oppose his progress. He was, to be sure, not yet outnumbered, but the enemy was increasing, and his own force diminishing daily. Moreover, the Spaniards were highly disciplined and experienced troops; while his own soldiers were mercenaries, already clamorous and insubordinate.[4] On the 8th of April he again shifted his encampment, and took his course along the right bank of the Meuse, between that river and the Rhine, in the direction of Nimwegen.[5] Avila promptly decided to follow him upon the opposite bank of the Meuse, intending to throw himself between Louis and the Prince of Orange, and by a rapid march to give the Count battle before he could join his brother. On the 8th

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[1] Mendoza, xi. 232, 233. Hoofd, ix. 344. Bor, vii. 488–490. Meteren v. 90.
[2] Bor, vii. 490. Mendoza, xi. 233.
[3] Mendoza, xi. 234, 236, 237. Hoofd, ix. 346. Bor, vii. 490.
[4] Meteren, v. 90, 92.
[5] Bor, vii. 490.

April, at early dawn, Louis had left the neighbourhood of Maestricht,[1] and on the 13th he encamped at the village of Mook, on the Meuse, near the confines of Cleves.[2] Sending out his scouts, he learned, to his vexation, that the enemy had outmarched him, and were now within cannon-shot. On the 13th, Avila had constructed a bridge of boats, over which he had effected the passage of the Meuse with his whole army,[3] so that on the Count's arrival at Mook, he found the enemy facing him, on the same side of the river, and directly in his path.[4] It was, therefore, obvious that, in this narrow space between the Waal and the Meuse, where they were now all assembled, Louis must achieve a victory unaided, or abandon his expedition, and leave the Hollanders to despair. He was distressed at the position in which he found himself, for he had hoped to reduce Maestricht, and to join his brother in Holland. Together, they could, at least, have expelled the Spaniards from that territory, in which case it was probable that a large part of the population in the different provinces would have risen. According to present aspects, the destiny of the country, for some time to come, was likely to hang upon the issue of a battle which he had not planned, and for which he was not fully prepared. Still he was not the man to be disheartened, nor had he ever possessed the courage to refuse a battle when offered. Upon this occasion, it would be difficult to retreat without disaster and disgrace, but it was equally difficult to achieve a victory. Thrust, as he was, like a wedge into the very heart of a hostile country, he was obliged to force his way through, or to remain in his enemy's power. Moreover, and worst of all, his troops were in a state of mutiny for their wages.[5] While he talked to them of honour, they howled to him for money. It was the custom of these mercenaries to mutiny on the eve of battle—of the Spaniards, after it had been fought. By the one course, a victory was often lost which might have been achieved; by the other, when won, it was rendered fruitless.

Avila had chosen his place of battle with great skill. On the right bank of the Meuse, upon a narrow plain which spread from the river to a chain of hills within cannon-shot on the north, lay the little village of Mook.[6] The Spanish general knew that his adversary had the superiority in cavalry, and that within this compressed space it would not be possible to derive much advantage from the circumstance.

On the 14th, both armies were drawn up in battle array at earliest dawn,[7] Louis having strengthened his position by a deep trench, which extended from Mook, where he had stationed ten companies of infantry, which thus rested on the village and the river. Next came the bulk of his infantry, disposed in a single square. On their right was his cavalry, arranged in four squadrons, as well as the narrow limits of the field would allow. A small portion of them, for want of space, was stationed on the hillside.[8]

Opposite, the forces of Don Sancho were drawn up in somewhat similar fashion. Twenty-five companies of Spaniards were disposed in four bodies of pikemen and musketeers; their right resting on the river. On their left was the cavalry, disposed by Mendoza in the form of a half moon—the horns garnished by two small bodies of sharpshooters. In the front ranks of the cavalry were the mounted carabineers of Schenk; behind were the Spanish lancers. The village of Mook lay between the two armies.[9]

The skirmishing began at early dawn with an attack upon the trench, and continued some hours, without bringing on a general engagement. Towards

[1] Mendoza, xi. 238.
[2] Ibid., 239. Bor, vii. 490.
[3] Mendoza, xi. 238, 239.
[4] Ibid., 239. Bor, vii. 490. Hoofd, ix. 347.
[5] Meteren, v. 91.
[6] Mendoza, xi. 239. Bentivoglio, viii. 142, 143.
[7] Mendoza, xi. 241. Bor, vii. 491.
[8] Mendoza, xi. 239, 240. Bentivoglio, viii. 142, 143. Bor, vii. 491, 492.
[9] Mendoza, Bentivoglio, Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, ix. 347, 348

ten o'clock Count Louis became impatient. All the trumpets of the patriots now rang out a challenge to their adversaries,[1] and the Spaniards were just returning the defiance, and preparing a general onset, when the Seigneur de Hierges and Baron Chevreaux arrived on the field. They brought with them a reinforcement of more than a thousand men, and the intelligence that Valdez was on his way with nearly five thousand more.[2] As he might be expected on the following morning, a short deliberation was held as to the expediency of deferring the action. Count Louis was at the head of six thousand foot and two thousand cavalry. Avila mustered only four thousand infantry and not quite a thousand horse.[3] This inferiority would be changed on the morrow into an overwhelming superiority. Meantime, it was well to remember the punishment endured by Aremberg at Heiliger Lee for not waiting till Meghen's arrival. This prudent counsel was, however, very generally scouted, and by none more loudly than by Hierges and Chevreaux, who had brought the intelligence. It was thought that at this juncture nothing could be more indiscreet than discretion. They had a wary and audacious general to deal with. While they were waiting for their reinforcements, he was quite capable of giving them the slip. He might thus effect the passage of the stream and that union with his brother which had been thus far so successfully prevented. This reasoning prevailed,[4] and the skirmishing at the trench was renewed with redoubled vigour, an additional force being sent against it. After a short and fierce struggle it was carried, and the Spaniards rushed into the village, but were soon dislodged by a larger detachment of infantry which Count Louis sent to the rescue.[5] The battle now became general at this point.

Nearly all the patriot infantry were employed to defend the post; nearly all the Spanish infantry were ordered to assail it. The Spaniards, dropping on their knees, according to custom, said a Paternoster and an Ave Mary, and then rushed in mass to the attack. After a short but sharp conflict, the trench was again carried, and the patriots completely routed. Upon this, Count Louis charged with all his cavalry upon the enemy's horse, which had hitherto remained motionless. With the first shock the mounted arquebusiers of Schenk, constituting the vanguard, were broken, and fled in all directions. So great was their panic, as Louis drove them before him, that they never stopped till they had swum or been drowned in the river, the survivors carrying the news to Grave and to other cities that the royalists had been completely routed This was, however, very far from the truth. The patriot cavalry, mostly carabineers, wheeled after the first discharge, and retired to reload their pieces, but before they were ready for another attack, the Spanish lancers and the German black troopers, who had all remained firm, set upon them with great spirit. A fierce, bloody, and confused action succeeded, in which the patriots were completely overthrown.[6]

Count Louis, finding that the day was lost, and his army cut to pieces, rallied around him a little band of troopers, among whom were his brother Count Henry and Duke Christopher, and together they made a final and desperate charge.[7] It was the last that was ever seen of them on earth. They all went down together in the midst of the fight, and were never heard of more. The battle terminated, as usual in these conflicts of mutual hatred, in a horrible butchery, hardly any of the patriot army being left to tell the tale of their disaster. At least four thousand were killed, including those who were slain on the field, those who were suffocated in the marshes or the river, and those who

[1] Mendoza, xi. 241.
[2] Ibid. Hoofd, ix. 348.
[3] Mendoza, xi. 240. Bentivoglio, viii. 141.
[4] Hoofd, ix. 348. Bentivoglio, Mendoza, ubi sup. Bor, vii. 491, 492. Cabrera, x. 784, 785.
[5] Mendoza, xi. 242. Hoofd.
[6] Mendoza, xi. 242–244. Hoofd, ix. 350. Meteren, v. 91.
[7] Hoofd, ix. 350, 351. Mendoza, xi. 244. Bentivoglio, viii. 145.

were burned in the farmhouses where they had taken refuge.[1] It was uncertain which of those various modes of death had been the lot of Count Louis, his brother, and his friend. The mystery was never solved. They had probably all died on the field, but, stripped of their clothing, with their faces trampled upon by the hoofs of horses, it was not possible to distinguish them from the less illustrious dead. It was the opinion of many that they had been drowned in the river—of others, that they had been burned.[2] There was a vague tale that Louis, bleeding, but not killed, had struggled forth from the heap of corpses where he had been thrown, had crept to the river-side, and, while washing his wounds, had been surprised and butchered by a party of rustics.[3] The story was not generally credited, but no man knew, or was destined to learn, the truth.

A dark and fatal termination to this last enterprise of Count Louis had been anticipated by many. In that superstitious age, when emperors and princes daily investigated the future by alchemy, by astrology, and by books of fate filled with formulæ as gravely and precisely set forth as algebraical equations[4] —when men of every class, from monarch to peasant, implicitly believed in supernatural portents and prophecies—it was not singular that a somewhat striking appearance observed in the sky some weeks previously to the battle of Mookerheyde should have inspired many persons with a shuddering sense of impending evil.

Early in February, five soldiers of the burgher guard at Utrecht, being on their midnight watch, beheld in the sky above them the representation of a furious battle. The sky was extremely dark, except directly over their heads, where, for a space equal in extent to the length of the city, and in breadth to that of an ordinary chamber, two armies, in battle array, were seen advancing upon each other. The one moved rapidly up from the north-west, with banners waving, spears flashing, trumpets sounding, accompanied by heavy artillery, and by squadrons of cavalry. The other came slowly forward from the south-east, as if from an entrenched camp, to encounter their assailants There was a fierce action for a few moments, the shouts of the combatants, the heavy discharge of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the tramp of heavy-armed foot-soldiers, the rush of cavalry, being distinctly heard. The firmament trembled with the shock of the contending hosts, and was lurid with the rapid discharges of their artillery. After a short, fierce engagement, the north-western army was beaten back in disorder, but rallied again, after a breathing-time, formed again into solid column, and again advanced. Their foes, arrayed, as the witnesses affirmed, in a square and closely serried grove of spears and muskets, again awaited the attack. Once more the aerial cohorts closed upon each other, all the signs and sounds of a desperate encounter being distinctly recognised by the eager witnesses. The struggle seemed

[1] Bentivoglio, viii. 145. Compare Cabrera, x. 781–786; Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup. According to Mendoza, but forty of the Spanish army were killed; according to the Dutch historians, about two hundred.

[2] Meteren, v. 91. Bor, vii. 491, 492. Hoofd, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. The Walloon historian, occasionally cited in these pages, has a more summary manner of accounting for the fate of these distinguished personages. According to his statement, the leaders of the Protestant forces dined and made merry at a convent in the neighbourhood upon Good Friday, five days before the battle, using the sacramental chalices at the banquet, and mixing consecrated wafers with their wine. As a punishment for this sacrilege, the army was utterly overthrown, and the devil himself *flew away with the chieftains, body and soul.*

"Oires Dieu permit que cinq jours après ne restait de leurs principaulx chefs ung seul vif; que plus est, entre les corps morts plusieurs de ces seigneurs n'ont été retrouvés nonobstant toute curieuse recherche; à ceste cause lon creut du comenchement que ils estoient eschappés, et depuis que ils étoient emporéts en corps et en âme."—Renom de France MS., ii. c. xxx.

[3] Francisci Haraei, Ann. Tumult. Belg., iii. 203. Strada, viii. 383, alludes to the story without confirming it.

[4] The conjuring books, in many folio volumes, containing the tables of wizard logarithms, by which Augustus of Saxony was accustomed to steer his course upon the sea of life, and by the aid of which he considered himself competent to ascertain all future events, and their effect upon his destiny, may still be seen inthe Library of Dresden. No doubt the Elector consulted these tables most anxiously at the time when Count Louis and Duke Christopher were marching towards the Meuse. With still more intensity he studied their combinations when the projected marriage betweer the Prince of Orange and Charlotte of Bourbon was last announced to him.

but short. The lances of the south-eastern army seemed to snap "like hemp-stalks," while their firm columns all went down together in mass, beneath the onset of their enemies. The overthrow was complete—victors and vanquished had faded, the clear blue space, surrounded by black clouds, was empty, when suddenly its whole extent, where the conflict had so lately raged, was streaked with blood, flowing athwart the sky in broad crimson streams, nor was it till the five witnesses had fully watched and pondered over these portents that the vision entirely vanished.[1]

So impressed were the grave magistrates of Utrecht with the account given next day by the sentinels, that a formal examination of the circumstances was made, the deposition of each witness, under oath, duly recorded,[2] and a vast deal of consultation of soothsayers' books and other auguries employed to elucidate the mystery. It was universally considered typical of the anticipated battle between Count Louis and the Spaniards. When, therefore, it was known that the patriots, moving from the south-east, had arrived at Mookerheyde, and that their adversaries, crossing the Meuse at Grave, had advanced upon them from the north-west, the result of the battle was considered inevitable—the phantom battle of Utrecht its infallible precursor.

Thus perished Louis of Nassau in the flower of his manhood, in the midst of a career already crowded with events such as might suffice for a century of ordinary existence. It is difficult to find in history a more frank and loyal character. His life was noble; the elements of the heroic and the genial so mixed in him that the imagination contemplates him, after three centuries, with an almost affectionate interest. He was not a great man. He was far from possessing the subtle genius or the expansive views of his brother; but, called as he was to play a prominent part in one of the most complicated and imposing dramas ever enacted by man, he, nevertheless, always acquitted himself with honour. His direct, fearless, and energetic nature commanded alike the respect of friend and foe. As a politician, a soldier, and a diplomatist, he was busy, bold and true. He accomplished by sincerity what many thought could only be compassed by trickery. Dealing often with the most adroit and most treacherous of princes and statesmen, he frequently carried his point, and he never stooped to flattery. From the time when, attended by his "twelve disciples," he assumed the most prominent part in the negotiations with Margaret of Parma, through all the various scenes of the revolution, through all the conferences with Spaniards, Italians, Huguenots, malcontents, Flemish councillors, or German princes, he was the consistent and unflinching supporter of religious liberty and constitutional law. The battle of Heiliger Lee and the capture of Mons were his most signal triumphs, but the fruits of both were annihilated by subsequent disaster. His headlong courage was his chief foible. The French accused him of losing the battle of Moncontour by his impatience to engage; yet they acknowledged that to his masterly conduct it was owing that their retreat was effected in so successful and even so brilliant a manner.[3] He was censured for rashness and precipitancy in this last and fatal enterprise, but the reproach seems entirely without foundation. The expedition, as already stated, had been deliberately arranged, with the full co-operation of his brother, and had been preparing several months. That he was able to set no larger force on foot than that which he led into Gueldres was not his fault. But for the floating ice which barred his passage of the Meuse, he would have surprised Maestricht; but for the mutiny, which

[1] Bor, vii. 492.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd also relates the story, premising that he could hardly omit doing so, since the magistrates of Utrecht considered the subject worthy of a formal investigation (ix. 352).

[3] "Car ce fut luy qui fit cette belle retraite à la bataille de Moncontour, secondant fort à propos Monsieur l'Admiral qui avoit été blessé."—Brantôme, Grands Capitaines, etc., P. d'Orange et Comte L. de Nassau.

rendered his mercenary soldiers cowards, he might have defeated Avila at Mookerheyde. Had he done so, he would have joined his brother in the Isle of Bommel in triumph; the Spaniards would probably have been expelled from Holland, and Leyden saved the horrors of that memorable siege which she was soon called upon to endure. These results were not in his destiny. Providence had decreed that he should perish in the midst of his usefulness; that the Prince, in his death, should lose the right hand which had been so swift to execute his various plans, and the faithful fraternal heart which had always responded so readily to every throb of his own.

In figure, he was below the middle height, but martial and noble in his bearing. The expression of his countenance was lively; his manner frank and engaging. All who knew him personally loved him, and he was the idol of his gallant brethren. His mother always addressed him as her dearly beloved, her heart's-cherished Louis. "You must come soon to me," she wrote in the last year of his life, "for I have many matters to ask your advice upon; and I thank you beforehand, for you have loved me as your mother all the days of your life; for which may God Almighty have you in His holy keeping."[1]

It was the doom of this high-born, true-hearted dame to be called upon to weep oftener for her children than is the usual lot of mothers. Count Adolphus had already perished in his youth on the field of Heiliger Lee, and now Louis and his young brother Henry, who had scarcely attained his twenty-sixth year, and whose short life had been passed in that faithful service to the cause of freedom which was the instinct of his race, had both found a bloody and an unknown grave. Count John, who had already done so much for the cause, was fortunately spared to do much more. Although of the expedition, and expecting to participate in the battle, he had, at the urgent solicitation of all the leaders, left the army for a brief season in order to obtain at Cologne a supply of money for the mutinous troops. He had started upon this mission two days before the action[2] in which he too would otherwise have been sacrificed. The young Duke Christopher, "optimæ indolis et magnæ spei adolescens,"[3] who had perished on the same field, was sincerely mourned by the lovers of freedom. His father, the Elector, found his consolation in the Scriptures, and in the reflection that his son had died in the bed of honour, fighting for the cause of God. "'Twas better thus," said that stern Calvinist, whose dearest wish was to "Calvinise the world,"[4] "than to have passed his time in idleness, which is the devil's pillow."[5]

Vague rumours of the catastrophe had spread far and wide. It was soon certain that Louis had been defeated, but, for a long time, conflicting reports were in circulation as to the fate of the leaders. The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, passed days of intense anxiety, expecting hourly to hear from his brothers, listening to dark rumours, which he refused to credit, and could not contradict, and writing letters, day after day, long after the eyes which should have read the friendly missives were closed.[6]

The victory of the King's army at Mookerheyde had been rendered comparatively barren by the mutiny which broke forth the day after the battle.[7] Three years' pay were due to the Spanish troops, and it was not surprising that upon this occasion one of those periodic rebellions should break forth, by which the royal cause was frequently so much weakened, and the royal

[1] Archives et Correspondance, iv. 174.
[2] Ibid., 369. [3] Ibid., 367. [4] Ibid., 71.
[5] Ibid., 367. [6] Ibid., 372.
[7] Bor, vii. 494, sqq. Meteren, v. 91. Hoofd, ix. 352–359. Mendoza, xi. xii. 246, 247. Bentivoglio, viii. 146–149. The account given by the last-mentioned historian is the clearest and most elegantly written account of this mutiny which exists. As a specimen of a system from which many important consequences were destined to flow at different periods, the subject demands especial attention.

governors so intolerably perplexed. These mutinies were of almost regular occurrence, and attended by as regular a series of phenomena. The Spanish troops, living so far from their own country, but surrounded by their women and constantly increasing swarms of children, constituted a locomotive city of considerable population, permanently established on a foreign soil. It was a city walled in by bayonets, and still further isolated from the people around by the impassable moat of mutual hatred. It was a city obeying the articles of war, governed by despotic authority, and yet occasionally revealing, in full force, the irrepressible democratic element. At periods which could almost be calculated, the military populace were wont to rise upon the privileged classes, to deprive them of office and liberty, and to set up in their place commanders of their own election. A governor-in-chief, a sergeant-major, a board of councillors, and various other functionaries, were chosen by acclamation and universal suffrage. The Eletto, or chief officer, thus appointed, was clothed with supreme power, but forbidden to exercise it. He was surrounded by councillors, who watched his every motion, read all his correspondence, and assisted at all his conferences, while the councillors were themselves narrowly watched by the commonalty. These movements were, however, in general, marked by the most exemplary order. Anarchy became a system of government; rebellion enacted and enforced the strictest rules of discipline; theft, drunkenness, violence to women, were severely punished.[1] As soon as the mutiny broke forth, the first object was to take possession of the nearest city, where the Eletto was usually established in the townhouse, and the soldiery quartered upon the citizens. Nothing in the shape of food or lodging was too good for these marauders. Men who had lived for years on camp rations—coarse knaves who had held the plough till compelled to handle the musket—now slept in fine linen, and demanded from the trembling burghers the daintiest viands. They ate the land bare, like a swarm of locusts. "Chickens and partridges," says the thrifty chronicler of Antwerp, "capons and pheasants, hares and rabbits, two kinds of wines; for sauces, capers and olives, citrons and oranges, spices and sweatmeats; wheaten bread for their dogs, and even wine to wash the feet of their horses;[2]—such was the entertainment demanded and obtained by the mutinous troops. They were very willing both to enjoy the luxury of this forage, and to induce the citizens, from weariness of affording compelled hospitality, to submit to a taxation by which the military claims might be liquidated.

A city thus occupied was at the mercy of a foreign soldiery which had renounced all authority but that of self-imposed law. The King's officers were degraded, perhaps murdered; while those chosen to supply their places had only a nominal control. The Eletto, day by day, proclaimed from the balcony of the townhouse the latest rules and regulations. If satisfactory, there was a clamour of applause; if objectionable, they were rejected with a tempest of hisses, with discharges of musketry. The Eletto did not govern; he was a dictator who could not dictate, but could only register decrees. If too honest, too firm, or too dull for his place, he was deprived of his office, and sometimes of his life. Another was chosen in his room, often to be succeeded by a series of others, destined to the same fate. Such were the main characteristics of those formidable mutinies, the result of the unthriftiness and dishonesty by which the soldiery engaged in these interminable hostilities were deprived of their dearly earned wages. The expense of the war was bad enough at best, but when it is remembered that of three or four dollars sent from Spain, or contributed by the provinces for the support of the army, hardly one reached

[1] Bentivoglio, viii. 147. [2] Meteren, v. 103.

the pockets of the soldier,[1] the frightful expenditure which took place may be imagined. It was not surprising that so much peculation should engender revolt.

The mutiny which broke out after the defeat of Count Louis was marked with the most pronounced and inflammatory of these symptoms. Three years' pay was due to the Spaniards, who, having just achieved a signal victory, were disposed to reap its fruits by fair means or by force. On receiving nothing but promises in answer to their clamorous demands, they mutinied to a man, and crossed the Meuse to Grave,[2] whence, after accomplishing the usual elections, they took their course to Antwerp. Being in such strong force, they determined to strike at the capital. Rumour flew before them. Champagny, brother of Granvelle, and royal governor of the city wrote in haste to apprise Requesens of the approaching danger. The Grand Commander, attended only by Vitelli, repaired instantly to Antwerp. Champagny advised throwing up a breastwork with bales of merchandise upon the esplanade, between the citadel and the town,[3] for it was at this point, where the connection between the fortifications of the castle and those of the city had never been thoroughly completed,[4] that the invasion might be expected. Requesens hesitated. He trembled at a conflict with his own soldiery. If successful, he could only be so by trampling upon the flower of his army. If defeated, what would become of the King's authority, with rebellious troops triumphant in rebellious provinces? Sorely perplexed, the Commander could think of no expedient. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing. In the meantime, Champagny, who felt himself odious to the soldiery, retreated to the Newtown, and barricaded himself, with a few followers, in the house of the Baltic merchants.[5]

On the 26th of April, the mutinous troops, in perfect order, marched into the city, effecting their entrance precisely at the weak point where they had been expected. Numbering at least three thousand, they encamped on the esplanade, where Requesens appeared before them alone on horseback, and made them an oration. They listened with composure, but answered briefly and with one accord, "Dineros y non palabras"—dollars, not speeches. Requesens promised profusely, but the time was past for promises. Hard silver dollars would alone content an army which, after three years of bloodshed and starvation, had at last taken the law into their own hands. Requesens withdrew to consult the Broad Council of the city. He was without money himself, but he demanded four hundred thousand crowns of the city.[6] This was at first refused, but the troops knew the strength of their position, for these mutinies were never repressed, and rarely punished. On this occasion the Commander was afraid to employ force, and the burghers, after the army had been quartered upon them for a time, would gladly pay a heavy ransom to be rid of their odious and expensive guests. The mutineers, foreseeing that the work might last a few weeks, and determined to proceed leisurely, took possession of the great square. The Eletto, with his staff of councillors, was quartered in the townhouse, while the soldiers distributed themselves among the houses of the most opulent citizens, no one escaping a billet who was rich enough to receive such company—bishop or burgomaster, margrave or merchant.[7] The most famous kitchens were naturally the most eagerly sought, and sumptuous apartments, luxurious dishes, delicate wines, were daily demanded. The burghers dared not refuse.[8]

The six hundred Walloons, who had been previously quartered in the city,

[1] Requesens to Philip, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1292, p. 457.
[2] Mendoza, Bentivoglio, Bor, Hoofd, Meteren.
[3] Bor, vii. 494.
[4] Bentivoglio, Bor, Meteren et al.
[5] "Oostersfe Huis."—Bor, vii. 494. Meteren. Hoofd.
[6] Meteren, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.
[7] Bor, vii. 494, 495. Hoofd. Meteren.
[8] Meteren, v. 92. Bor, vii. 494, 495. Hoofd, ix. 355, 356. Bentivoglio, viii. [illegible]

were expelled, and for many days the mutiny reigned paramount. Day after day the magistracy, the heads of guilds, all the representatives of the citizens, were assembled in the Broad Council. The Governor-General insisted on his demand of four hundred thousand crowns, representing, with great justice, that the mutineers would remain in the city until they had eaten and drunk to that amount, and that there would still be the arrearages, for which the city would be obliged to raise the funds. On the 9th of May, the authorities made an offer, which was duly communicated to the Eletto. That functionary stood forth on a window-sill of the townhouse, and addressed the soldiery. He informed them that the Grand Commander proposed to pay ten months' arrears in cash, five months' in silks and woollen cloths, and the balance in promises, to be fulfilled within a few days.[1] The terms were not considered satisfactory, and were received with groans of derision. The Eletto, on the contrary, declared them very liberal, and reminded the soldiers of the perilous condition in which they stood, guilty to a man of high treason, with a rope around every neck. It was well worth their while to accept the offer made them, together with the absolute pardon for the past by which it was accompanied. For himself, he washed his hands of the consequences if the offer were rejected. The soldiers answered by deposing the Eletto and choosing another in his room.[2]

Three days after, a mutiny broke out in the citadel—an unexampled occurrence.[3] The rebels ordered Sancho d'Avila, the commandant, to deliver up the keys of the fortress. He refused to surrender them but with his life. They then contented themselves with compelling his lieutenant to leave the citadel, and with sending their Eletto to confer with the Grand Commander, as well as with the Eletto of the army. After accomplishing his mission, he returned, accompanied by Chiappin Vitelli, as envoy of the Governor-General. No sooner, however, had the Eletto set foot on the drawbridge than he was attacked by Ensign Salvatierra of the Spanish garrison, who stabbed him to the heart and threw him into the moat. The ensign, who was renowned in the army for his ferocious courage, and who wore embroidered upon his trunk hose the inscription, "El castigador de los Flamencos,"[4] then rushed upon the sergeant-major of the mutineers, dispatched him in the same way, and tossed him likewise into the moat.[5] These preliminaries being settled, a satisfactory arrangement was negotiated between Vitelli and the rebellious garrison. Pardon for the past, and payment upon the same terms as those offered in the city, were accepted, and the mutiny of the citadel was quelled.[6] It was, however, necessary that Salvatierra should conceal himself for a long time, to escape being torn to pieces by the incensed soldiery.

Meantime, affairs in the city were more difficult to adjust. The mutineers raised an altar of chests and bales upon the public square, and celebrated mass under the open sky, solemnly swearing to be true to each other to the last.[7] The scenes of carousing and merrymaking were renewed at the expense of the citizens, who were again exposed to nightly alarms from the boisterous mirth and ceaseless mischief-making of the soldiers. Before the end of the month, the Broad Council, exhausted by the incubus which had afflicted them so many weeks, acceded to the demand of Requesens. The four hundred thousand crowns were furnished, the Grand Commander accepting them as a loan, and giving in return bonds duly signed and countersigned, together with a mortgage upon all the royal domains.[8] The citizens received the documents as a matter of form, but they had handled such

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd. [2] Hoofd, ix. 359.
[3] "Los soldados del Castillo se amotinaron, alteracion que jamas ha hecho la nacion Española, hallandose en Castillo."—Mendoza, xii. 247.
[4] Meteren, v. 92. Hoofd, ix. 359. "The chastiser of the Flemings."
[5] Mendoza, Meteren, Hoofd. [6] Ibid.
[7] Hoofd, ix. 359. [8] Bor, vii. 494, 495.

securities before, and valued them but slightly. The mutineers now agreed to settle with the Governor-General, on condition of receiving all their wages, either in cash or cloth, together with a solemn promise of pardon for all their acts of insubordination. This pledge was formally rendered with appropriate religious ceremonies by Requesens in the cathedral.[1] The payments were made directly afterwards, and a great banquet was held on the same day by the whole mass of the soldiery to celebrate the event. The feast took place on the place of the Meer, and was a scene of furious revelry. The soldiers, more thoughtless than children, had arrayed themselves in extemporaneous costumes, cut from the cloth which they had at last received in payment of their sufferings and their blood. Broadcloths, silks, satins, and gold-embroidered brocades, worthy of a queen's wardrobe, were hung in fantastic drapery around the sinewy forms and bronzed faces of the soldiery, who, the day before, had been clothed in rags. The mirth was fast and furious; and scarce was the banquet finished before every drumhead became a gaming-table, around which gathered groups eager to sacrifice in a moment their dearly-bought gold.[2]

The fortunate or the prudent had not yet succeeded in entirely plundering their companions, when the distant booming of cannon was heard from the river. Instantly, accoutred as they were in their holiday and fantastic costumes, the soldiers, no longer mutinous, were summoned from banquet and gaming-table, and were ordered forth upon the dykes. The patriot Admiral Boisot, who had so recently defeated the fleet of Bergen under the eyes of the Grand Commander, had unexpectedly sailed up the Scheld, determined to destroy the fleet of Antwerp, which upon that occasion had escaped. Between the forts of Lillo and Callao, he met with twenty-two vessels under the command of Vice-Admiral Haemstede. After a short and sharp action, he was completely victorious. Fourteen of the enemy's ships were burned or sunk, with all their crews, and Admiral Haemstede was taken prisoner. The soldiers opened a warm fire of musketry upon Boisot from the dyke, to which he responded with his cannon. The distance of the combatants, however, made the action unimportant, and the patriots retired down the river, after achieving a complete victory. The Grand Commander was farther than ever from obtaining that foothold on the sea which, as he had informed his sovereign, was the only means by which the Netherlands could be reduced.[3]

CHAPTER II.

First siege of Leyden—Commencement of the second—Description of the city—Preparations for defence—Letters of Orange—Act of amnesty issued by Requesens—Its conditions—Its reception by the Hollanders—Correspondence of the Glippers—Sorties and fierce combats beneath the walls of Leyden—Position of the Prince—His project of relief—Magnanimity of the people—Breaking of the dykes—Emotions in the city and the besieging camp—Letter of the Estates of Holland—Dangerous illness of the Prince—The "Wild Zealanders"—Admiral Boisot commences his voyage—Sanguinary combat on the Land-Scheiding—Occupation of that dyke and of the Green Way—Pauses and progress of the flotilla—The Prince visits the fleet—Horrible sufferings in the city—Speech of Van der Werf—Heroism of the inhabitants—The Admiral's letters—The storm—Advance of Boisot—Lammen fortress—An anxious night—Midnight retreat of the Spaniards—The Admiral enters the city—Thanksgiving in the great church—The Prince in Leyden—Parting words of Valdez—Mutiny—Leyden University founded—The charter—Inauguration ceremonies.

THE invasion of Louis of Nassau had, as already stated, effected the raising of the first siege of Leyden. That leaguer had lasted from the 31st of October

[1] Bentivoglio, viii. 149. [2] Hoofd, ix. 359, 360. [3] Bor, vii. 495, 496. Hoofd, ix. 359, 360. Bentivoglio, viii. 149. Letter of the Prince of Orange, in Archives, etc., v. 11, 12.

1573 to the 21st of March 1574,[1] when the soldiers were summoned away to defend the frontier. By an extraordinary and culpable carelessness, the citizens, neglecting the advice of the Prince, had not taken advantage of the breathing-time thus afforded them to victual the city and strengthen the garrison.[2] They seemed to reckon more confidently upon the success of Count Louis than he had even done himself; for it was very probable that, in case of his defeat, the siege would be instantly resumed. This natural result was not long in following the battle of Mookerheyde.

On the 26th of May, Valdez reappeared before the place, at the head of eight thousand Walloons and Germans,[3] and Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient, and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy deathbed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime-trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation in the centre of the city rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England.[4] Surrounded by fruit-trees, and overgrown in the centre with oaks, it afforded, from its mouldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighbouring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

Valdez lost no time in securing himself in the possession of Maeslandsluis, Vlaardingen, and the Hague. Five hundred English, under command of Colonel Edward Chester, abandoned the fortress of Valkenburg, and fled towards Leyden. Refused admittance by the citizens, who now, with reason, distrusted them, they surrendered to Valdez, and were afterwards sent back to England.[5] In the course of a few days, Leyden was thoroughly invested, no less than sixty-two redoubts, some of them having remained undestroyed from the previous siege, now girdled the city, while the besiegers already numbered nearly eight thousand, a force to be daily increased. On the other hand, there were no troops in the town, save a small corps of "freebooters," and five companies of the burgher guard. John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished for his learning, his poetical genius, and his valour, had accepted the office of military commandant.[6]

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[1] Bor, vii. 502. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 504.
[4] Guicciardini, Descript. Holl. et Zelandiæ. Bor, vii. 502. Bentivoglio, viii. 151.

"Putatur Englstus Britanno
Orbe redux posuisse victor," etc., etc.,

according to the celebrated poem of John Van der Does, the accomplished and valiant commandant of the city. The tower, which is doubtless a Roman one, presents, at the present day, almost precisely the same appearance as that described by the contemporaneous historians of the siege. The verses of the commandant show the opinion that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors of Britain went from Holland to have been a common one in the sixteenth century.

[5] Mendoza, xii. 251, who says that the lives of these English prisoners were spared at his express solicitation. He was at that juncture sent by the Grand Commander on a mission to Queen Elizabeth, and obtained this boon of his superior as a personal favour to himself.

[6] Hoofd, ix. 362. Bor, vii. 505. Guicciardini "Janum Dousam, virum nobilem, Toparcham Nordovicenum, utraque lingua doctissimum, et poetam

The main reliance of the city, under God, was on the stout hearts of its inhabitants within the walls, and on the sleepless energy of William the Silent without. The Prince, hastening to comfort and encourage the citizens, although he had been justly irritated by their negligence in having omitted to provide more sufficiently against the emergency while there had yet been time,[1] now reminded them that they were not about to contend for themselves alone, but that the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all human probability, depend on the issue about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He implored them to hold out at least three months, assuring them that he would, within that time, devise the means of their deliverance.[2] The citizens responded courageously and confidently to these missives, and assured the Prince of their firm confidence in their own fortitude and his exertions.[3]

And truly they had a right to rely on that calm and unflinching soul, as on a rock of adamant. All alone, without a being near him to consult, his right arm struck from him by the death of Louis, with no brother left to him but the untiring and faithful John, he prepared without delay for the new task imposed upon him. France, since the defeat and death of Louis, and the busy intrigues which had followed the accession of Henry III., had but small sympathy for the Netherlands. The English Government, relieved from the fear of France, was more cold and haughty than ever. An Englishman, employed by Requesens to assassinate the Prince of Orange, had been arrested in Zealand, who impudently pretended that he had undertaken to perform the same office for Count John, with the full consent and privity of Queen Elizabeth.[4] The provinces of Holland and Zealand were stanch and true, but the inequality of the contest between a few brave men, upon that handsbreadth of territory, and the powerful Spanish Empire, seemed to render the issue hopeless.

Moreover, it was now thought expedient to publish the amnesty which had been so long in preparation, and this time the trap was more liberally baited. The pardon, which had passed the seals upon the 8th of March, was formally issued by the Grand Commander on the 6th of June.[5] By the terms of this document the King invited all his erring and repentant subjects to return to his arms, and to accept a full forgiveness for their past offences, upon the sole condition that they should once more throw themselves upon the bosom of the Mother Church. There were but few exceptions to the amnesty, a small number of individuals, all mentioned by name, being alone excluded;[6] but although these terms were ample, the act was liable to a few stern objections. It was easier now for the Hollanders to go to their graves than to mass, for the contest, in its progress, had now entirely assumed the aspect of a religious war. Instead of a limited number of heretics in a state which, although constitutional, was Catholic, there was now hardly a Papist to be found among the natives. To accept the pardon, then, was to concede the victory, and the Hollanders had not yet discovered that they were conquered.

egregium."—Desc. Holl., ed. usa., 238, 239. "Juan Duse, Señor de Nortwyck—gentil poeta en la lengua Latina."—Mendoza, xii. 254. "Giovanni Douza, poeta nobile di quel tempo ne' componimenti latini, e molto nobile ancora per qualità di sangue e per altre prerogative di merito."—Bentivoglio, viii. 153.

1 Archives et Correspondance, v. 10.

2 Letter of Orange in Bor, vii. 505.

3 Ibid. Hoofd, ix. 363, 364.

4 The story was incredible so far as the Queen was implicated; but its invention by the assassin indicated the estimate entertained, in general, of her sentiments towards the Netherlands. "Depuis ceste escripte," wrote the Prince to his brother, "l'on m'a icy envoyé de Zealande ung Anglois prisonnier, lequel entre aultres confesse d'avoir esté apporté du nouveau Gouverneur pour me tuer. Et avoit aussi, par charge du dit Gouverneur, entreprins de vous tuer à Couloigne, passé dix ou douze jours. Et toutes fois il dict le tout avoir esté faict par consentement et avec intelligence de la Royne d'Angleterre, pour tant mieux descouvrir les desseings des ennemis."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 12, 13.

5 Bor, vii. 510. Meteren, v. 93. Hoofd, ix. 368.

6 The pardon is given in full by Bor, vii. 510–513.

They were resolved, too, not only to be conquered, but annihilated, before the Roman Church should be re-established on their soil to the entire exclusion of the Reformed worship. They responded with steadfast enthusiasm to the sentiment expressed by the Prince of Orange after the second siege of Leyden had been commenced: "As long as there is a living man left in the country, we will contend for our liberty and our religion."[1] The single condition of the amnesty assumed, in a phrase, what Spain had fruitlessly striven to establish by a hundred battles, and the Hollanders had not faced their enemy on land and sea for seven years to succumb to a phrase at last.

Moreover, the pardon came from the wrong direction. The malefactor gravely extended forgiveness to his victims. Although the Hollanders had not yet disembarrassed their minds of the supernatural theory of government, and felt still the reverence of habit for regal divinity, they naturally considered themselves outraged by the trick now played before them. The man who had violated all his oaths, trampled upon all their constitutional liberties, burned and sacked their cities, confiscated their wealth, hanged, beheaded, burned, and buried alive their innocent brethren, now came forward not to implore, but to offer forgiveness. Not in sackcloth, but in royal robes; not with ashes, but with a diadem upon his head, did the murderer present himself vicariously upon the scene of his crimes. It may be supposed that, even in the sixteenth century, there were many minds which would revolt at such blasphemy. Furthermore, even had the people of Holland been weak enough to accept the pardon, it was impossible to believe that the promise would be fulfilled.[2] It was sufficiently known how much faith was likely to be kept with heretics, notwithstanding that the act was fortified by a papal Bull, dated on the 30th of April, by which Gregory XIII. promised forgiveness to those Netherland sinners who duly repented and sought absolution for their crimes, even although they had sinned more than seven times seven.[3]

For a moment the Prince had feared lest the pardon might produce some effect upon men wearied by interminable suffering, but the event proved him wrong. It was received with universal and absolute contempt. No man came forward to take advantage of its conditions, save one brewer in Utrecht and the son of a refugee pedlar from Leyden. With these exceptions, the only ones recorded, Holland remained deaf to the royal voice.[4] The city of Leyden was equally cold to the messages of mercy, which were especially addressed to its population by Valdez and his agents. Certain Netherlanders, belonging to the King's party, and familiarly called "Glippers," dispatched from the camp many letters to their rebellious acquaintances in the city. In these epistles the citizens of Leyden were urgently and even pathetically exhorted to submission by their loyal brethren, and were implored "to take pity upon their poor old fathers, their daughters, and their wives." But the burghers of Leyden thought that the best pity which they could show to those poor old fathers, daughters, and wives was to keep them from the clutches of the Spanish soldiery; so they made no answer to the Glippers, save by this single line, which they wrote on a sheet of paper, and forwarded, like a letter, to Valdez:

"Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps."[5]

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[1] "Comme aussi de nostre costel nous sommes icy resoluz de ne quitter la deffense de sa Parolle et de nostre liberté jusques au dernier homme."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 27.

[2] See letter of the Secretary of Requesens in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 31.

[3] The Bull is given at length in Bor, vii. 513-515.

[4] Bor, vii. 516.

[5] Jan Fruytiers, Corte Beschryvinghe van der strenghe Belegeringhe en wondebaerlijcke Verlossinge der stadt Leyden——met byvoeghing alle der Brieven die an de van der Stadt geschreven zijn, Ghedruckt

According to the advice early given by the Prince of Orange, the citizens had taken an account of their provisions of all kinds, including the live stock. By the end of June, the city was placed on a strict allowance of food, all the provisions being purchased by the authorities at an equitable price. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread was allotted to a full-grown man, and to the rest a due proportion. The city being strictly invested, no communication, save by carrier pigeons, and by a few swift and skilful messengers, called jumpers, was possible. Sorties, and fierce combats were, however, of daily occurrence, and a handsome bounty was offered to any man who brought into the city gates the head of a Spaniard. The reward was paid many times, but the population was becoming so excited and so apt, that the authorities felt it dangerous to permit the continuance of these conflicts. Lest the city, little by little, should lose its few disciplined defenders, it was now proclaimed, by sound of church bell, that in future no man should leave the gates.[1]

The Prince had his headquarters at Delft and at Rotterdam. Between those two cities an important fortress, called Polderwaert, secured him in the control of the alluvial quadrangle watered on two sides by the Yssel and the Meuse. On the 29th June, the Spaniards, feeling its value, had made an unsuccessful effort to carry this fort by storm. They had been beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men, the Prince remaining in possession of the position, from which alone he could hope to relieve Leyden.[2] He still held in his hand the keys with which he could unlock the ocean gates, and let the waters in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dykes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez could not be levied. The battle of Mookerheyde had, for the present, quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from the Hague to Vlaardingen, but the dykes along the Meuse and Yssel were in possession of the Prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while, at the same time, the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delftshaven should be opened.[3] The damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland, from destruction. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July, the Estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. "Better a drowned land than a lost land,"[4] cried the patriots, with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The enterprise for restoring their territory, for a season, to the waves, from which it had been so patiently rescued, was conducted with as much regularity as if it had been a profitable undertaking. A capital was formally subscribed, for which a certain number of bonds were issued, payable at a long date.[5] In addition to this preliminary fund, a monthly allowance of forty-five guldens was voted by the Estates until the work should be completed, and a large sum was contributed by the ladies of the land, who freely furnished their plate, jewellery, and costly furniture to the furtherance of the scheme.[6]

Meantime, Valdez, on the 30th July, issued most urgent and ample offers

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tot Delf., A.D. 1577. This contemporary and very rare volume is much the best authority for the details of the memorable siege which it describes. It was the main source of the historian Pieter Bor. Compare Meteren, v. 94; Hoofd, x. 364.

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor vii. 552. Met. Hoofd. ix 366.

[2] Bor, vii. 548.

[3] Ibid. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 370.

[4] "Liever bedorven dan verloren land."—Fruytiers, 16. Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[5] Bor, vii. 549. Hoofd. ix. 370, 371

[6] Hoofd, ix. 370.

of pardon to the citizens if they would consent to open their gates and accept the King's authority, but his overtures were received with silent contempt, notwithstanding that the population was already approaching the starvation-point. Although not yet fully informed of the active measures taken by the Prince, yet they still chose to rely upon his energy and their own fortitude, rather than upon the honeyed words which had formerly been heard at the gates of Harlem and of Naarden. On the 3d of August, the Prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dykes in sixteen places. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land. While waiting for the waters to rise, provisions were rapidly collected, according to an edict of the Prince, in all the principal towns of the neighbourhood, and some two hundred vessels, of various sizes, had also been got ready at Rotterdam, Delfthaven, and other ports.[1]

The citizens of Leyden were, however, already becoming impatient, for their bread was gone, and of its substitute, malt-cake, they had but slender provision. On the 12th of August they received a letter from the Prince, encouraging them to resistance, and assuring them of a speedy relief, and on the 21st they addressed a dispatch to him in reply, stating that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with food, and another month without food.[2] If not soon assisted, human strength could do no more; their malt-cake would last but four days, and after that was gone, there was nothing left but starvation. Upon the same day, however, they received a letter dictated by the Prince, who now lay in bed at Rotterdam with a violent fever, assuring them that the dykes were all pierced, and that the water was rising upon the "Land-scheiding," the great outer barrier which separated the city from the sea. He said nothing, however, of his own illness, which would have cast a deep shadow over the joy which now broke forth among the burghers.[3]

The letter was read publicly in the market-place; and to increase the cheerfulness, Burgomaster Van der Werf, knowing the sensibility of his countrymen to music, ordered the city musicians to perambulate the streets, playing lively melodies and martial airs. Salvos of cannon were likewise fired, and the starving city for a brief space put on the aspect of a holiday, much to the astonishment of the besieging forces, who were not yet aware of the Prince's efforts. They perceived very soon, however, as the water everywhere about Leyden had risen to the depth of ten inches, that they stood in a perilous position. It was no trifling danger to be thus attacked by the waves of the ocean, which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent. Valdez became anxious and uncomfortable at the strange aspect of affairs; for the besieging army was now in its turn beleaguered, and by a stronger power than man's. He consulted with the most experienced of his officers, with the country-people, with the most distinguished among the Glippers, and derived encouragement from their views concerning the Prince's plan. They pronounced it utterly futile and hopeless. The Glippers knew the country well, and ridiculed the desperate project in unmeasured terms.[4]

Even in the city itself, a dull distrust had succeeded to the first vivid gleam of hope, while the few royalists among the population boldly taunted their

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 549, 550. Hoofd, ix. 371.
[2] "Te weten, de eerste twe maendern met brood, en de derde maend met armoede."—Jan Fruytiers.
[3] Letter of Fl. de Nuynhem and N Brunynck to Count John of Nassau, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 38–40. Bor, vii. 550.
[4] Hoofd, ix. 372. Bor, vii. 551.

fellow-citizens to their faces with the absurd vision of relief which they had so fondly welcomed. "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars," was the frequent and taunting cry; "go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief"[1]—and day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing, of relief by God or man. On the 27th they addressed a desponding letter to the Estates, complaining that the city had been forgotten in its utmost need, and on the same day a prompt and warm-hearted reply was received, in which the citizens were assured that every human effort was to be made for their relief. "Rather," said the Estates, "will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves, than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden all Holland must perish also." They excused themselves for not having more frequently written, upon the ground that the whole management of the measures for their relief had been intrusted to the Prince, by whom alone all the details had been administered, and all the correspondence conducted.[2]

The fever of the Prince had, meanwhile, reached its height. He lay at Rotterdam, utterly prostrate in body, and with mind agitated nearly to delirium by the perpetual and almost unassisted schemes which he was constructing. Relief, not only for Leyden, but for the whole country, now apparently sinking into the abyss, was the vision which he pursued as he tossed upon his restless couch. Never was illness more unseasonable. His attendants were in despair, for it was necessary that his mind should for a time be spared the agitation of business. The physicians who attended him agreed as to his disorder only in this, that it was the result of mental fatigue and melancholy, and could be cured only by removing all distressing and perplexing subjects from his thoughts; but all the physicians in the world could not have succeeded in turning his attention for an instant from the great cause of his country. Leyden lay, as it were, anxious and despairing at his feet, and it was impossible for him to close his ears to her cry. Therefore, from his sick-bed he continued to dictate words of counsel and encouragement to the city; to Admiral Boisot, commanding the fleet, minute directions and precautions.[3] Towards the end of August a vague report had found its way into his sick chamber that Leyden had fallen, and although he refused to credit the tale, yet it served to harass his mind and to heighten fever. Cornelius Van Mierop, Receiver-General of Holland, had occasion to visit him at Rotterdam, and, strange to relate, found the house almost deserted. Penetrating, unattended, to the Prince's bed-chamber, he found him lying quite alone. Inquiring what had become of all his attendants, he was answered by the Prince, in a very feeble voice, that he had sent them all away. The Receiver-General seems, from this, to have rather hastily arrived at the conclusion that the Prince's disorder was the pest, and that his servants and friends had all deserted him from cowardice.[4] This was very far from being the case. His private secretary and his maître-d'hôtel watched day and night by his couch, and the best physicians of the city were in constant attendance. By a singular accident, all had been dispatched on different errands, at the express desire of their master, but there had never been a suspicion that his

[1] "Gaet en op den toren gy Geuskens en siet het Maeswater te gemoot," etc., etc.—Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 551. Hoofd, ix. 374.

[2] See the letter in Bor, vii. 551, 552.

[3] Letters of N. Brunynck, Archives et Correspondance, v. 39, 46. Bor, vii. 551, 552.

[4] Bor, vii. 551. Hoofd, ix. 372, 373. Such was the information given by him to the historian Bor, whose account is followed by Hoofd and others. The letters of Secretary Brunynck and of Nuynhem prove, on the contrary, the solicitude with which the Prince was attended in his illness. Archives et Correspondance, v. 38–56.

disorder was the pest, or pestilential. Nerves of steel and a frame of adamant could alone have resisted the constant anxiety and the consuming fatigue to which he had so long been exposed. His illness had been aggravated by the rumour of Leyden's fall, a fiction which Cornelius Meirop was now enabled flatly to contradict. The Prince began to mend from that hour. By the end of the first week of September he wrote a long letter to his brother, assuring him of his convalescence, and expressing, as usual, a calm confidence in the Divine decrees. "God will ordain for me," said he, "all which is necessary for my good and my salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the fragility of this nature can sustain."[1]

The preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish;" renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea-Beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.[2]

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water.[3] The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dyke, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dyke within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested.[4] The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defences. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dykes which kept out the water; upon the level territory thus encircled were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King; the besieging force being about four times as strong[5] as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half foot above water, should be taken possession of at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished by surprise, and in a masterly manner.[6] The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dyke were all dispatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it without the loss of a man. As the day dawned, the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dyke the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action suc-

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1 Archives et Correspondance, etc., v. 53.

2 "Liever Turx dan Paus."—Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 552. Hoofd, ix. 374. Meteren, v. 94.

3 Meteren, v. 94. Bor, vii. 552.

4 Bor, vii. 552–554. Hoofd, ix. 375.

5 The army of Valdez numbered at least ten thousand.—Hoofd, ix. 387.

6 Jan Fruytiers. Comp. Bor, vii. 554; Hoofd, ix. 375

ceeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding.[1] This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zealander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dyke, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, "'Tis too bitter."[2] The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the marks of the soldier's teeth upon it,[3] a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dyke having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but, after their passage had been effected in good order, the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The Prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that, when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Green-way," another long dyke, three-quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the waters to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dyke had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, levelled it in many places, and brought his flotilla, in triumph, over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea, which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly towards a bridge strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand, occupied both sides of the canal.[4] The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.[5]

A week had elapsed since the great dyke had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the north-west, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making

[1] Bor, vii. 554. Hoofd, ix. 375, 376.

[2] Bor, vii. 554. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 376.

[3] "Dit gebeten herte met den tekenen der tanden is binnen Delf daer na van vele lofwaerdige luiden gesien en zijn daer na ook, eenige carmina nitgegeven," etc.—Bor, vii. 554.

One of the "carmina" thus alluded to by the historian was a Latin poem by the commandant, Van der Does, in which the progress of the siege is described with much spirit and elegance.

[4] Bor, vii 555. Hoofd, ix. 376.

[5] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Compare Mendoza, xii. 260–262.

a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dyke, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa.[1] It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla, manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels[2] turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa; the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three-quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts within the immediate neighbourhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the headquarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.[3]

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick-bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy, his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity; and those eight hundred mad Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.[4]

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[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza, xii. 262.
[2] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 556. Hoofd, ix. 377. Mendoza, xii. 262.
[3] Bor, Hoofd, Mendoza, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, vii. 556. Hoofd, ix. 380.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days, being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and, at the dawn of each day, every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.[1]

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility.[2] A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the Church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard,

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 557. Hoofd, ix. 381. Meteren, v. 94. Mendoza's estimate of the entire population, as numbering only fourteen thousand before the siege (xii. 256), is evidently erroneous. It was probably nearer fifty thousand.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 381, 382. Bor, vii. 55a.

imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."[1]

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in His wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children, together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed."[2] Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."[3]

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot.[4] In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favourable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would of necessity be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Hoofd, ix. 379. Meteren, v. 94.
[2] Bor, vii. 25. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 379, 380.
[3] "Dat hat den Prinse so onmogelijk was om Leyden te ontsetten als het henluiden mogelijk was te sterren metter hand te reiken en grijpen."—Bor, vii. 557.
[4] Bor, vii. 557. See also the text of the letter transmitted on the same day and in the same manner from the Admiral to Commandant Nordtwyck, in Groen van Prinsterer. The tone of the letter is spirited, cheerful, and almost jocular. The writer claims the hospitality of the commandant, assuring him that he shall soon arrive in Leyden to be a guest in his house.—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 67, 68.

piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.[1]

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through, according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle—a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels.[2] The neighbouring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla; but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight, when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke, and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.[3]

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city.[4] It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tones to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to

[1] Bor, vii. 557.
[2] Ibid. Hoofd, ix. 382. Meteren, v. 95. Mendoza, xii. 263.
[3] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 558. Hoofd, ix. 383 Mendoza, xii. 264.
[4] Bor, vii. 559 Hoofd, ix 384 Meteren, v. 95.

enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible—if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender—to enter its gates from the opposite side.[1]

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster at nightfall toward the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us."[2] It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene—a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens.[3] Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panicstruck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at day-break to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident.[4] Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.[5]

The quays were lined with the famishing population as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures, who for two months had tasted no wholesome

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[1] Bor, vii 559. Hoofd, ix. 384.
[2] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 559. Meteren, v. 95. Mendoza, xii. 265.
[3] Bor, vii. 559.
[4] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 559. Hoofd, ix. 385.
[5] Fruytiers, Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children,—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. The scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note dispatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot—the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.[1]

The next day, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his friends, who were anxious lest his life should be endangered by breathing, in his scarcely convalescent state, the air of the city where so many thousands had been dying of the pestilence, the Prince repaired to Leyden. He, at least, had never doubted his own or his country's fortitude. They could, therefore, most sincerely congratulate each other, now that the victory had been achieved. "If we are doomed to perish," he had said a little before the commencement of the siege,[2] "in the name of God, be it so! At any rate, we shall have the honour to have done what no nation ever did before us, that of having defended and maintained ourselves, unaided, in so small a country, against the tremendous efforts of such powerful enemies. So long as the poor inhabitants here, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will still cost the Spaniards the half of Spain, in money and in men, before they can make an end of us."

The termination of the terrible siege of Leyden was a convincing proof to the Spaniards that they had not yet made an end of the Hollanders. It furnished, also, a sufficient presumption that, until they *had* made an end of them, even unto the last Hollander, there would never be an end of the struggle in which they were engaged. It was a slender consolation to the Governor-General that his troops had been vanquished, not by the enemy, but by the ocean. An enemy whom the ocean obeyed with such docility might well be deemed invincible by man. In the headquarters of Valdez at Leyderdorp, many plans of Leyden and the neighbourhood were found lying in confusion about the room. Upon the table was a hurried farewell of that General to the scenes of his discomfiture, written in a Latin worthy of Juan

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Hoofd, ix. 386. Bor, vii. 560. Meteren v. 95.

[2] Letter to Count John, 7th May 1574, Archives, etc., iv. 385–398.

Vargas: "Valecivitas, valete castelli parvi, qui relicti estis propter aquam et non per vim inimicorum!" In his precipitate retreat before the advancing rebels, the commander had but just found time for this elegant effusion, and for his parting instructions to Colonel Borgia, that the fortress of Lammen was to be forthwith abandoned. These having been reduced to writing, Valdez had fled so speedily as to give rise to much censure and more scandal. He was even accused of having been bribed by the Hollanders to desert his post, a tale which many repeated, and a few believed. On the 4th of October, the day following that on which the relief of the city was effected, the wind shifted to the north-east, and again blew a tempest. It was as if the waters, having now done their work, had been rolled back to the ocean by an Omnipotent hand; for in the course of a few days the land was bare again, and the work of reconstructing the dykes commenced.[1]

After a brief interval of repose, Leyden had regained its former position. The Prince, with advice of the Estates, had granted the city, as a reward for its sufferings, a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes;[2] and, as a further manifestation of the gratitude entertained by the people of Holland and Zealand for the heroism of the citizens, it was resolved that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls.[3] The University of Leyden, afterwards so illustrious, was thus founded in the very darkest period of the country's struggle.

The university was endowed with a handsome revenue, principally derived from the ancient Abbey of Egmont,[4] and was provided with a number of professors, selected for their genius, learning, and piety among all the most distinguished scholars of the Netherlands. The document by which the institution was founded was certainly a masterpiece of ponderous irony, for, as the fiction of the King's sovereignty was still maintained, Philip was gravely made to establish the university as a reward to Leyden for rebellion to himself. "Considering," said this wonderful charter,[5] "that during these present wearisome wars within our provinces of Holland and Zealand, all good instruction of youth in the sciences and liberal arts is likely to come into entire oblivion. . . . . *Considering the difference of religion*—considering that we are inclined to gratify *our city of Leyden, with its burghers, on account of the heavy burthens sustained by them during this war with such faithfulness*—we have resolved, after *ripely deliberating with our dear cousin, William, Prince of Orange*, stadholder, to erect a free public school and university," etc., etc., etc. So ran the document establishing this famous academy, all needful regulations for the government and police of the institution being intrusted by Philip to his "above-mentioned dear cousin of Orange."

The university having been founded, endowed, and supplied with its teachers,

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[1] Bor, vii. 560. Meteren, v. 95. Hoofd, ix. 383. Mendoza, xii. 265. The best authority, after Fruytiers, for the history of this memorable siege, is Bor, who was living at Utrecht at the time. He afterwards, in writing his Chronicle, used the account drawn up by Jan Fruytiers from information and documents furnished by the magistrates and many persons present at the siege. Bor had also enjoyed frequent communications with the Seigneur de Nordtwyck, commandant of the city during the siege; with Dirk de Montfort, at whose house the Prince of Orange lodged on the 4th of October, and with other individuals. He had read in the original every letter which he quotes in his history. He cites, also, with amusing gravity, a variety of acrostics, anagrams, and other poetical effusions, wonderful specimens all of the uncouth gambols by which the poets of that day and country were in the habit of exhibiting their enthusiasm. Among other productions of the Muse elicited by the triumphant termination to the siege, he alludes with emotion to a poem which he hoped was soon to see the light. This was an ode on the siege of Leyden, "in six hundred and eleven stanzas, of eight lines each"—which the suffering reader was at liberty "to sing or to read," as best suited him. To sing six hundred and eleven stanzas, eight lines each, of a Dutch poem, one would think almost as formidable a doom as to endure the horrors of the siege which it celebrated.—Bor, vii. 561. Don Bernardino de Mendoza is the chief Spanish authority. Compare Bentivoglio, lib. viii. 151–156; and Cabrera, Hist. Don Filipe Segundo, lib. x. cap. xvii. xix. xxi. The last historian sees nothing worthy of admiration or respect in the conduct of the Hollanders; and he is incensed with Geronimo Franchi for having wasted nearly the whole of one book on an account of the memorable relief.

[2] Bor, vii. 561.

[3] Ibid., viii. 593. Meteren, v. 95.

[4] Bor, viii. 593.

[5] See the text of the Octroy by which the university was established, in Bor, viii. 591, 593.

it was solemnly consecrated in the following winter, and it is agreeable to contemplate this scene of harmless pedantry, interposed, as it was, between the acts of the longest and dreariest tragedy of modern time. On the 5th of February 1575, the city of Leyden, so lately the victim of famine and pestilence, had crowned itself with flowers. At seven in the morning, after a solemn religious celebration in the Church of St. Peter,[1] a grand procession was formed. It was preceded by a military escort, consisting of the burgher militia and the five companies of infantry stationed in the city. Then came, drawn by four horses, a splendid triumphal chariot, on which sat a female figure arrayed in snow-white garments. This was the Holy Gospel. She was attended by the Four Evangelists, who walked on foot at each side of her chariot. Next followed Justice, with sword and scales, mounted, blindfold, upon a unicorn; while those learned doctors, Julian, Papinian, Ulpian, and Tribonian, rode on either side, attended by two lackeys and four men-at-arms. After these came Medicine, on horseback, holding in one hand a treatise on the healing art, in the other a garland of drugs. The curative goddess rode between the four eminent physicians, Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and Theophrastus, and was attended by two footmen and four pike-bearers. Last of the allegorical personages came Minerva, prancing in complete steel, with lance in rest, and bearing her Medusa shield. Aristotle and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, all on horseback, with attendants in antique armour at their back, surrounded the daughter of Jupiter, while the city band, discoursing eloquent music from hautboy and viol, came upon the heels of the allegory. Then followed the mace-bearers and other officials, escorting the orator of the day, the newly appointed professors and doctors, the magistrates and dignitaries, and the body of the citizens generally completing the procession.

Marshalled in this order, through triumphal arches, and over a pavement strewed with flowers, the procession moved slowly up and down the different streets, and along the quiet canals of the city. As it reached the Nuns' Bridge, a barge of triumph, gorgeously decorated, came floating slowly down the sluggish Rhine. Upon its deck, under a canopy enwreathed with laurels *and oranges*, and adorned with tapestry, sat Apollo, attended by the Nine Muses, all in classical costume; at the helm stood Neptune with his trident. The Muses executed some beautiful concerted pieces; Apollo twanged his lute. Having reached the landing-place, this deputation from Parnassus stepped on shore, and stood awaiting the arrival of the procession. Each professor, as he advanced, was gravely embraced and kissed by Apollo and all the Nine Muses in turn, who greeted their arrival besides with the recitation of an elegant Latin poem. This classical ceremony terminated, the whole procession marched together to the cloister of St. Barbara, the place prepared for the new university, where they listened to an eloquent oration by the Rev. Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded.[2]

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[1] Bor, viii. 594. [2] Ibid., 595.

CHAPTER III.

Latter days of the Blood Council—Informal and insincere negotiations for peace—Characteristics of the negotiators and of their diplomatic correspondence—Dr. Junius—Secret conferences between Dr. Leoninus and Orange—Steadfastness of the Prince—Changes in the internal government of the northern provinces—Generosity and increasing power of the municipalities—Incipient jealousy in regard to Orange rebuked—His offer of resignation refused by the Estates—His elevation to almost unlimited power—Renewed mediation of Maximilian—Views and positions of the parties—Advice of Orange—Opening of negotiations at Breda—Propositions and counter-propositions—Adroitness of the plenipotentiaries on both sides—Insincere diplomacy and unsatisfactory results—Union of Holland and Zealand under the Prince of Orange—Act defining his powers—Charlotte de Bourbon—Character, fortunes, and fate of Anna of Saxony—Marriage of Orange with Mademoiselle de Bourbon—Indignation thereby excited—Horrible tortures inflicted upon Papists by Sonoy in North Holland—Oudewater and Schoonoven taken by Hierges—The isles of Zealand—A submarine expedition projected—Details of the adventure—Its entire success—Death of Chiappin Vitelli—Deliberations in Holland and Zealand concerning the renunciation of Philip's authority—Declaration at Delft—Doubts as to which of the Great Powers the sovereignty should be offered—Secret international relations—Mission to England—Unsatisfactory negotiations with Elizabeth—Position of the Grand Commander—Siege of Zierickzee—Generosity of Count John—Desperate project of the Prince—Death and character of Requesens.

THE Council of Troubles, or, as it will be for ever denominated in history, the Council of Blood, still existed, although the Grand Commander, upon his arrival in the Netherlands, had advised his sovereign to consent to the immediate abolition of so odious an institution.[1] Philip, accepting the advice of his Governor and his cabinet, had accordingly authorised him, by a letter of the 10th of March 1574, to take that step if he continued to believe it advisable.[2]

Requesens had made use of this permission to extort money from the obedient portion of the provinces. An assembly of deputies was held at Brussels on the 7th of June 1574, and there was a tedious interchange of protocols, reports, and remonstrances.[3] The Estates, not satisfied with the extinction of a tribunal which had at last worn itself out by its own violence, and had become inactive through lack of victims, insisted on greater concessions. They demanded the departure of the Spanish troops, the establishment of a council of Netherlanders in Spain for Netherland affairs, the restoration to offices in the provinces of natives and natives only;[4] for these drawers of documents thought it possible, at that epoch, to recover by pedantry what their brethren of Holland and Zealand were maintaining with the sword. It was not the moment for historical disquisition, citations from Solomon, nor chopping of logic; yet with such lucubrations were reams of paper filled, and days and weeks occupied.[5] The result was what might have been expected The Grand Commander obtained but little money; the Estates obtained none of their demands; and the Blood Council remained, as it were, suspended in mid-air. It continued to transact business at intervals during the administration of Requesens,[6] and at last, after nine years of existence, was destroyed by the violent imprisonment of the Council of State at Brussels. This event, however, belongs to a subsequent page of this history.

Noircarmes had argued, from the tenor of St. Aldegonde's letters, that the Prince would be ready to accept his pardon upon almost any terms.[7] Noircarmes was now dead,[8] but St. Aldegonde still remained in prison, very anxious for his release, and as well disposed as ever to render services

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[1] Lettre de Requesens à Philippe II., Dec. 30, 1673, apud Gachard, Notice, etc., 24.
[2] Gachard, Notice, etc., 24, 26.
[3] Bor, viii. 517–523. sqq.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Vide Bor, vii. 517–523, sqq.
[6] Gachard, Notice, etc., 27, 28, and note, p. 27.
[7] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 369–373.
[8] He died March 4, 1574, at Utrecht, of poison, according to suspicion.—Bor, vii. 492.

in any secret negotiation. It will be recollected that, at the capitulation of Middelburg, it had been distinctly stipulated by the Prince that Colonel Mondragon should at once effect the liberation of St. Aldegonde, with certain other prisoners, or himself return into confinement. He had done neither the one nor the other. The patriots still languished in prison, some of them being subjected to exceedingly harsh treatment; but Mondragon, although repeatedly summoned, as an officer and a gentleman, by the Prince, to return to captivity, had been forbidden by the Grand Commander to redeem his pledge.[1]

St. Aldegonde was now released from prison upon parole, and dispatched on a secret mission to the Prince and Estates.[2] As before, he was instructed that two points were to be left untouched—the authority of the King, and the question of religion.[3] Nothing could be more preposterous than to commence a negotiation from which the two important points were thus carefully eliminated. The King's authority and the question of religion covered the whole ground upon which the Spaniards and the Hollanders had been battling for six years, and were destined to battle for three-quarters of a century longer. Yet, although other affairs might be discussed, those two points were to be reserved for the more conclusive arbitration of gunpowder. The result of negotiations upon such a basis was easily to be foreseen. Breath, time, and paper were profusely wasted, and nothing gained. The Prince assured his friend, as he had done secret agents previously sent to him, that he was himself ready to leave the land, if by so doing he could confer upon it the blessing of peace,[4] but that all hopes of reaching a reasonable conclusion from the premises established was futile. The envoy treated also with the Estates, and received from them in return an elaborate report, which was addressed immediately to the King.[5] The style of this paper was bold and blunt, its substance bitter and indigestible. It informed Philip what he had heard often enough before, that the Spaniards must go and the exiles come back, the Inquisition be abolished, and the ancient privileges restored, the Roman Catholic religion renounce its supremacy, and the Reformed religion receive permission to exist unmolested, before he could call himself master of that little hook of sand in the North Sea. With this paper, which was intrusted to St. Aldegonde, by him to be delivered to the Grand Commander, who was, after reading it, to forward it to its destination, the negotiator returned to his prison.[6] Thence he did not emerge again till the course of events released him upon the 15th of October 1574.[7]

This report was far from agreeable to the Governor, and it became the object of a fresh correspondence between his confidential agent, Champagny, and the learned and astute Junius de Jonge, representative of the Prince of Orange and Governor of Veere.[8] The communication of De Jonge consisted of a brief note and a long discourse. The note was sharp and stinging, the discourse elaborate and somewhat pedantic. Unnecessarily historical and unmercifully extended, it was yet bold, bitter, and eloquent. The presence of foreigners was proved to have been, from the beginning of Philip's reign, the curse of the country. Doctor Sonnius, with his batch of bishops, had sown the seed of the first disorder. A prince ruling in the Netherlands had no right to turn a deaf ear to the petitions of his subjects. If he did so, the Hollanders would tell him, as the old woman had told the Emperor

[1] Vide . . thard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. DXLIII. DXLIV. DXLV. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 71, 72.

[2] Bor, vii. 534. Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 400, sqq.

[3] Ibid. Ibid.

[4] "Quant à luy il étoit content, si ceulx là le treuvoient bon de se retirer du pays, afin que tant mieulx ilz puissent parvenir à ce que dessus," etc.—Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 400.

[5] Bor, vii. 535.

[6] See the "Vertooning" in Bor, vii. 535, sqq.

[7] Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 101. Bor, vii.

[8] See the correspondence in Bor, vii. 535, 536.

Adrian, that the potentate who had no time to attend to the interests of his subjects had not leisure enough to be a sovereign. While Holland refused to bow its neck to the Inquisition, the King of Spain dreaded the thunder and lightning of the Pope. The Hollanders would, with pleasure, emancipate Philip from his own thraldom, but it was absurd that he, who was himself a slave to another potentate, should affect unlimited control over a free people. It was Philip's councillors, not the Hollanders, who were his real enemies; for it was they who held him in the subjection by which his power was neutralised and his crown degraded.[1]

It may be supposed that many long pages, conceived in this spirit and expressed with great vigour, would hardly smooth the way for the more official negotiations which were soon to take place, yet Doctor Junius fairly and faithfully represented the sentiment of his nation.

Towards the close of the year, Doctor Elbertus Leoninus, professor of Louvain, together with Hugo Bonte, ex-pensionary of Middelburg, was commissioned by the Grand Commander to treat secretly with the Prince.[2] He was, however, not found very tractable when the commissioners opened the subject of his own pardon and reconciliation with the King, and he absolutely refused to treat at all except with the co-operation of the Estates.[3] He, moreover, objected to the use of the word "pardon," on the ground that he had never done anything requiring his Majesty's forgiveness. If adversity should visit him, he cared but little for it; he had lived long enough, he said, and should die with some glory, regretting the disorders and oppressions which had taken place, but conscious that it had not been in his power to remedy them. When reminded by the commissioners of the King's power, he replied that he knew his Majesty to be very mighty, but that there was a King more powerful still—even God the Creator, who, as he humbly hoped, was upon his side.[4]

At a subsequent interview with Hugo Bonte, the Prince declared it almost impossible for himself or the Estates to hold any formal communication with the Spanish Government, as such communications were not safe. No trust could be reposed either in safe conducts or hostages. Faith had been too often broken by the Administration. The promise made by the Duchess of Parma to the nobles, and afterwards violated, the recent treachery of Mondragon, the return of three exchanged prisoners from the Hague, who died next day of poison administered before their release, the frequent attempts upon his own life—all such constantly recurring crimes made it doubtful, in the opinion of the Prince, whether it would be possible to find commissioners to treat with his Majesty's Government. All would fear assassination, afterwards to be disavowed by the King and pardoned by the Pope.[5] After much conversation in this vein, the Prince gave the Spanish agents warning that he might eventually be obliged to seek the protection of some foreign power for the provinces. In this connection he made use of the memorable metaphor, so often repeated afterwards, that "the country was a beautiful damsel, who certainly did not lack suitors able and willing to accept her and defend her against the world."[6] As to the matter of religion, he said he was willing to leave it to be settled by the States-general; but doubted whether anything short of entire liberty of worship would ever satisfy the people.[7]

Subsequently there were held other conferences between the Prince and

[1] See the discourse of Junius in Bor. vii. 536–544.
[2] The letters and documents concerning this secret negotiation are published in Gachard. Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 403–430. See also Bor, vii. 585.
[3] See the account by Bonte, in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit. iii. 378, 379.
[4] See the account by Bonte, in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 378–380.
[5] Ibid., iii. 283.
[6] Idid., 387. Compare Bor, viii. 613.
[7] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 387 Compare Bor, viii. 613.

Doctor Leoninus, with a similar result, all attempts proving fruitless to induce him to abandon his position upon the subject of religion, or to accept a pardon on any terms save the departure of the foreign troops, the assembling of the States-general, and entire freedom of religion. Even if he were willing to concede the religious question himself, he observed that it was idle to hope either from the Estates or people a hand's-breadth of concession upon that point. Leoninus was subsequently admitted to a secret conference with the Estates of Holland, where his representations were firmly met by the same arguments as those already used by the Prince.[1]

These proceedings on the part of St. Aldegonde, Champagny, Junius, and Elbertus Leoninus, extended through the whole summer and autumn of 1574, and were not terminated until January of the following year.

Changes fast becoming necessary in the internal government of the provinces were also undertaken during this year. Hitherto the Prince had exercised his power under the convenient fiction of the King's authority, systematically conducting the rebellion in the name of his Majesty, and as his Majesty's stadholder. By this process an immense power was lodged in his hands; nothing less, indeed, than the supreme executive and legislative functions of the land; while, since the revolt had become, as it were, perpetual, ample but anomalous functions had been additionally thrust upon him by the Estates and by the general voice of the people.

The two provinces, even while deprived of Harlem and Amsterdam, now raised two hundred and ten thousand florins monthly,[2] whereas Alva had never been able to extract from Holland more than two hundred and seventy-one thousand florins yearly. They paid all rather than pay a tenth. In consequence of this liberality, the cities insensibly acquired a greater influence in the government. The coming contest between the centrifugal aristocratic principle, represented by these corporations, and the central popular authority of the stadholder, was already foreshadowed, but at first the Estates were in perfect harmony with the Prince. They even urged upon him more power than he desired, and declined functions which he wished them to exercise. On the 7th of September 1573, it had been formally proposed by the general council to confer a regular and unlimited dictatorship upon him,[3] but in the course of a year from that time the cities had begun to feel their increasing importance.[4] Moreover, while growing more ambitious, they became less liberal.

The Prince, dissatisfied with the conduct of the cities, brought the whole subject before an Assembly of the Estates of Holland on the 20th October 1574. He stated the inconveniences produced by the anomalous condition of the Government. He complained that the common people had often fallen into the error, that the money raised for public purposes had been levied for his benefit only, and that they had, therefore, been less willing to contribute to the taxes. As the only remedy for these evils, he tendered his resignation of all the powers with which he was clothed, so that the Estates might then take the Government, which they could exercise without conflict or control. For himself, he had never desired power, except as a means of

[1] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 403–430. Bor, vii. 565, sqq. Compare Hoofd, ix. 400, 401; Wagenaer, d. vii. 25–27. See also a very ample memoir of the distinguished scholar and diplomatist, Albert de Leeuw (or Elbertus Leoninus), by J. P. Van Cappelle, Bijdragen tot de Ges. d. Nederl., 1–204. He began his active life as law professor at Louvain, in which city he married Barbara de Haze, with whom he lived more than fifty-two years. The lady, however, seems not to have pined away after the termination of this wedlock of more than half a century: for she survived her husband *thirty-six years*. The biographer shrewdly suspects, therefore, that she must have been a "*very young miss when she was married.*" "Dit meisje moet nog seer jong zijn geweest, toen Leoninus zich met haar in het huwelijk begaf."—V. d. Cappelle, 93, note 8. He was born at Bommel, in 1519 or 1520, and died in 1598, full of years and honours. His public services, on various important occasions, will be often alluded to in subsequent pages.

[2] Resol. Holl., Mar. 15 und 17, 1576, bl. 16, 19.

[3] Kluit, Hist. Holl. Staatsreg., dl. i. 86.

[4] Kluit, i. 78, sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 5, 6.

being useful to his country, and he did not offer his resignation from unwillingness to stand by the cause, but from a hearty desire to save it from disputes among its friends. He was ready, now as ever, to shed the last drop of his blood to maintain the freedom of the land.[1]

This straightforward language produced an instantaneous effect. The Estates knew that they were dealing with a man whose life was governed by lofty principles, and they felt that they were in danger of losing him through their own selfishness and low ambition. They were embarrassed, for they did not like to relinquish the authority which they had begun to relish, nor to accept the resignation of a man who was indispensable. They felt that to give up William of Orange at that time was to accept the Spanish yoke for ever. At an assembly held at Delft on the 12th of November 1574, they accordingly requested him "to continue in his blessed government, with the council established near him,"[2] and for this end they formally offered to him, "under the name of Governor or Regent, absolute power, authority, and sovereign command. In particular, they conferred on him the entire control of all the ships of war, hitherto reserved to the different cities, together with the right to dispose of all prizes and all moneys raised for the support of fleets. They gave him also unlimited power over the domains; they agreed that all magistracies, militia bands, guilds, and communities should make solemn oath to contribute taxes, and to receive garrisons, exactly as the Prince, with his council, should ordain; but they made it a condition that the Estates should be convened and consulted upon requests, impositions, and upon all changes in the governing body. It was also stipulated that the judges of the supreme court and of the exchequer, with other high officers, should be appointed by and with the consent of the Estates.[3]

The Prince expressed himself willing to accept the government upon these terms. He, however, demanded an allowance of forty-five thousand florins monthly for the army expenses and other current outlays.[4] Here, however, the Estates refused their consent. In a mercantile spirit, unworthy the occasion and the man with whom they were dealing, they endeavoured to chaffer where they should have been only too willing to comply; and they attempted to reduce the reasonable demand of the Prince to thirty thousand florins.[5] The Prince, who had poured out his own wealth so lavishly in the cause—who, together with his brothers, particularly the generous John of Nassau, had contributed all which they could raise by mortgage, sales of jewellery and furniture, and by extensive loans, subjecting themselves to constant embarrassment, and almost to penury—felt himself outraged by the paltriness of this conduct. He expressed his indignation and denounced the niggardliness of the Estates in the strongest language, and declared that he would rather leave the country for ever, with the maintenance of his own honour, than accept the government upon such disgraceful terms.[6] The Estates, disturbed by his vehemence, and struck with its justice, instantly, and without further deliberation, consented to his demand. They granted the forty-five thousand florins monthly, and the Prince assumed the government thus remodelled.[7]

During the autumn and early winter of the year 1574, the Emperor Maximilian had been actively exerting himself to bring about a pacification of the Netherlands. He was certainly sincere, for an excellent reason. "The Emperor

[1] Resol. Holl., Oct. 20, Nov. 1, bl. 148–176. Kluit, d. i. 96, 97. Wagenaer, vii. 10, 11.

[2] Resol. Holl., Nov. 1574, bl. 178. Wagenaer, vii. 11, 12, 13. Kluit, d. i. 97, 98.

[3] Ibid., Kluit. Wagenaer, ubi sup. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 90–94.

[4] Resol. Holl, Nov. 13 und 25, 1574, bl. 196, 207, 208. Kluit, i. 101, 102.

[5] Resol. Holl., Nov. 25, 1574, bl. 207, 208.

[6] Ibid., Nov. 25, 1574, bl. 208.

[7] They made the offer of thirty thousand in the morning, and granted the whole demand in the afternoon of the 25th Nov. Resol. Holl., Nov. 25, 1574, bl. 196–208. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 102. Wagenaer, vii. 13, 14. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 90–94.

maintains," said St. Goard, French ambassador at Madrid, "that if peace is not made with the Beggars, the Empire will depart from the house of Austria, and that such is the determination of the electors."[1] On the other hand, if Philip were not weary of the war, at any rate his means for carrying it on were diminishing daily. Requesens could raise no money in the Netherlands ;[2] his secretary wrote to Spain that the exchequer was at its last gasp, and the cabinet of Madrid was at its wits' end, and almost incapable of raising ways and means. The peace party was obtaining the upper hand—the fierce policy of Alva regarded with increasing disfavour. "The people here," wrote St. Goard from Madrid, "are completely desperate, whatever pains they take to put a good face on the matter. They desire most earnestly to treat, without losing their character." It seemed, nevertheless, impossible for Philip to bend his neck. The hope of wearing the imperial crown had alone made his bigotry feasible. To less potent influences it was adamant ; and even now, with an impoverished exchequer, and after seven years of unsuccessful warfare, his purpose was not less rigid than at first. "The Hollanders demand liberty of conscience," said St. Goard, "to which the King will never consent, or I am much mistaken."[3]

As for Orange, he was sincerely in favour of peace, but not a dishonourable peace, in which should be renounced all the objects of the war. He was far from sanguine on the subject, for he read the signs of the times and the character of Philip too accurately to believe much more in the success of the present than in that of the past efforts of Maximilian. He was pleased that his brother-in-law, Count Schwartzburg, had been selected as the Emperor's agent in the affair, but expressed his doubts whether much good would come of the proposed negotiations. Remembering the many traps which in times past had been set by Philip and his father, he feared that the present transaction might likewise prove a snare. "We have not forgotten the words 'ewig' and 'einig' in the treaty with Landgrave Philip," he wrote ; "at the same time, we beg to assure his Imperial Majesty, that we desire nothing more than a good peace, tending to the glory of God, the service of the King of Spain, and the prosperity of his subjects."[4]

This was his language to his brother in a letter which was meant to be shown to the Emperor. In another, written on the same day, he explained himself with more clearness, and stated his distrust with more energy. There were no Papists left, except a few ecclesiastics, he said, so much had the number of the Reformers been augmented, through the singular grace of God. It was out of the question to suppose, therefore, that a measure dooming all who were not Catholics to exile could be entertained. None would change their religion, and none would consent, voluntarily, to abandon for ever their homes, friends, and property. "Such a piece," he said, "would be poor and pitiable indeed."[5]

These, then, were the sentiments of the party now about to negotiate. The mediator was anxious for a settlement, because the interests of the imperial house required it. The King of Spain was desirous of peace, but was unwilling to concede a hair. The Prince of Orange was equally anxious to terminate the war, but was determined not to abandon the objects for which it had been undertaken. A favourable result, therefore, seemed hardly possible. A whole people claimed the liberty to stay at home and practise the Protestant religion, while their King asserted the right to banish them for ever or to burn them if they remained. The parties seemed too far apart to be brought together by the most elastic compromise. The Prince addressed an earnest appeal to the

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 81.
[2] Ibid., 28–32.
[3] Ibid., 83.
[4] Archives et Correspondance, v. 61–65.
[5] Ibid., 73, 74.

assembly of Holland, then in session at Dort, reminding them that, although peace was desirable, it might be more dangerous than war, and entreating them, therefore, to conclude no treaty which should be inconsistent with the privileges of the country and their duty to God.[1]

It was now resolved that all the votes of the Assembly should consist of five: one for the nobles and large cities of Holland, one for the Estates of Zealand, one for the small cities of Holland, one for the cities Bommel and Buren, and the fifth for William of Orange.[2] The Prince thus effectually held in his hands three votes: his own; that of the small cities, which through his means only had been admitted to the assembly; and, thirdly, that of Buren, the capital of his son's earldom. He thus exercised a controlling influence over the coming deliberations. The ten commissioners who were appointed by the Estates for the peace negotiations were all his friends. Among them were St. Aldegonde, Paul Buis, Charles Boisot, and Doctor Junius. The plenipotentiaries of the Spanish Government were Leoninus, the Seigneur de Rassinghem, Cornelius Suis, and Arnold Sasbout.[3]

The proceedings were opened at Breda upon the 3d of March 1575.[4] The royal commissioners took the initiative, requesting to be informed what complaints the Estates had to make, and offering to remove, if possible, all grievances which they might be suffering. The States' commissioners replied that they desired nothing, in the first place, but an answer to the petition which they had already presented to the King. This was the paper placed in the hands of St. Aldegonde during the informal negotiations of the preceding year. An answer was accordingly given, but couched in such vague and general language as to be quite without meaning. The Estates then demanded a categorical reply to the two principal demands in the petition, namely, the departure of the foreign troops and the assembling of the States-general. They were asked what they understood by foreigners and by the assembly of States-general. They replied that by foreigners they meant those who were not natives, and particularly the Spaniards. By the States-general they meant the same body before which, in 1555, Charles had resigned his sovereignty to Philip. The royal commissioners made an extremely unsatisfactory answer, concluding with a request that all cities, fortresses and castles then in the power of the Estates, together with all their artillery and vessels of war, should be delivered to the King. The Roman Catholic worship, it was also distinctly stated, was to be re-established at once exclusively throughout the Netherlands; those of the Reformed religion receiving permission, *for that time only*, to convert their property into cash within a certain time, and to depart the country.[5]

Orange and the Estates made answer on the 21st March. It could not be called hard, they said, to require the withdrawal of the Spanish troops, for this had been granted in 1559 for less imperious reasons. The Estates had, indeed, themselves made use of foreigners, but those foreigners had never been allowed to participate in the government. With regard to the assembly of the States-general, that body had always enjoyed the right of advising with the sovereign on the condition of the country, and on general measures of government. Now it was only thought necessary to summon them in order that they might give their consent to the King's "requests." Touching the delivery of cities and citadels, artillery and ships, the proposition was pronounced to resemble that made by the wolves to the sheep in the fable—that the dogs should be de-

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[1] Bor, viii. 595, 596. Resol. Holl., Feb. 6, 1575.
[2] Resol. Holl., Feb. 5, 6, 7, 1575, bl. 47, 51, 52. Wagenaer, vii. 29.
[3] Resol. Holl., Feb. 12, 1575, bl. 49-59.
[4] Bor, viii. 597.
[5] Resol. Holl., Maart 7, 1575, bl. 121, 122, 123, 125. Maart 17, 1575, bl. 158, sqq. Bor, viii. 597, sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 31.

livered up as a preliminary to a lasting peace. It was unreasonable to request the Hollanders to abandon their religion or their country. The reproach of heresy was unjust, for they still held to the Catholic Apostolic Church, wishing only to purify it of its abuses. Moreover, it was certainly more cruel to expel a whole population than to dismiss three or four thousand Spaniards who for seven long years had been eating their fill at the expense of the provinces. It would be impossible for the exiles to dispose of their property, for all would, by the proposed measure, be sellers, while there would be no purchasers.[1]

The royal plenipotentiaries, making answer to this communication upon the 1st of April, signified a willingness that the Spanish soldiers should depart, if the States would consent to disband their own foreign troops. They were likewise in favour of assembling the States-general, but could not permit any change in the religion of the country. His Majesty had sworn to maintain the true worship at the moment of assuming the sovereignty. The dissenters might, however, be allowed a period of six months in which to leave the land, and eight or ten years for the sale of their property. After the heretics had all departed, his Majesty did not doubt that trade and manufactures would flourish again, along with the old religion. As for the Spanish Inquisition, there was not, and there never had been, any intention of establishing it in the Netherlands.[2]

No doubt there was something specious in this paper. It appeared to contain considerable concessions. The Prince and Estates had claimed the departure of the Spaniards. It was now promised that they should depart. They had demanded the assembling of the States-general. It was now promised that they should assemble. They had denounced the Inquisition. It was now averred that the Spanish Inquisition was not to be established.

Nevertheless, the commissioners of the Prince were not deceived by such artifices. There was no parity between the cases of the Spanish soldiery and of the troops in the service of the Estates. To assemble the States-general was idle if they were to be forbidden the settlement of the great question at issue. With regard to the Spanish Inquisition, it mattered little whether the slaughter-house were called Spanish or Flemish, or simply the Blood Council. It was, however, necessary for the States' commissioners to consider their reply very carefully, for the royal plenipotentiaries had placed themselves upon specious grounds. It was not enough to feel that the King's Government was paltering with them; it was likewise necessary for the States' agents to impress this fact upon the people.

There was a pause in the deliberations. Meantime, Count Schwartzburg, reluctantly accepting the conviction that the religious question was an insurmountable obstacle to a peace, left the provinces for Germany.[3] The last propositions of the Government plenipotentiaries had been discussed in the councils of the various cities,[4] so that the reply of the Prince and Estates was delayed until the 1st of June. They admitted, in this communication, that the offer to restore ancient privileges had an agreeable sound; but regretted that if the whole population were to be banished, there would be but few to derive advantage from the restoration. If the King would put an end to religious persecution, he would find as much loyalty in the provinces as his forefathers had found. It was out of the question, they said, for the States to disarm and to deliver up their strong places before the Spanish soldiery had retired, and before peace had been established. It was their wish to leave the question of religion, together with all other disputed matters, to the deci-

[1] Resol. Holl., Maart 21, 1575, bl. 166. Bor, viii. 599. Wagenaer, vii. 34–39.

[2] Resol. Holl., Apl. 1575, bl. 202. Bor, viii. 602.

[3] Bor, viii. 604, 605.

[4] Wagenaer, vii. 43.

sion of the Assembly. Were it possible, in the meantime, to devise any effectual method for restraining hostilities, it would gladly be embraced.[1]

On the 8th of July, the royal commissioners inquired what guarantee the States would be willing to give that the decision of the General Assembly, whatever it might be, should be obeyed. The demand was answered by another, in which the King's agents were questioned as to their own guarantees. Hereupon it was stated that his Majesty would give his word and sign-manual, together with the word and signature of the Emperor into the bargain. In exchange for these promises, the Prince and Estates were expected to give their own oaths and seals, together with a number of hostages. Over and above this, they were requested to deliver up the cities of Brill and Enkhuizen, Flushing and Arnemuyde.[2] The disparity of such guarantees was ridiculous. The royal word, even when strengthened by the imperial promise, and confirmed by the autographs of Philip and Maximilian, was not so solid a security, in the opinion of Netherlanders, as to outweigh four cities in Holland and Zealand, with all their population and wealth. To give collateral pledges and hostages upon one side, while the King offered none, was to assign a superiority to the royal word over that of the Prince and the Estates which there was no disposition to recognise. Moreover, it was very cogently urged that to give up the cities was to give as security for the contract some of the principal contracting parties.[3]

This closed the negotiations. The provincial plenipotentiaries took their leave by a paper dated 13th July 1575, which recapitulated the main incidents of the conference. They expressed their deep regret that his Majesty should insist so firmly on the banishment of the Reformers, for it was unjust to reserve the provinces to the sole use of a small number of Catholics. They lamented that the proposition which had been made to refer the religious question to the Estates had neither been loyally accepted nor candidly refused. They inferred, therefore, that the object of the royal Government had been to amuse the States, while time was thus gained for reducing the country into a slavery more abject than any which had yet existed.[4] On the other hand, the royal commissioners as solemnly averred that the whole responsibility for the failure of the negotiations belonged to the Estates.[5]

It was the general opinion in the insurgent provinces that the Government had been insincere from the beginning, and had neither expected nor desired to conclude a peace. It is probable, however, that Philip was sincere, so far as it could be called sincerity to be willing to conclude a peace, if the provinces would abandon the main objects of the war.[6] With his impoverished exchequer, and ruin threatening his whole empire, if this mortal combat should be continued many years longer, he could have no motive for further bloodshed, provided all heretics should consent to abandon the country. As usual, however, he left his agents in the dark as to his real intentions. Even Requesens was as much in doubt as to the King's secret purposes as Margaret of Parma

[1] Resol. Holl., Apl. 19, 1575, bl. 240; May 20, 23, 1575; Jun. 5, 1575, bl. 240, 305, 314, 316, 355. Bor, viii. 605–608. [2] Resol. Holl., July 8, 1575, bl. 47.
[3] Ibid., July 8, 16, 1575, bl. 478, 506. Wagenaer, vii. 49.
[4] Resol. Holl., July 16, bl. 506. Wagenaer, vii. 49, 50. Bor, viii. 610.
[5] Resol. Holl., July 16, 1575, bl. 512. Bor, viii. 612.
[6] See Kluit, Hist. der Holl. Staatsreg., i. 90, 91, note 34. Compare the remarks of Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 259–262; Bor, viii. 606, 615; Meteren, v. 100; Hoofd, x. 410. Count John of Nassau was distrustful and disdainful from the beginning. Against his brother's loyalty and the straightforward intentions of the Estates, he felt that the whole force of the Machiavelli system of policy would be brought to bear with great effect. He felt that the object of the King's party was to temporise, to confuse, and to deceive. He did not believe them capable of conceding the real object in dispute; but he feared lest they might obscure the judgment of the plain and well-meaning people with whom they had to deal. Alluding to the constant attempts made to poison himself and his brother, he likens the pretended negotiations to Venetian drugs, by which eyesight, hearing, feeling, and intellect were destroyed. Under this pernicious influence, the luckless people would not perceive the fire burning around them, but would shrink at a rustling leaf. Not comprehending then the tendency of their own acts, they would "lay bare their own backs to the rod, and bring faggots for their own funeral pile."—Archives, etc., v. 131–137.

had ever been in former times.[1] Moreover, the Grand Commander and the Government had, after all, made a great mistake in their diplomacy. The Estates of Brabant, although strongly desirous that the Spanish troops should be withdrawn, were equally stanch for the maintenance of the Catholic religion, and many of the southern provinces entertained the same sentiments. Had the Governor, therefore, taken the States' commissioners at their word, and left the decision of the religious question to the General Assembly, he might perhaps have found the vote in his favour.[2] In this case, it is certain that the Prince of Orange and his party would have been placed in a very awkward position.[3]

The internal government of the insurgent provinces had remained upon the footing which we have seen established in the autumn of 1574, but in the course of this summer (1575), however, the foundation was laid for the union of Holland and Zealand under the authority of Orange. The selfish principle of municipal aristocracy, which had tended to keep asunder these various groups of cities, was now repressed by the energy of the Prince and the strong determination of the people.

In April 1575, certain articles of union between Holland and Zealand were proposed, and six commissioners appointed to draw up an ordinance for the government of the two provinces. This ordinance was accepted in general assembly of both.[4] It was in twenty articles. It declared that, during the war, the Prince, as sovereign, should have absolute power in all matters concerning the defence of the country. He was to appoint military officers, high and low, establish and remove garrisons, punish offenders against the laws of war. He was to regulate the expenditure of all money voted by the Estates. He was to maintain the law, in the King's name, as Count of Holland, and to appoint all judicial officers upon nominations by the Estates. He was, at the usual times, to appoint and renew the magistracies of the cities, according to their constitutions. He was to protect the exercise of the Evangelical Reformed religion, *and to suppress the exercise of the Roman religion*,[5] without permitting, however, that search should be made into the creed of any person. A deliberative and executive council, by which the jealousy of the corporations had intended to hamper his government, did not come into more than nominal existence.[6]

The articles of union having been agreed upon, the Prince, desiring an unfettered expression of the national will, wished the ordinance to be laid before the people in their primary assemblies. The Estates, however, were opposed to this democratic proceeding. They represented that it had been customary to consult, after the city magistracies, only the captains of companies and the deans of guilds on matters of government. The Prince yielding the point, the captains of companies and deans of guilds accordingly alone united with the aristocratic boards in ratifying the instrument by which his authority over the two united provinces was established. On the 4th of June this first union was solemnised.[7]

Upon the 11th of July, the Prince formally accepted the government.[8] He, however, made an essential change in a very important clause of the ordinance.

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[1] Vigl. ad Hopp., Ep. 253.

[2] See Wagenaer, vii. 52.

[3] Besides the Resolutions of the Estates of Holland, already cited, see for the history of these negotiations, Meteren, v. 96–100; Bor, viii. 595–615; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 69, sqq.; Hoofd, x. 400, 411. Compare Bentivoglio, ib. ix. 157–161; Mendoza, xiii. 269, 270.

[4] Resol. Holl., May 17, 18, 1575, bl. 291, 294. Wagenaer, vii. 25–18.

[5] "Ook de oefening der Evangelische Gereformeerde Religie handhaaven, doende de oefeninge der Romische Religie ophouden."—Resol. Holl., ubi sup.

[6] Wagenaer, vii. 19, 22, 23, 25. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 268–272. See Resol. Holl., June 10, 21, 23, 1575, bl. 381, 414, 420.

[7] Wagenaer, vii. 19. Resol. Holl., May 21, 1575, bl. 311, 313. June 4, 1575, bl. 359. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 271, 272.

[8] Resol. Holl., July 12, 15, 18, 19, 20, 1575, bl. 487, 501, 514, 516, 520. Bor, viii. 641–643. Hoofd, x. 420, 421.

In place of the words, the "Roman religion," he insisted that the words, "religion at variance with the gospel," should be substituted in the article by which he was enjoined to prohibit the exercise of such religion.[1] This alteration rebuked the bigotry which had already grown out of the successful resistance to bigotry, and left the door open for a general religious toleration.

Early in this year the Prince had dispatched St. Aldegonde on a private mission to the Elector Palatine. During some of his visits to that potentate he had seen at Heidelberg the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon. That lady was daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, the most ardent of the Catholic princes of France, and the one who at the conferences of Bayonne had been most indignant at the Queen Dowager's hesitation to unite heartily with the schemes of Alva and Philip for the extermination of the Huguenots. His daughter, a woman of beauty, intelligence, and virtue, forced before the canonical age to take the religious vows, had been placed in the convent of Joüarrs, of which she had become abbess. Always secretly inclined to the Reformed religion, she had fled secretly from her cloister in the year of horrors 1572, and had found refuge at the court of the Elector Palatine, after which step her father refused to receive her letters, to contribute a farthing to her support, or even to acknowledge her claims upon him by a single line or message of affection.[2]

Under these circumstances the outcast Princess, who had arrived at years of maturity, might be considered her own mistress, and she was neither morally nor legally bound, when her hand was sought in marriage by the great champion of the Reformation, to ask the consent of a parent who loathed her religion and denied her existence. The legality of the divorce from Anne of Saxony had been settled by a full expression of the ecclesiastical authority which she most respected;[3] the facts upon which the divorce had been founded having been proved beyond peradventure.

Nothing, in truth, could well be more unfortunate in its results than the famous Saxon marriage, the arrangements for which had occasioned so much pondering to Philip, and so much diplomatic correspondence on the part of high personages in Germany, the Netherlands, and Spain. Certainly, it was of but little consequence to what Church the unhappy Princess belonged, and they must be slightly versed in history or in human nature who can imagine these nuptials to have exercised any effect upon the religious or political sentiments of Orange. The Princess was of a stormy, ill-regulated nature; almost a lunatic from the beginning. The dislike which succeeded to her fantastic fondness for the Prince, as well as her general eccentricity, had soon become the talk of all the court at Brussels. She would pass week after week without emerging from her chamber, keeping the shutters closed and candles burning day and night.[4] She quarrelled violently with Countess Egmont for precedence, so that the ludicrous contentions of the two ladies in antechambers and doorways were the theme and the amusement of society.[5] Her insolence, not only in private but in public, towards her husband became intolerable. "I could not do otherwise than bear it with sadness and patience," said the Prince, with great magnanimity, "hoping that with age would come improvement." Nevertheless, upon one occasion, at a supper party, she had used such language in the presence of Count Horn and many other nobles, "that all wondered that he could endure the abusive terms which she applied to him."[6]

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[1] Resol. Holl., July 22, 30, 1575, bl. 528, 542. Wagenaer, vii. 22. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 272; Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 116, 117, note 55.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 113.

[3] "Acte de cinq Ministres du St. Evangile par lequel ils declarent le mariage du Prince d'Orange être legitime."—Archives, etc., v. 216–226

[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 386.

[5] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 452.

[6] Letter to the Elector Augustus, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 31, 32.

When the clouds gathered about him, when he had become an exile and a wanderer, her reproaches and her violence increased. The sacrifice of their wealth, the mortgages and sales which he effected of his estates, plate, jewels, and furniture, to raise money for the struggling country, excited her bitter resentment. She separated herself from him by degrees, and at last abandoned him altogether. Her temper became violent to ferocity. She beat her servants with her hands and with clubs; she threatened the lives of herself, of her attendants, of Count John of Nassau, with knives and daggers, and indulged in habitual profanity and blasphemy, uttering frightful curses upon all around. Her original tendency to intemperance had so much increased, that she was often unable to stand on her feet. A bottle of wine, holding more than a quart, in the morning, and another in the evening, together with a pound of sugar, was her usual allowance. She addressed letters to Alva, complaining that her husband had impoverished himself "in his good-for-nothing Beggar war," and begging the Duke to furnish her with a little ready money, and with the means of arriving at the possession of her dower.[1] An illicit connection with a certain John Rubens, an exiled magistrate of Antwerp, and father of the celebrated painter, completed the list of her delinquencies, and justified the marriage of the Prince with Charlotte de Bourbon.[2] It was therefore determined by the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave William to remove her from the custody of the Nassaus. This took place, with infinite difficulty, at the close of the year 1575. Already, in 1572, Augustus had proposed to the Landgrave that she should be kept in solitary confinement, and that a minister should preach to her daily through the grated aperture by which her food was to be admitted. The Landgrave remonstrated at so inhuman a proposition, which was, however, carried into effect. The wretched Princess, now completely a lunatic, was imprisoned in the Electoral palace, in a chamber where the windows were walled up, and a small grating let into the upper part of the door. Through this wicket came her food, as well as the words of the holy man appointed to preach daily for her edification.[3]

Two years long she endured this terrible punishment, and died mad,[4] on

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[1] "Derhalben auch die Princessin sich dermassen ertzurnedt, das sie ihr der frawen man und die fraw midt einem scheidtholltz gleichfalls auch mit feusten geschlagen und sehr ubel gescholten hab," etc.—Summarische Verreichnisz und Protocolle der Abgesandten, 85–129. Acta der Fr. Princessin zu Uranien vorgefliche vorhandlung belangnt, Ao. 1572, MS., Dresden Archives.

"Habe darnach des Abends, als sie gahr und also beweindt gewesen das sie nicht stehen konnen, ein schreibmesserlein in den rechten ermel zu sich gestegkt, vorhabens Graf Johann wan er zu ihr kumen wehre, sollchs in den halsz zu stossen——gleichfolls habe sie ein briefstecher bekhumen und sollchen, alls sie auch etwas zuviel getrunken, zu ihrem Haupt ins bedt gelegt," etc., etc.——"Es las ihr auch die Fr. Prinzessin offtmals eyer gahr hardt im salltz sieden, darauf, tringkt sie dan edtwan zuvil und werde ungedultig, fluche alle bosze fluech, und werfe die speisze und schussel und allem von tisch von sich," etc., etc.—MS., Dresden Archives, dict. act.

"Und die Fr. Prinzessin, wie sie es genant, *den tollen man*, nemlich ein guedte flasche weins morgens und abermals ein guedte flasche zu abendtszeidt mehr dan ein masz haltend bekumen, welches ir sambt einem Pfundt Zugkers bei sich zu nemen nicht zu vil sey," etc. etc.—MS., Dresden Archives, dict. act.

"Der man sich verweigert hat einen brief so sie an den Duca de Alba geschrieben gen Cölln zu tragen und daselbst ferner zu uberschigken.——Der Innhalt solches Briefs sei ungeverlich gewesen, das sie sich beclagdt, wie man sie alhie so gahr ubel tractir—das guedt, so ihr auf des Königs anordnung gehandtraicht habe sollen werden, entwendt und es *ihrem herrn zu seinem unnutzen Goesen Kriegk zu gebrauchen* zugestellt haben. Bidte das der *Duca de Albe wölle vor sie schreiben* an das Cammergericht umb Mandat, das sie von Gf. Johanns gefengknisz ledig unnd zu Spier vor recht gestellt werden möge. Auch das er, der von Alba, ir die *nechste Mesz etwas von geldt* und dabei einen gesandten mit mundlicher werbung zuschigken wolle. Sey der Brief zwei Bogen lank," etc.—Ibid.

[2] Acta der Frau. Princessin zu Uranien, etc.—Abschriften von F. Annen, Ehestifftung, etc.—Schickung an Joh. G. tzu Nass. Abholung der Princessin und todtlichen Abgang.—MS., Dresd. Arch. 1575–1579, passim. Bakhuyzen v. d. Brinck. Het Huwelijk van W. v. Oranje, 133, sqq.

[3] "Seindt auch der endlichen meinung, wan sie also in geheim vorwahret und ein Predicant verordnet, der sie teglich durch ein fensterlein do ir die speys und tranck gericht werde Irer begangenen sunde mit Vleiss erinnere."—Letter of Elector Augustus to Landgrave William, July 9, 1572, MS., Dresd. Arch. "Ganz gestöaten Geistes."—Ibid.

[4] "Desgleichen, habe ich auch angeordnet," writes Secretary Hans Jenitz immediately after the decease of the Princess, "dasz *die Fenster durch die Maurer*, welche sie *suvor zugemauert*, wiederum ausgebrochen werden und sol der Bettmeister mit *Reinigung derselben Stube und Kammer* sich E. F. G. befehl nach verhalten. E. F. G. kann ich auch unterthänigst nicht verhalten, dasz keine neue Thür vor solche stube gemaecht worden——sondern man hat durch die alte Thure in dem obern Felde nur *ein viereckicht Loch ausgeschnitten und von starkem eisernen Blech* ein *enges Gitter dafur gemacht* dasz man auswendig auf *dem Saal auch verschliessen* kann. ——Es steht auch zu E. F. G. Gefallen, ob man die

the 18th of December 1577. On the following day she was buried in the electoral tomb at Meissen; a pompous procession of "school children, clergy, magistrates, nobility, and citizens" conducting her to that rest of which she could no longer be deprived by the cruelty of man nor her own violent temperament.[1]

So far, therefore, as the character of Mademoiselle de Bourbon and the legitimacy of her future offspring were concerned, she received ample guarantees. For the rest, the Prince, in a simple letter, informed her that he was already past his prime, having reached his forty-second year, and that his fortune was encumbered not only with settlements for his children by previous marriages, but by debts contracted in the cause of his oppressed country.[2] A convention of doctors and bishops of France, summoned by the Duc de Montpensier, afterwards confirmed the opinion that the conventual vows of the Princess Charlotte had been conformable neither to the laws of France nor to the canons of the Trent Council.[3] She was conducted to Brill by St. Aldegonde, where she was received by her bridegroom, to whom she was united on the 12th of June. The wedding festival was held at Dort with much revelry and holiday-making, "but without dancing."[4]

In this connection, no doubt, the Prince consulted his inclination only. Eminently domestic in his habits, he required the relief of companionship at home to the exhausting affairs which made up his life abroad. For years he had never enjoyed social converse, except at long intervals, with man or woman; it was natural, therefore, that he should contract this marriage. It was equally natural that he should make many enemies by so impolitic a match. The Elector Palatine, who was in place of guardian to the bride, decidedly disapproved, although he was suspected of favouring the alliance.[5] The Landgrave of Hesse for a time was furious; the Elector of Saxony absolutely delirious with rage.[6] The Diet of the Empire was to be held within a few weeks at Frankfort, where it was very certain that the outraged and influential Elector would make his appearance, overflowing with anger, and determined to revenge upon the cause of the Netherland Reformation the injury which he had personally received. Even the wise, considerate, affectionate brother, John of Nassau, considered the marriage an act of madness. He did what he could, by argument and entreaty, to dissuade the Prince from its completion;[7] although he afterwards voluntarily confessed that the Princess Charlotte had been deeply calumniated, and was an inestimable treasure to his brother.[8] The French Government made use of the circumstance to justify itself in a still further alienation from the cause of the Prince than it had hitherto manifested, but this was rather pretence than reality.

It was not in the nature of things, however, that the Saxon and Hessian indignation could be easily allayed. The Landgrave was extremely violent. "Truly, I cannot imagine," he wrote to the Elector of Saxony, "*quo consilio*

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grosse eiserne bande mit den Vorlege *schlossern, damit die Thuere von aussen verwart* gewesen, also daran bleiben lassen, oder wieder aus dem stein aushauen und abfeilen lassen wolle, aber die gegitter vor den Fenstern können meines Bedünckens wohl bleiben."—Hans Jenitz an Churfürstin Anna Acta: Inventarium über F. Annen, p. 3. Uranien Vorlassenschaft, etc., Ao. 1577, MS., Dresden Archives.

[1] Dict. Act., ibid.

It can certainly be considered no violation of the sanctity of archives to make these slender allusions to a tale, the main features of which have already been published, not only by MM. Groen v. Prinsterer and Bakhuyzen in Holland, but by the Saxon Professor Böttiger in Germany. It is impossible to understand the character and career of Orange, and his relations with Germany, without a complete view of the Saxon marriage. The extracts from the "geomantic letters" of Elector Augustus, however, given in Böttiger (Hist. Taschenb. 1836, pp. 169–173), with their furious attacks upon the Prince and upon Charlotte of Bourbon, seem to us too obscene to be admitted, even in a note, to these pages, and in a foreign language.

[2] Memoire pour le Comte de Hohenlo allant de la part du Prince d'Orange vers le Comte J. de Nassau, l'Electeur Palatin, et son épouse, Mlle. de Bourbon, Archives, etc., v. 189–192.

[3] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, ed. Sylvius, 37, 38.

[4] Archives et Correspondance, v. 226. Bor, viii. 644. Meteren, v. 100.

[5] Archives et Correspondance, v. 300.

[6] Ibid. Ibid., 203, 204.

[8] Ibid., 312, 313

that wiseacre of an Aldegonde, and whosoever else has been aiding and abetting, have undertaken this affair. *Nam si pietatem respicias*, it is to be feared that, considering she is a Frenchwoman, a nun, and moreover a fugitive nun, about whose chastity there has been considerable question, the Prince has got out of the frying-pan into the fire. *Si formam*, it is not to be supposed that it was her beauty which charmed him, since, without doubt, he must be rather frightened than delighted when he looks upon her. *Si spem prolis*, the Prince has certainly only too many heirs already, and ought to wish that he had neither wife nor children. *Si amicitiam*, it is not to be supposed, while her father expresses himself in such threatening language with regard to her, that there will be much cordiality of friendship on his part. Let them look to it, then, lest it fare with them no better than with the Admiral at his Paris wedding; for those gentlemen can hardly forgive such injuries, *sine mercurio et arsenico sublimato*."[1]

The Elector of Saxony was frantic with choler, and almost ludicrous in the vehemence of its expression. Count John was unceasing in his exhortations to his brother to respect the sensitiveness of these important personages, and to remember how much good and how much evil it was in their power to compass with regard to himself and to the great cause of the Protestant religion. He reminded him, too, that the divorce had not been and would not be considered impregnable as to form, and that much discomfort and detriment was likely to grow out of the whole proceeding for himself and his family.[2] The Prince, however, was immovable in his resolution, and from the whole tone of his correspondence and deportment it was obvious that his marriage was one rather of inclination than of policy. "I can assure you, my brother," he wrote to Count John, "that my character has always tended to this—to care neither for words nor menaces in any matter where I can act with a clear conscience, and without doing injury to my neighbour. Truly, if I had paid regard to the threats of princes, I should never have embarked in so many dangerous affairs, contrary to the will of the King, my master, *in times past*, and even to the advice of many of my relatives and friends."[3]

The evil consequences which had been foreseen were not slow to manifest themselves. There was much discussion of the Prince's marriage at the Diet of Frankfort, and there was even a proposition formally to declare the Calvinists excluded in Germany from the benefits of the Peace of Passau. The Archduke Rudolph was soon afterwards elected King of the Romans and of Bohemia, although hitherto, according to the policy of the Prince of Orange, and in the expectation of benefit to the cause of the Reformation in Germany and the Netherlands, there had been a strong disposition to hold out hopes to Henry the Third, and to excite the fears of Maximilian.[4]

While these important affairs, public and private, had been occurring in the south of Holland and in Germany, a very nefarious transaction had disgraced the cause of the patriot party in the northern quarter. Diedrich Sonoy, Governor of that portion of Holland, a man of great bravery, but of extreme ferocity of character, had discovered an extensive conspiracy among certain of the inhabitants, in aid of an approaching Spanish invasion. Bands of landloupers had been employed, according to the intimation which he had received, or affected to have received, to set fire to villages and towns in every direction, to set up beacons, and to conduct a series of signals by which the expeditions about to be organised were to be furthered in their objects.[5] The Governor, determined to show that the Duke of Alva could not be more

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 227, 228.
[2] See the letter of Count John to Prince of Orange, Archives, v. 208–213.
[3] Ibid., 244–252
[4] Vide Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 299, 300.
[5] Bor, viii. 623, sqq. Hoofd, x. 411, 412. Wagenaer, vii. 54, sqq.

prompt nor more terrible than himself, improvised, on his own authority, a tribunal in imitation of the infamous Blood Council. Fortunately for the character of the country, Sonoy was not a Hollander, nor was the jurisdiction of this newly established court allowed to extend beyond very narrow limits. Eight vagabonds were, however, arrested and doomed to tortures the most horrible, in order to extort from them confessions implicating persons of higher position in the land than themselves. Seven, after a few turns of the pulley and the screw, confessed all which they were expected to confess, and accused all whom they were requested to accuse. The eighth was firmer, and refused to testify to the guilt of certain respectable householders, whose names he had perhaps never heard, and against whom there was no shadow of evidence. He was, however, reduced by three hours and a half of sharp torture to confess, entirely according to their orders, so that accusations and evidence were thus obtained against certain influential gentlemen of the province, whose only crime was a secret adherence to the Catholic faith.[1]

The eight wretches who had been induced by promises of unconditional pardon upon one hand, and by savage torture on the other, to bear this false witness, were condemned to be burned alive, and on their way to the stake they all retracted the statements, which had only been extorted from them by the rack. Nevertheless, the individuals who had been thus designated were arrested. Charged with plotting a general conflagration of the villages and farmhouses, in conjunction with an invasion by Hierges and other Papist generals, they indignantly protested their innocence; but two of them, a certain Kopp Corneliszoon, and his son, Nanning Koppezoon, were selected to undergo the most cruel torture which had yet been practised in the Netherlands.[2] Sonoy, to his eternal shame, was disposed to prove that human ingenuity to inflict human misery had not been exhausted in the chambers of the Blood Council, for it was to be shown that Reformers were capable of giving a lesson even to Inquisitors in this diabolical science. Kopp, a man advanced in years, was tortured during a whole day. On the following morning he was again brought to the rack, but the old man was too weak to endure all the agony which his tormentors had provided for him. Hardly had he been placed upon the bed of torture than he calmly expired, to the great indignation of the tribunal.[3] "The devil has broken his neck, and carried him off to hell," cried they, ferociously. "Nevertheless, that shall not prevent him from being hung and quartered." This decree of impotent vengeance was accordingly executed.[4] The son of Kopp, however, Nanning Koppezoon, was a man in the full vigour of his years. He bore with perfect fortitude a series of incredible tortures, after which, with his body singed from head to heel, and his feet almost entirely flayed, he was left for six weeks to crawl about his dungeon on his knees. He was then brought back to the torture-room, and again stretched upon the rack, while a large earthen vessel, made for the purpose, was placed, inverted, upon his naked body. A number of rats were introduced under this cover, and hot coals were heaped upon the vessel, till the rats, rendered furious by the heat, gnawed into the very bowels of the victim, in their agony to escape.[5] The holes thus torn in his bleeding flesh

1 Bor, viii. 623, sqq. Hoofd, x. 412.
2 Bor, viii. 626, sqq. Hoofd, x. 413, sqq.
3 Bor, viii. 627, 628. Hoofd, x. 413.
4 Ibid.
5 Bor (viii. 628) conscientiously furnishes diagrams of the machinery by aid of which this devilish cruelty was inflicted. The rats were sent by the Governor himself.—Vide Letter of the Commissioners to Sonoy, apud Bor, viii. 640, 641. The whole letter is a wonderful monument of barbarity. The incredible tortures to which the poor creatures had been subjected are detailed in a business-like manner; though the transactions were quite regular and laudable. The Commissioners conclude with pious wishes for the Governor's welfare: "Noble, wise, virtuous, and very discreet sir," they say, "we have wished to apprise you of the foregoing, and we now pray that God Almighty may spare you in a happy, healthy, and long-continued government." It will be seen, however, that the "wise, virtuous, and very discreet" Governor, who thus caused his fellow-citizen's bowels to be gnawed by rats, was not allowed to remain much longer in his "happy and healthy government."

were filled with red-hot coals. He was afterwards subjected to other tortures too foul to relate; nor was it till he had endured all this agony, with a fortitude which seemed supernatural, that he was at last discovered to be human. Scorched, bitten, dislocated in every joint, sleepless, starving, perishing with thirst, he was at last crushed into a false confession by a promise of absolute forgiveness. He admitted everything which was brought to his charge, confessing a catalogue of contemplated burnings and beacon firings of which he had never dreamed, and avowing himself in league with other desperate Papists still more dangerous than himself.

Notwithstanding the promises of pardon, Nanning was then condemned to death. The sentence ordained that his heart should be torn from his living bosom, and thrown in his face, after which, his head was to be taken off, and exposed on the church steeple of his native village. His body was then to be cut in four, and a quarter fastened upon different towers of the city of Alkmaar, for it was that city, recently so famous for its heroic resistance to the Spanish army, which was now sullied by all this cold-blooded atrocity. When led to execution, the victim recanted indignantly the confessions forced from him by weakness of body, and exonerated the persons whom he had falsely accused. A certain clergyman, named Jurian Epeszoon endeavoured by loud praying to drown his voice, that the people might not rise with indignation, and the dying prisoner, with his last breath, solemnly summoned this unworthy pastor of Christ to meet him within three days before the judgment-seat of God. It is a remarkable and authentic fact, that the clergyman thus summoned went home pensively from the place of execution, sickened immediately, and died upon the appointed day.[1]

Notwithstanding this solemn recantation, the persons accused were arrested, and in their turn subjected to torture, but the affair now reached the ears of Orange. His peremptory orders, with the universal excitement produced in the neighbourhood, at last checked the course of the outrage, and the accused persons were remanded to prison, where they remained till liberated by the Pacification of Ghent. After their release they commenced legal proceedings against Sonoy, with a view of establishing their own innocence, and of bringing the inhuman functionary to justice. The process languished, however, and was finally abandoned, for the powerful Governor had rendered such eminent service in the cause of liberty, that it was thought unwise to push him to extremity. It is no impeachment upon the character of the Prince, that these horrible crimes were not prevented. It was impossible for him to be omnipresent. Neither is it just to consider the tortures and death thus inflicted upon innocent men an indelible stain upon the cause of liberty. They were the crimes of an individual who had been useful, but who, like the Count de la Marck, had now contaminated his hand with the blood of the guiltless. The new tribunal never took root, and was abolished as soon as its initiatory horrors were known.[2]

On the 19th of July, Oudewater, entirely unprepared for such an event, was besieged by Hierges, but the garrison and the population, although weak, were brave. The town resisted eighteen days, and on the 7th of August was carried by assault,[3] after which the usual horrors were fully practised, after which the garrison was put to the sword, and the towns-people fared little better. Men, women, and children were murdered in cold blood, or obliged to purchase their lives by heavy ransoms, while matrons and maids were sold by auction to the soldiers at two or three dollars each.[4] Almost every house in the city was

[1] Bor, viii. 628, sqq. Hoofd, x. 414. Wagenaer, vii. 58. Brandt, Hist. Ref., i. 563. Velius Horn, bl. 440

[2] Bor, viii. 628–641. Hoofd, x. 415–419.

[3] Bor, viii. 646. Meteren, v. 100.

[4] Bor, viii. 646. Hoofd, x. 424, 425.

burned to the ground, and these horrible but very customary scenes having been enacted, the army of Hierges took its way to Schoonhoven. That city, not defending itself, secured tolerable terms of capitulation, and surrendered on the 24th of August.[1]

The Grand Commander had not yet given up the hope of naval assistance from Spain, notwithstanding the abrupt termination to the last expedition which had been organised. It was, however, necessary that a foothold should be recovered upon the seaboard before a descent from without could be met with proper co-operation from the land forces within, and he was most anxious, therefore, to effect the reconquest of some portion of Zealand. The island of Tholen was still Spanish, and had been so since the memorable expedition of Mondragon to South Beveland. From this interior portion of the archipelago the Governor now determined to attempt an expedition against the outer and more important territory. The three principal islands were Tholen, Duiveland, and Schouwen. Tholen was the first which detached itself from the continent. Next, and separated from it by a bay two leagues in width, was Duiveland, or the Isle of Doves. Beyond, and parted by a narrower firth, was Schouwen, fronting directly upon the ocean, fortified by its strong capital city, Zierickzee, and containing other villages of inferior consequence.[2]

Requesens had been long revolving in his mind the means of possessing himself of this important island. He had caused to be constructed a numerous armada of boats and light vessels of various dimensions, and he now came to Tholen to organise the expedition. His prospects were at first not flattering, for the gulfs and estuaries swarmed with Zealand vessels, manned by crews celebrated for their skill and audacity. Traitors, however, from Zealand itself now came forward to teach the Spanish commander how to strike at the heart of their own country. These refugees explained to Requesens that a narrow flat extended under the sea from Philipsland, a small and uninhabited islet situate close to Tholen, as far as the shore of Duiveland. Upon this submerged tongue of land, the water, during ebb-tide, was sufficiently shallow to be waded, and it would therefore be possible for a determined band, under cover of the night, to make the perilous passage. Once arrived at Duiveland, they could more easily cross the intervening creek to Schouwen, which was not so deep and only half as wide, so that a force thus sent through these dangerous shallows, might take possession of Duiveland and lay siege to Zierickzee, in the very teeth of the Zealand fleet, which would be unable to sail near enough to intercept their passage.[3]

The Commander determined that the enterprise should be attempted. It was not a novelty, because Mondragon, as we have seen, had already most brilliantly conducted a very similar expedition. The present was, however, a much more daring scheme. The other exploit, although sufficiently hazardous, and entirely successful, had been a victory gained over the sea alone. It had been a surprise, and had been effected without any opposition from human enemies. Here, however, they were to deal, not only with the ocean and darkness, but with a watchful and determined foe. The Zealanders were aware that the enterprise was in contemplation, and their vessels lay about the contiguous waters in considerable force.[4] Nevertheless, the determination of the Grand Commander was hailed with enthusiasm by his troops. Having satisfied himself by personal experiment that the enterprise was possible, and that therefore his brave soldiers could accomplish it, he decided that the

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[1] Bor, viii. 447. Meteren, v. 100.

[2] Bor, viii. 648–650. Hoofd, x. 426, 427. Meteren, v. 101, 102. Mendoza, xiv. 281. Bentivoglio, ix. 164, *seqq.*

[3] Bor, *ubi sup.* Hoofd, x. 426. Mendoza, xiv. 282. Bentivoglio, ix. 165.

[4] Bentivoglio, ix. 165. Hoofd, x. 428. Bor, viii. 648–650. Mendoza, xiv. 283.

glory of the achievement should be fairly shared, as before, among the different nations which served the King.

After completing his preparations, Requesens came to Tholen, at which rendezvous were assembled three thousand infantry, partly Spaniards, partly Germans, partly Walloons. Besides these, a picked corps of two hundred sappers and miners was to accompany the expedition, in order that no time might be lost in fortifying themselves as soon as they had seized possession of Schouwen. Four hundred mounted troopers were, moreover, stationed in the town of Tholen, while the little fleet which had been prepared at Antwerp lay near that city ready to co-operate with the land force as soon as they should complete their enterprise. The Grand Commander now divided the whole force into two parts. One half was to remain in the boats, under the command of Mondragon; the other half, accompanied by the two hundred pioneers, were to wade through the sea from Philipsland to Duiveland and Schouwen. Each soldier of this detachment was provided with a pair of shoes, two pounds of powder, and rations for three days in a canvas bag suspended at his neck. The leader of this expedition was Don Osorio d'Ulloa, an officer distinguished for his experience and bravery.[1]

On the night selected for the enterprise, that of the 27th September, the moon was a day old in its fourth quarter, and rose a little before twelve. It was low water at between four and five in the morning. The Grand Commander, at the appointed hour of midnight, crossed to Philipsland, and stood on the shore to watch the setting forth of the little army. He addressed a short harangue to them, in which he skilfully struck the chords of Spanish chivalry and the national love of glory,[2] and was answered with loud and enthusiastic cheers. Don Osorio d'Ulloa then stripped and plunged into the sea immediately after the guides. He was followed by the Spaniards, after whom came the Germans, and then the Walloons. The two hundred sappers and miners came next, and Don Gabriel Peralta, with his Spanish company, brought up the rear. It was a wild night. Incessant lightning alternately revealed and obscured the progress of the midnight march through the black waters, as the anxious Commander watched the expedition from the shore, but the soldiers were quickly swallowed up in the gloom.[3] As they advanced cautiously, two by two, the daring adventurers found themselves soon nearly up to their necks in the waves, while so narrow was the submerged bank along which they were marching, that a misstep to the right or left was fatal. Luckless individuals repeatedly sank to rise no more. Meantime, as the sickly light of the waning moon came forth at intervals through the stormy clouds, the soldiers could plainly perceive the files of Zealand vessels through which they were to march, and which were anchored as close to the flat as the water would allow. Some had recklessly stranded themselves in their eagerness to interrupt the passage of the troops, and the artillery played unceasingly from the larger vessels. Discharges of musketry came continually from all, but the fitful lightning rendered the aim difficult and the fire comparatively harmless,[4] while the Spaniards were, moreover, protected, as to a large part of their bodies, by the water in which they were immersed.

At times, they halted for breath, or to engage in fierce skirmishes with their

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[1] Bentivoglio, ix. 166. Hoofd, x. 427, 428. Mendoza, xiv. 283.

[2] Hoofd, x. 428. Bor, viii. 648–650. Mendoza, xiv. 283, 284.

[3] Bor, viii. 648–650. Hoofd, x. 428. Bentivoglio, ix. 167.

According to Mendoza, the sky was full of preternatural appearances on that memorable night; literally—

"The exhalations whizzing through the air
Gave so much light that one might read by them."
—*Julius Cæsar.*

"Viendose *en aqual punto cometas y señales en el cielo de grande claridad y tanta que se leian cartas como si fuera de dia*, quo ponia admiracion el verlas; juzgando los mas ser cosa fuera del curso natural," etc., xiv. 284. Compare Strada, viii. 398.

[4] Bentivog., ix. 167. Hoofd, x. 429. Wagen., vii. 71.

nearest assailants. Standing breast-high in the waves, and surrounded at intervals by total darkness, they were yet able to pour an occasional well-directed volley into the hostile ranks. The Zealanders, however, did not assail them with firearms alone. They transfixed some with their fatal harpoons; they dragged others from the path with boat-hooks; they beat out the brains of others with heavy flails.[1] Many were the mortal duels thus fought in the darkness, and, as it were, in the bottom of the sea; many were the deeds of audacity which no eye was to mark save those by whom they were achieved. Still, in spite of all impediments and losses, the Spaniards steadily advanced. If other arms proved less available, they were attacked by the fierce taunts and invectives of their often invisible foes, who reviled them as water-dogs, fetching and carrying for a master who despised them; as mercenaries, who coined their blood for gold, and were employed by tyrants for the basest uses. If, stung by these mocking voices, they turned in the darkness to chastise their unseen tormentors, they were certain to be trampled upon by their comrades, and to be pushed from their narrow pathway into the depths of the sea. Thus many perished.

The night wore on, and the adventurers still fought it out manfully, but very slowly, the main body of Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons soon after daylight reaching the opposite shore, having sustained considerable losses, but in perfect order. The pioneers were not so fortunate. The tide rose over them before they could effect their passage, and swept nearly every one away.[2] The rear-guard, under Peralta, not surprised, like the pioneers, in the middle of their passage by the rising tide, but prevented, before it was too late, from advancing far beyond the shore from which they had departed, were fortunately enabled to retrace their steps.[3]

Don Osorio, at the head of the successful adventurers, now effected his landing upon Duiveland. Reposing themselves but for an instant after this unparalleled march through the water of more than six hours, they took a slight refreshment, prayed to the Virgin Mary and to St. James, and then prepared to meet their new enemies on land. Ten companies of French, Scotch, and English auxiliaries lay in Duiveland, under the command of Charles Van Boisot. Strange to relate, by an inexplicable accident, or by treason, that general was slain by his own soldiers at the moment when the royal troops landed. The panic created by this event became intense, as the enemy rose suddenly, as it were, out of the depths of the ocean to attack them. They magnified the numbers of their assailants, and fled terror-stricken in every direction. Some swam to the Zealand vessels which lay in the neighbourhood; others took refuge in the forts which had been constructed on the island, but these were soon carried by the Spaniards, and the conquest of Duiveland was effected.[4]

The enterprise was not yet completed, but the remainder was less difficult, and not nearly so hazardous, for the creek which separated Duiveland from Schouwen was much narrower than the estuary which they had just traversed. It was less than a league in width, but so encumbered by rushes and briers, that, although difficult to wade, it was not navigable for vessels of any kind.[5]

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1 "Ne bastara a nemici di travagliargli solamente co i moschetti, e con gli archibugi, ma piu d'appresso con uncini di ferro, con legni maneggiabili a molti doppi, é con altsi istromenti," etc.—Bentivoglio, ix. 167. "Llegavan á herir á los nuestros con unos instrumentos de lamanera que los con que bateren el trigo para sacar el grano de la paja."—Mend., xiv. 285.

2 Hoofd, x. 429. "Donde vays malaventurados, que os haren ser perros de agua," etc., etc.—Mendoza, ubi sup. Bentivoglio, ix. 168. Hoofd, x. 429. Mendoza, xiv. 285.

3 Mendoza, xiv. 285. Bentivoglio, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.

4 Hoofd, x. 429. Bor, viii. 649. Mendoza, xiv. 286. The officer whose career was thus unfortunately closed was a brother of the famous Admiral Boisot, had himself rendered good service to the cause of his country, and was Governor of Walcheren at the time of his death.—Archives et Correspondance, v. 283.

5 Mendoza, xiv. 286. Bentivoglio (ix. 168) says, "Poco men d'una lengua." Compare Bor, viii. 649 Hoofd, x. 429.

This part of the expedition was accomplished with equal resolution, so that, after a few hours' delay, the soldiers stood upon the much-coveted island of Schouwen. Five companies of States' troops, placed to oppose their landing, fled in the most cowardly manner at the first discharge of the Spanish muskets,[1] and took refuge in the city of Zierickzee, which was soon afterwards beleaguered.

The troops had been disembarked upon Duiveland from the armada, which had made its way to the scene of action, after having received, by signal, information that the expedition through the water had been successful. Brouwershaven, on the northern side of Schouwen, was immediately reduced, but Bommenede resisted till the 25th of October, when it was at last carried by assault, and delivered over to fire and sword. Of the whole population and garrison not twenty were left alive. Siege was then laid to Zierickzee, and Colonel Mondragon was left in charge of the operations. Requesens himself came to Schouwen to give directions concerning this important enterprise.[2]

Chiappin Vitelli also came thither in the middle of the winter, and was so much injured by a fall from his litter while making the tour of the island, that he died on shipboard during his return to Antwerp.[3] This officer had gained his laurels upon more than one occasion, his conduct in the important action near Mons, in which the Huguenot force under Genlis was defeated, having been particularly creditable. He was of a distinguished Umbrian family, and had passed his life in camps, few of the generals who had accompanied Alva to the Netherlands being better known or more odious to the inhabitants. He was equally distinguished for his courage, his cruelty, and his corpulence. The last characteristic was so remarkable, that he was almost monstrous in his personal appearance. His protuberant stomach was always supported in a bandage suspended from his neck, yet in spite of this enormous impediment, he was personally active on the battlefield, and performed more service, not only as a commander but as a subaltern, than many a younger and lighter man.[4]

The siege of Zierickzee was protracted till the following June, the city holding out with firmness. Want of funds caused the operations to be conducted with languor, but the same cause prevented the Prince from accomplishing its relief. Thus the expedition from Philipsland, the most brilliant military exploit of the whole war, was attended with important results. The communication between Walcheren and the rest of Zealand was interrupted; the province cut in two; a foothold on the ocean, for a brief interval at least, acquired by Spain. The Prince was inexpressibly chagrined by these circumstances, and felt that the moment had arrived when all honourable means were to be employed to obtain foreign assistance. The Hollanders and Zealanders had fought the battles of freedom alone hitherto, and had fought them well, but poverty was fast rendering them incapable of sustaining much longer the unequal conflict. Offers of men, whose wages the States were to furnish, were refused, as worse than fruitless. Henry of Navarre, who perhaps deemed it possible to acquire the sovereignty of the provinces by so barren

[1] Mendoza, xiv. 287. Hoofd, x. 429. Bentivoglio, ix. 168.

[2] Mendoza, xiv. 287–293, sqq. Bentivoglio, ix. 169, 170. Bor, viii. 652, sqq. Hoofd, x. 431.

[3] Meteren, v. 103. Strada, viii. 403.

[4] Strada, viii. 404. Vitelli seems to have been unpopular with the Spaniards also, and Mendoza does not even allude to his death. The Netherlanders hated him cordially. His name, which afforded the materials for a pun, was, of course, a whetstone for their wits. They improved his death by perpetrating a multitude of epigrams, of which the following may serve as a sample:—

EPITAPHIUM CHIAP. VITELLI, MARCHIONIS CETONIÆ, ETC.

"O Deus omnipotens crassi miserere Vitelli,
Quem mors proveniens non sinit esse bovem.
Corpus in Italia est, tenet intestina Brabantus,
Ast animam nemo, cur? quia non habuit."

—Vide Meteren, v. 103b.

His death occurred towards the end of February 1576, a few days before that of the Grand Commander.

a benefit, was willing to send two or three thousand men, but not at his own expense. The proposition was respectfully declined.[1] The Prince and his little country were all alone. "Even if we should not only see ourselves deserted by all the world, but also all the world against us," he said, "we should not cease to defend ourselves even to the last man. Knowing the justice of our cause, we repose entirely in the mercy of God."[2] He determined, however, once more to have recourse to the powerful of the earth, being disposed to test the truth of his celebrated observation, that "there would be no lack of suitors for the bride that he had to bestow." It was necessary, in short, to look the great question of formally renouncing Philip directly in the face.

Hitherto the fiction of allegiance had been preserved, and even by the enemies of the Prince it was admitted that it had been retained with no disloyal intent.[3] The time, however, had come when it was necessary to throw off allegiance, provided another could be found strong enough and frank enough to accept the authority which Philip had forfeited. The question was naturally between France and England, unless the provinces could effect their readmission into the body of the Germanic Empire. Already in June the Prince had laid the proposition formally before the States, "whether they should not negotiate with the Empire on the subject of their admission, with maintenance of their own constitutions;" but it was understood that this plan was not to be carried out if the protection of the Empire could be obtained under easier conditions.[4]

Nothing came of the proposition at that time. The nobles and the deputies of South Holland now voted, in the beginning of the ensuing month, "that it was their duty to abandon the King, as a tyrant who sought to oppress and destroy his subjects, and that it behoved them to seek another protector." This was while the Breda negotiations were still pending, but when their inevitable result was very visible. There was still a reluctance at taking the last and decisive step in the rebellion, so that the semblance of loyalty was still retained—that ancient scabbard, in which the sword might yet one day be sheathed. The proposition was not adopted at the diet. A committee of nine was merely appointed to deliberate with the Prince upon the "means of obtaining foreign assistance, without accepting foreign authority or severing their connection with his Majesty." The Estates were, however, summoned a few months later by the Prince to deliberate on this important matter at Rotterdam. On the 1st of October he then formally proposed, either to make terms with their enemy, and that the sooner the better, or else, once for all, to separate entirely from the King of Spain, and to change their sovereign, in order, with the assistance and under protection of another Christian potentate, to maintain the provinces against their enemies. Orange, moreover, expressed the opinion, that upon so important a subject it was decidely incumbent upon them all to take the sense of the city governments. The members for the various municipalities acquiesced in the propriety of this suggestion, and resolved to consult their constituents, while the deputies of the nobility also desired to consult with their whole body. After an adjournment of a few days, the diet again assembled at Delft, and it was then *unanimously* resolved by the nobles and the cities, "*that they would forsake the King*, and seek foreign assistance,

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[1] Wagenaer, vii. 88. Resol. Holl., Maart 15, 1576.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 281, Letter to Count John.

[3] See the remarks of Groen v. Prinsterer on a passage in a letter of the Council of State to Requesens. —Archives, etc., v. 273. See also the letter in Bor, viii. 613.

[4] Resol. Holl., Jun. 6, 1575, bl. 363. Wagenaer, vii. 78.

referring the choice to the Prince, who, in regard to the government, was to take the opinion of the Estates."[1]

Thus the great step was taken by which two little provinces declared themselves independent of their ancient master. That declaration, although taken in the midst of doubt and darkness, was not destined to be cancelled, and the germ of a new and powerful commonwealth was planted. So little, however, did these republican fathers foresee their coming republic, that the resolution to renounce one king was combined with a proposition to ask for the authority of another. It was not imagined that those two slender columns, which were all that had yet been raised of the future stately peristyle, would be strong enough to stand alone. The question now arose, to what foreign power application should be made. But little hope was to be entertained from Germany, a state which existed only in name, and France was still in a condition of religious and intestine discord. The attitude of revolt maintained by the Duc d'Alençon seemed to make it difficult and dangerous to enter into negotiations with a country where the civil wars had assumed so complicated a character that a loyal and useful alliance could hardly be made with any party. The Queen of England, on the other hand, dreaded the wrath of Philip, by which her perpetual dangers from the side of Scotland would be aggravated, while she feared equally the extension of French authority in the Netherlands, by which increase her neighbour would acquire an overshadowing power. She was also ashamed openly to abandon the provinces to their fate, for her realm was supposed to be a bulwark of the Protestant religion. Afraid to affront Philip, afraid to refuse the suit of the Netherlands, afraid to concede an aggrandisement to France, what course was open to the English queen? That which, politically and personally, she loved the best—a course of barren coquetry. This the Prince of Orange foresaw; and although not disposed to leave a stone unturned in his efforts to find assistance for his country, he on the whole rather inclined to France. He, however, better than any man, knew how little cause there was for sanguine expectation from either source.[2]

It was determined, in the name of his Highness and the Estates, first to send a mission to England; but there had already been negotiations this year of an unpleasant character with that power. At the request of the Spanish envoy, the foremost Netherland rebels, in number about fifty, including by name the Prince of Orange, the Counts of Berg and Culemburg, with St. Aldegonde, Boisot, Junius, and others, had been formally forbidden by Queen Elizabeth to enter her realm.[3] The Prince had, in consequence, sent Aldegonde and Junius on a secret mission to France,[4] and the Queen, jealous and anxious, had thereupon sent Daniel Rogers secretly to the Prince.[5] At the same time she had sent an envoy to the Grand Commander, counselling conciliatory measures, and promising to send a special mission to Spain with the offer of her mediation; but it was suspected by those most in the confidence of the Spanish Government at Brussels, that there was a great deal of deception in these proceedings.[6] A truce for six months having now been established between the Duc d'Alençon and his brother, it was supposed that an alliance between France and England, and perhaps between Alençon and Elizabeth, was on the carpet, and that a kingdom of the Netherlands was to be the wedding present of the bride to her husband. These fantasies derived additional colour from the fact, that while the Queen was expressing

[1] Resol. Holl., Jul. 7, 1575, bl. 474. Jul. 9, 1575, bl. 482. Oct. 3, 1575, bl. 668, 669. Oct. 13, 1575, bl. 692. Bor, viii. 651. Wagenaer, vii. 81.

[2] De Thou. tom. vii. liv. 61. See Wagenaer, vii. 81.

[3] Resol. Holl., Jul. 13, 1575, bl. 492. Meteren, v. 100, 101.

[4] Bor, viii. 641.

[5] Wagenaer, vii. 83.

[6] Letter from Morillon to Cardinal Granvelle, of date Dec. 11, 1575, Archives et Corresp., v. 325, 326.

the most amicable intentions towards Spain, and the greatest jealousy of France, the English residents at Antwerp and other cities of the Netherlands had received private instructions to sell out their property as fast as possible, and to retire from the country.[1] On the whole, there was little prospect either of a final answer or of substantial assistance from the Queen.

The envoys to England were Advocate Buis and Doctor Francis Maalzon, nominated by the Estates, and St. Aldegonde, chief of the mission, appointed by the Prince. They arrived in England at Christmas-tide. Having represented to the Queen the result of the Breda negotiations, they stated that the Prince and the Estates, in despair of a secure peace, had addressed themselves to her as an upright protector of the Faith, and as a princess decended from the blood of Holland. This allusion to the intermarriage of Edward III. of England with Philippa, daughter of Count William III. of Hainault and Holland, would not, it was hoped, be in vain. They furthermore offered to her Majesty, in case she were willing powerfully to assist the States, the sovereignty over Holland and Zealand, under certain conditions.[2]

The Queen listened graciously to the envoys, and appointed commissioners to treat with them on the subject. Meantime, Requesens sent Champagny to England, to counteract the effect of this embassy of the Estates, and to beg the Queen to give no heed to the prayers of the rebels, to enter into no negotiations with them, and to expel them at once from her kingdom.[3]

The Queen gravely assured Champagny "that the envoys were not rebels, but faithful subjects of his Majesty."[4] There was certainly some effrontery in such a statement, considering the solemn offer which had just been made by the envoys. If to renounce allegiance to Philip and to propose the sovereignty to Elizabeth did not constitute rebellion, it would be difficult to define or to discover rebellion anywhere. The statement was as honest, however, as the diplomatic grimace with which Champagny had reminded Elizabeth of the ancient and unbroken friendship which had always existed between herself and his Catholic Majesty. The attempt of Philip to procure her dethronement and assassination but a few years before was, no doubt, thought too trifling a circumstance to have for a moment interrupted those harmonious relations. Nothing came of the negotiations on either side. The Queen coqueted, as was her custom. She could not accept the offer of the Estates; she could not say them nay. She would not offend Philip; she would not abandon the provinces; she would therefore negotiate—thus there was an infinite deal of diplomatic nothing spun and unravelled, but the result was both to abandon the provinces and to offend Philip.

In the first answer given by her commissioners to the States' envoys, it was declared, "that her Majesty considered it too expensive to assume the protection of both provinces. She was willing to protect them in name, but she should confer the advantage exclusively on Walcheren in reality. The defence of Holland must be maintained at the expense of the Prince and the Estates.[5]

This was certainly not munificent, and the envoys insisted upon more ample and liberal terms. The Queen declined, however, committing herself beyond this niggardly and inadmissible offer. The States were not willing to exchange the sovereignty over their country for so paltry a concession. The Queen declared herself indisposed to go further,[6] at least before consulting

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[1] Letter of Morillon, ubi sup.
[2] Bor, viii. 660, 661. Resol. Holl., Nov. 14, 1575, bl. 730.
[3] Bor, viii. 661. Vigl. Epist. Select., No. 177, p. 407.
[4] Bor, viii. 661.
[5] Ibid., 661–663. Wagenaer, vii. 85.
[6] Wagenaer, vii. 85, 86. Bor, ubi sup.

Parliament. The commissioners waited for the assembling of Parliament. She then refused to lay the matter before that body, and forbade the Hollanders taking any steps for that purpose.[1] It was evident that she was disposed to trifle with the provinces, and had no idea of encountering the open hostility of Philip. The envoys accordingly begged for their passports. These were granted in April 1576, with the assurance on the part of her Majesty, that "she would think more of the offer made to her after she had done all in her power to bring about an arrangement between the provinces and Philip."[2]

After the result of the negotiations of Breda, it is difficult to imagine what method she was likely to devise for accomplishing such a purpose. The King was not more disposed than during the preceding summer to grant liberty of religion, nor were the Hollanders more ready than they had been before to renounce either their faith or their fatherland. The envoys, on parting, made a strenuous effort to negotiate a loan, but the frugal Queen considered the proposition quite inadmissible. She granted them liberty to purchase arms and ammunition, and to levy a few soldiers with their own money, and this was accordingly done to a limited extent. As it was not difficult to hire soldiers or to buy gunpowder anywhere in that warlike age, provided the money were ready, the States had hardly reason to consider themselves under deep obligation for this concession. Yet this was the whole result of the embassy. Plenty of fine words had been bestowed, which might or might not have meaning, according to the turns taken by coming events. Besides these cheap and empty civilities, they received permission to defend Holland at their own expense, with the privilege of surrendering its sovereignty, if they liked, to Queen Elizabeth—and this was all.

On the 19th of April the envoys returned to their country, and laid before the Estates the meagre result of their negotiations.[3] Very soon afterwards, upon an informal suggestion from Henry III. and the Queen Mother, that a more favourable result might be expected if the same applications were made to the Duc d'Alençon which had been received in so unsatisfactory a manner by Elizabeth, commissioners were appointed to France.[4] It proved impossible, however, at that juncture, to proceed with the negotiations, in consequence of the troubles occasioned by the attitude of the Duke. The provinces were still, even as they had been from the beginning, entirely alone.

Requesens was more than ever straitened for funds, wringing, with increasing difficulty, a slender subsidy, from time to time, out of the reluctant Estates of Brabant, Flanders, and the other obedient provinces. While he was still at Duiveland, the States-general sent him a long remonstrance against the misconduct of the soldiery in answer to his demand for supplies. "Oh, these Estates! these Estates!" cried the Grand Commander, on receiving such vehement reproaches instead of his money; "may the Lord deliver me from these Estates!"[5] Meantime, the important siege of Zierickzee continued, and it was evident that the city must fall. There was no money at the disposal of the Prince. Count John, who was seriously embarrassed by reason of the great obligations in money which he, with the rest of his family, had incurred on behalf of the Estates, had recently made application to the Prince for his influence towards procuring him relief. He had forwarded an account of the great advances made by himself and his brethren in money, plate, furniture, and endorsements of various kinds, for which a partial reimbursement was almost indispensable to save him from serious difficulties.[6] The Prince,

[1] Bor, ubi sup.
[2] Ibid., viii. 663. Wagenaer, vii. 86.
[3] Bor, viii. 661–663. Hoofd, x. 434, 435. Meteren, v. 101. Resol. Holl., Apr. 19, 1576, bl. 42.
[4] Ever. Reid. Ann., lib. i. 18.
[5] "Dios nos libera de estos Estados."—Meteren, v. 103b.
[6] Archives et Correspondance, v. 301–304.

however, unable to procure him any assistance, had been obliged once more to entreat him to display the generosity and the self-denial which the country had never found wanting at his hands or at those of his kindred. The appeal had not been in vain; but the Count was obviously not in a condition to effect anything more at that moment to relieve the financial distress of the States. The exchequer was crippled.[1] Holland and Zealand were cut in twain by the occupation of Schouwen and the approaching fall of its capital. Germany, England, France, all refused to stretch out their hands to save the heroic but exhaustless little provinces. It was at this moment that a desperate but sublime resolution took possession of the Prince's mind. There seemed but one way left to exclude the Spaniards for ever from Holland and Zealand, and to rescue the inhabitants from impending ruin. The Prince had long brooded over the scheme, and the hour seemed to have struck for its fulfilment. His project was to collect all the vessels, of every description, which could be obtained throughout the Netherlands. The whole population of the two provinces, men, women, and children, together with all the moveable property of the country, were then to be embarked on board this numerous fleet, and to seek a new home beyond the seas. The windmills were then to be burned, the dykes pierced, the sluices opened in every direction, and the country restored for ever to the ocean, from which it had sprung.[2]

It is difficult to say whether the resolution, if Providence had permitted its fulfilment, would have been, on the whole, better or worse for humanity and civilisation. The ships which would have borne the heroic Prince and his fortunes might have taken the direction of the newly-discovered Western hemisphere. A religious colony, planted by a commercial and liberty-loving race, in a virgin soil, and directed by patrician but self-denying hands, might have preceded by half a century the colony which a kindred race, impelled by similar motives, and under somewhat similar circumstances and conditions, was destined to plant upon the stern shores of New England. Had they directed their course to the warm and fragrant islands of the East, an independent Christian commonwealth might have arisen among those prolific regions, superior in importance to any subsequent colony of Holland, cramped from its birth by absolute subjection to a far distant metropolis.

The unexpected death of Requesens suddenly dispelled these schemes. The siege of Zierickzee had occupied much of the Governor's attention, but he had recently written to his sovereign that its reduction was now certain. He had added an urgent request for money, with a sufficient supply of which he assured Philip that he should be able to bring the war to an immediate conclusion. While waiting for these supplies, he had, contrary to all law or reason, made an unsuccessful attempt to conquer the post of Embden in Germany. A mutiny had, at about the same time, broken out among his troops in Harlem, and he had furnished the citizens with arms to defend themselves, giving free permission to use them against the insurgent troops. By this means the mutiny

[1] The contributions of Holland and Zealand for war expenses amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand florins monthly. The pay of a captain was eighty florins monthly; that of a lieutenant, forty; that of a corporal, fifteen; that of a drummer, tier, *or minister*, twelve; that of a common soldier, seven and a half. A captain had also one hundred and fifty florins each month to distribute among the most meritorious of his company. Each soldier was likewise furnished with food, bedding, fire, light, and washing. —Renom de France MS., vol. ii. c. 46.

[2] Bor relates that this plan had been definitely formed by the Prince. His authority is "a credible gentleman of quality" (een geloofswaerdig edelmann van qualiteit), who at the time was a member of the Estates and Government of Holland (viii. 664). Groen v. Prinsterer, however, rejects the tale as fabulous; or believes, at any rate, that the personage alluded to by Bor took the Prince's words too literally. It is probable that the thought was often in the Prince's mind, and found occasional expression, although it had never been actually reduced to a scheme. It is difficult to see that it was not consistent with his character, supposing that there had been no longer any room for hope. Hoofd (x. 443) adopts the story without hesitation. Wagenaer (vii. 88, 89) alludes to it as a matter of current report. Compare Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 33–35.

had been quelled, but a dangerous precedent established. Anxiety concerning this rebellion is supposed to have hastened the Grand Commander's death. A violent fever seized him on the 1st, and terminated his existence on the 5th of March, in the fifty-first year of his life.[1]

It is not necessary to review elaborately his career, the chief incidents of which have been sufficiently described. Requesens was a man of high position by birth and office, but a thoroughly commonplace personage. His talents either for war or for civil employments were not above mediocrity. His friends disputed whether he were greater in the field or in the council, but it is certain that he was great in neither. His bigotry was equal to that of Alva, but it was impossible to rival the Duke in cruelty. Moreover, the condition of the country, after seven years of torture under his predecessor, made it difficult for him, at the time of his arrival, to imitate the severity which had made the name of Alva infamous. The Blood Council had been retained throughout his administration, but its occupation was gone for want of food for its ferocity. The obedient provinces had been purged of Protestants, while, crippled too by confiscation, they offered no field for further extortion. From Holland and Zealand, whence Catholicism had been nearly excluded, the King of Spain was nearly excluded also. The Blood Council, which, if set up in that country would have executed every living creature of its population, could only gaze from a distance at those who would have been its victims. Requesens had been previously distinguished in two fields of action: the Granada massacres and the carnage of Lepanto. Upon both occasions he had been the military tutor of Don John of Austria, by whom he was soon to be succeeded in the government of the Netherlands. To the imperial bastard had been assigned the pre-eminence, but it was thought that the Grand Commander had been entitled to a more than equal share of the glory. We have seen how much additional reputation was acquired by Requesens in the provinces. The expedition against Duiveland and Schouwen was, on the whole, the most brilliant feat of arms during the war, and its success reflects an undying lustre on the hardihood and discipline of the Spanish, German, and Walloon soldiery. As an act of individual audacity in a bad cause, it has rarely been equalled. It can hardly be said, however, that the Grand Commander was entitled to any large measure of praise for the success of the expedition. The plan was laid by Zealand traitors. It was carried into execution by the devotion of the Spanish, Walloon, and German troops, while Requesens was only a spectator of the transaction. His sudden death arrested, for a moment, the ebb-tide in the affairs of the Netherlands, which was fast leaving the country bare and desolate, and was followed by a train of unforeseen transactions, which it is now our duty to describe.

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[1] Bor, viii. 663, 665. Hoofd, x. 436, 437. Vigl. Epist. Select., Ep. Card. Granv., No. 178, p. 408

CHAPTER IV.

Assumption of affairs by the State Council at Brussels—Hesitation at Madrid—Joachim Hopper—Mal-administration—Vigilance of Orange—The provinces drawn more closely together—Inequality of the conflict—Physical condition of Holland—New act of union between Holland and Zealand—Authority of the Prince defined and enlarged—Provincial polity characterised—Generous sentiments of the Prince—His tolerant spirit—Letters from the King—Attitude of the great powers towards the Netherlands—Correspondence and policy of Elizabeth—Secret negotiations with France and Alençon—Confused and menacing aspect of Germany—Responsible and laborious position of Orange—Attempt to relieve Zierickzee—Death of Admiral Boisot—Capitulation of the city upon honourable terms—Mutiny of the Spanish troops in Schouwen—General causes of discontent—Alarming increase of the mutiny—The rebel regiments enter Brabant—Fruitless attempts to pacify them—They take possession of Alost—Edicts denouncing them from the State Council—Intense excitement in Brussels and Antwerp—Letters from Philip brought by Marquis Havré—The King's continued procrastination—Ruinous royal confirmation of the authority assumed by the State Council—United and general resistance to foreign military oppression—The German troops and the Antwerp garrison under Avila join the revolt—Letter of Verdugo—A crisis approaching—Jerome De Roda in the citadel—The mutiny universal.

THE death of Requesens, notwithstanding his four days' illness, occurred so suddenly, that he had not had time to appoint his successor. Had he exercised this privilege, which his patent conferred upon him, it was supposed that he would have nominated Count Mansfeld to exercise the functions of Governor-General until the King should otherwise ordain.[1] In the absence of any definite arrangement, the Council of State, according to a right which that body claimed from custom, assumed the reins of government. Of the old board, there were none left but the Duke of Aerschot, Count Berlaymont, and Viglius. To these were soon added, however, by royal diploma, the Spaniard Jerome De Roda, and the Netherlanders Assonleville, Baron Rassenghiem, and Arnold Sasbout. Thus all the members, save one, of what had now become the executive body, were natives of the country. Roda was accordingly looked askance upon by his colleagues. He was regarded by Viglius as a man who desired to repeat the part which had been played by Juan Vargas in the Blood Council, while the other members, although stanch Catholics, were all of them well disposed to vindicate the claim of Netherland nobles to a share in the government of the Netherlands.

For a time, therefore, the transfer of authority seemed to have been smoothly accomplished. The Council of State conducted the administration of the country. Peter Ernest Mansfeld was intrusted with the supreme military command, including the government of Brussels; and the Spanish commanders, although dissatisfied that any but a Spaniard should be thus honoured, were for a time quiescent.[2] When the news reached Madrid, Philip was extremely disconcerted. The death of Requesens excited his indignation. He was angry with him, not for dying, but for dying at so very inconvenient a moment. He had not yet fully decided either upon his successor or upon the policy to be enforced by his successor. There were several candidates for the vacant post; there was a variety of opinions in the cabinet as to the course of conduct to be adopted.[3] In the impossibility of instantly making up his mind upon this unexpected emergency, Philip fell, as it were, into a long reverie, than which nothing could be more inopportune. With a country in a state of revolution and exasperation, the trance which now seemed to come over the Government was like to be followed by deadly effects. The stationary policy

[1] Bor, viii. 663. Meteren, v. 104a.

[2] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Viglii Epist. Select. ad Diversos, No. 179, p. 409. Vigl. Epist., ubi sup. Hoofd, xi. 438. Bor, ix. 663. Wagenaer (vii. 91), however, states that Mansfeld was intrusted simply with the government of Brussels, and that it is an error to describe him as invested with the supreme military command.

[3] Letter of Philip (March 24, 1576) to States-general, in Bor, ix. 663.

which the death of Requesens had occasioned was allowed to prolong itself indefinitely,[1] and almost for the first time in his life Joachim Hopper was really consulted about the affairs of that department over which he imagined himself, and was generally supposed by others, to preside at Madrid. The creature of Viglius, having all the subserviency, with none of the acuteness of his patron, he had been long employed as chief of the Netherland bureau, while kept in profound ignorance of the affairs which were transacted in his office. He was a privy councillor whose counsels were never heeded, a confidential servant in whom the King reposed confidence only on the ground that no man could reveal secrets which he did not know. This deportment of the King's showed that he had accurately measured the man, for Hopper was hardly competent for the place of a chief clerk. He was unable to write clearly in any language, because incapable of a fully developed thought upon any subject. It may be supposed that nothing but an abortive policy, therefore, would be produced upon the occasion thus suddenly offered. "'Tis a devout man, that poor Master Hopper," said Granvelle, "but rather fitted for platonic researches than for affairs of state."[2]

It was a proof of this incompetency that now, when really called upon for advice in an emergency, he should recommend a continuance of the interim. Certainly nothing worse could be devised. Granvelle recommended a reappointment of the Duchess Margaret.[3] Others suggested Duke Eric of Brunswick, or an Archduke of the Austrian house; although the opinion held by most of the influential councillors was in favour of Don John of Austria.[4] In the interests of Philip and his despotism, nothing, at any rate, could be more fatal than delay. In the condition of affairs which then existed, the worst or feeblest Governor would have been better than none at all. To leave a vacancy was to play directly into the hands of Orange, for it was impossible that so skilful an adversary should not at once perceive the fault, and profit by it to the utmost. It was strange that Philip did not see the danger of inactivity at such a crisis. Assuredly, indolence was never his vice, but on this occasion indecision did the work of indolence. Unwittingly, the despot was assisting the efforts of the liberator. Viglius saw the position of matters with his customary keenness, and wondered at the blindness of Hopper and Philip. At the last gasp of a life which neither learning nor the accumulation of worldly prizes and worldly pelf could redeem from intrinsic baseness, the sagacious but not venerable old man saw that a chasm was daily widening, in which the religion and the despotism which he loved might soon be hopelessly swallowed. "The Prince of Orange and his Beggars do not sleep," he cried, almost in anguish; "nor will they be quiet till they have made use of this interregnum to do us some immense grievance."[5]

Certainly the Prince of Orange did not sleep upon this nor any other great occasion of his life. In his own vigorous language, used to stimulate his friends in various parts of the country, he seized the swift occasion by the forelock. He opened a fresh correspondence with many leading gentlemen in Brussels and other places in the Netherlands, persons of influence, who now, for the first time, showed a disposition to side with their country against its tyrants.[6] Hitherto the land had been divided into two very unequal portions. Holland and Zealand were devoted to the Prince, their whole population, with hardly an individual exception, converted to the Reformed religion. The

[1] Strada, viii. 407, 408. Hoofd, xi. 438. Bor, viii. 663, sqq. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 176, sqq., etc.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 374.

[3] MS. cited by Groen v. Prinst., v. 33.

[4] Ibid. Compare Bor, viii. 663, and the letters of Philip to State Council, in Bor, ubi sup.; letters which Cabrera characterises as "amorosas, suaves enlas razones fraternales," and in which "dezia los amaba como a hijos!!" These letters distinctly indicated Don John as the probable successor of Requesens.—Cabrera, Vita de Felipe II., xi. 845.

[5] Vigl. Epist. ad Joach. Hopperum, Ep. 265, p. 863.

[6] De Thou, liv. lxii. t. vii. 368, 369. Wagenaer, vii. 104, 105, sqq.

other fifteen provinces were, on the whole, loyal to the King; while the old religion had, of late years, taken root so rapidly again, that perhaps a moiety of their population might be considered as Catholic.[1] At the same time, the reign of terror under Alva, the paler but not less distinct tyranny of Requesens, and the intolerable excesses of the foreign soldiery by which the government of foreigners was supported, had at last maddened all the inhabitants of the seventeen provinces. Notwithstanding, therefore, the fatal difference of religious opinion, they were all drawn into closer relations with each other; to regain their ancient privileges and to expel the detested foreigners from the soil being objects common to all. The provinces were united in one great hatred and one great hope.

The Hollanders and Zealanders, under their heroic leader, had wellnigh accomplished both tasks, so far as those little provinces were concerned. Never had a contest, however, seemed more hopeless at its commencement. Cast a glance at the map. Look at Holland—not the Republic, with its sister provinces beyond the Zuyder Zee—but Holland only, with the Zealand archipelago. Look at that narrow tongue of half submerged earth. Who could suppose that upon that slender sandbank, one hundred and twenty miles in length, and varying in breadth from four miles to forty, one man, backed by the population of a handful of cities, could do battle nine years long with the master of two worlds, the "Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America"—the despot of the fairest realms of Europe—and conquer him at last? Nor was William even entirely master of that narrow shoal, where clung the survivors of a great national shipwreck. North and South Holland were cut in two by the loss of Harlem, while the enemy was in possession of the natural capital of the little country, Amsterdam. The Prince affirmed that the cause had suffered more from the disloyalty of Amsterdam than from all the efforts of the enemy.

Moreover, the country was in a most desolate condition. It was almost *literally* a sinking ship. The destruction of the bulwarks against the ocean had been so extensive, in consequence of the voluntary inundations which have been described in previous pages, and by reason of the general neglect which more vital occupations had necessitated, that an enormous outlay, both of labour and money, was now indispensable to save the physical existence of the country. The labour and the money, notwithstanding the crippled and impoverished condition of the nation, were, however, freely contributed; a wonderful example of energy and patient heroism was again exhibited. The dykes, which had been swept away in every direction, were renewed at a vast expense. Moreover, the country, in the course of recent events, had become almost swept bare of its cattle, and it was necessary to pass a law forbidding, for a considerable period, the slaughter of any animals, "oxen, cows, calves, sheep, or poultry."[2] It was, unfortunately, not possible to provide by law against that extermination of the human population which had been decreed by Philip and the Pope.

Such was the physical and moral condition of the provinces of Holland and Zealand. The political constitution of both assumed, at this epoch, a somewhat altered aspect. The union between the two states effected in June 1575 required improvement. The administration of justice, the conflicts of laws, and more particularly the levying of moneys and troops in equitable proportions, had not been adjusted with perfect smoothness. The Estates of the two provinces, assembled in congress at Delft, concluded, therefore, a

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Ar., v. 381–385. De Thou, liv. 62.

[2] The work was, however, not fairly taken in hand until the spring of 1577. Wagen., vii. 158. Bor, x. 819.

[3] Resol. Holl., Feb. 28, 1575, bl. 97. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 26.

new act of union, which was duly signed upon the 25th of April 1576.[1] Those Estates, consisting of the knights and nobles of Holland, with the deputies from the cities and countships of Holland and Zealand, had been duly summoned by the Prince of Orange.[2] They as fairly included all the political capacities, and furnished as copious a representation of the national will, as could be expected; for it is apparent, upon every page of his history, that the Prince, upon all occasions, chose to refer his policy to the approval and confirmation of as large a portion of the people as any man in those days considered capable or desirous of exercising political functions.

The new union consisted of eighteen articles. It was established that deputies from all the Estates should meet, when summoned by the Prince of Orange, or otherwise, on penalty of fine, and at the risk of measures binding upon them being passed by the rest of the Congress.[3] Freshly arising causes of litigation were to be referred to the Prince.[4] Free intercourse and traffic through the united provinces was guaranteed.[5] The confederates were mutually to assist each other in preventing all injustice, wrong, or violence, even towards an enemy.[6] The authority of law and the pure administration of justice were mutually promised by the contracting states.[7] The common expenses were to be apportioned among the different provinces, "as if they were all included in the republic of a single city."[8] Nine commissioners, appointed by the Prince on nomination by the Estates, were to sit permanently as his advisers, and as assessors and collectors of the taxes.[9] The tenure of the union was from six months to six months, with six weeks' notice.[10]

The framers of this compact having thus defined the general outlines of the confederacy, declared that the government thus constituted should be placed under a single head. They accordingly conferred supreme authority on the Prince,[11] defining his powers in eighteen articles. He was declared chief commander by land and sea. He was to appoint all officers, from generals to subalterns, and to pay them at his discretion.[12] The whole protection of the land was devolved upon him. He was to send garrisons or troops into every city and village at his pleasure, without advice or consent of the Estates, magistrates of the cities, or any other person whatsoever.[13] He was, in behalf of the King, as Count of Holland and Zealand, to cause justice to be administered by the supreme court.[14] In the same capacity he was to provide for vacancies in all political and judicial offices of importance,[15] choosing, *with the advice of the Estates*, one officer for each vacant post out of three candidates nominated to him by that body.[16] He was to appoint and renew, at the usual times, the magistracies in the cities, according to the ancient constitutions. He was to make changes in those boards, if necessary, at unusual times, with consent of the majority of those representing the great council and *corpus* of the said cities.[17] He was to uphold the authority and pre-eminence of all civil functionaries, and to prevent governors and military officers from taking any cognisance of political or judicial affairs. With regard to religion, he was to maintain the practice of the Reformed Evangelical religion, and to *cause to surcease* the exercise of all other religions *contrary to the gospel.* He was, however, not to permit that *inquisition should be made into any man's belief or conscience*, or *that any man by cause thereof should suffer trouble, injury, or hindrance.*[18]

[1] Bor, ix. 668. Kluit, Hist. Holl. Reg., i. 115, sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 94.
[2] Bor, ix. 668. Wagenaer, vii. 93. Kluit, i. 115, sqq.
[3] Article 3. The document is given in full by Bor, ix. 668, sqq. [4] Article 4. [5] Ibid., 5.
[6] "Hoewel ook vijand."—Ibid., 7.
[7] Ibid., 7. [8] Ibid., 10.
[9] Ibid., 11. [10] Ibid., 17, 18
[11] Articles of Union Bor, ix. 620.
[12] Articles 1, 2. [13] Ibid., 3–7. [14] Ibid., 8.
[15] Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 121, 122.
[16] Article 10. See Kluit's Commentary on this article. Holl. Staatsreg., i. 121, 122.
[17] Article 13.
[18] Ibid., 15: "Sonder dat syne E. sal toelaten dat men op jemands geloof op conscientie sal inquireren of dat jemand ter cause van die eenige moeyenis, injurie, of letsel angedaen sal worden," etc., etc.

The league thus concluded was a confederation between a group of virtually independent little republics. Each municipality was, as it were, a little sovereign, sending envoys to a congress to vote and to sign as plenipotentiaries. The vote of each city was, therefore, indivisible, and it mattered little, practically, whether there were one deputy or several. The nobles represented not only their own order, but were supposed to act also in behalf of the rural population. On the whole, there was a tolerably fair representation of the whole nation. The people were well and worthily represented in the government of each city, and therefore equally so in the assembly of the Estates.[1] It was not till later that the corporations, by the extinction of the popular element, and by the usurpation of the right of self-election, were thoroughly stiffened into fictitious personages which never died, and which were never thoroughly alive.

At this epoch the provincial liberties, so far as they could maintain themselves against Spanish despotism, were practical and substantial. The Government was a representative one,[2] in which all those who had the inclination possessed, in one mode or another, a voice. Although the various members of the confederacy were locally and practically republics, or self-governed little commonwealths, the general government which they established was, in form, monarchical. The powers conferred upon Orange constituted him a sovereign *ad interim*, for while the authority of the Spanish monarch remained suspended, the Prince was invested, not only with the whole executive and appointing power, but even with a very large share in the legislative functions of the state.[3]

The whole system was rather practical than theoretical, without any accurate distribution of political powers. In living, energetic communities, where the blood of the body politic circulates swiftly, there is an inevitable tendency of the different organs to sympathise and commingle more closely than *a priori* philosophy would allow. It is usually more desirable than practicable to keep the executive, legislative, and judicial departments entirely independent of each other.[4]

Certainly the Prince of Orange did not at that moment indulge in specu lations concerning the nature and origin of government. The Congress of Delft had just clothed him with almost regal authority. In his hands were the powers of war and peace, joint control of the magistracies and courts of justice, absolute supremacy over the army and the fleets. It is true that these attributes had been conferred upon him *ad interim*, but it depended only upon himself to make the sovereignty personal and permanent.[5] He was so thoroughly absorbed in his work, however, that he did not even see the diadem which he put aside. It was small matter to him whether they called him stadholder or guardian, prince or king. He was the father of his country and its defender. The people, from highest to lowest, called him "Father William," and the title was enough for him. The question with him was, not what men should call him, but how he should best accomplish his task.

So little was he inspired by the sentiment of self-elevation, that he was anxiously seeking for a fitting person—strong, wise, and willing enough—to exercise the sovereignty which was thrust upon himself, but which he desired to exchange against an increased power to be actively useful to his country. To expel the foreign oppressor—to strangle the Inquisition—to maintain the ancient liberties of the nation—here was labour enough for his own hands. The vulgar thought of carving a throne out of the misfortunes of his country

[1] Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 132.
[2] Kluit, i. 129, 130.
[3] Ibid., 125.
[4] Compare Guizot, Du Système Representatif, t. i.
[5] Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, v. 340–342.

seems not to have entered his mind. Upon one point, however, the Prince had been peremptory. He would have no persecution of the opposite creed. He was requested to suppress the Catholic religion, in terms. As we have seen, he caused the expression to be exchanged for the words, "religion at variance with the gospel." He resolutely stood out against all meddling with men's consciences or inquiring into their thoughts. While smiting the Spanish Inquisition into the dust, he would have no Calvinist inquisition set up in its place. Earnestly a convert to the Reformed religion, but hating and denouncing only what was corrupt in the ancient Church, he would not force men, with fire and sword, to travel to heaven upon his own road. Thought should be toll-free. Neither monk nor minister should burn, drown, or hang his fellow-creatures, when argument or expostulation failed to redeem them from error. It was no small virtue in that age to rise to such a height. We know what Calvinists, Zwinglians, Lutherans, have done in the Netherlands, in Germany, in Switzerland, and almost a century later in New England. It is, therefore, with increased veneration that we regard this large and *truly catholic* mind. His tolerance proceeded from no indifference. No man can read his private writings, or form a thorough acquaintance with his interior life, without recognisng him as a deeply religious man. He had faith unfaltering in God. He had also faith in man, and love for his brethren. It was no wonder that, in that age of religious bigotry, he should have been assaulted on both sides. While the Pope excommunicated him as a heretic, and the King set a price upon his head as a rebel, the fanatics of the new religion denounced him as a godless man. Peter Dathenus, the unfrocked monk of Poperingen, shrieked out in his pulpit that the "Prince of Orange cared nothing either for God or for religion."[1]

The death of Requesens had offered the first opening through which the watchful Prince could hope to inflict a wound in the vital part of Spanish authority in the Netherlands. The languor of Philip and the procrastinating council of the dull Hopper unexpectedly widened the opening. On the 24th of March, letters were written by his Majesty to the States-general, to the provincial Estates, and to the courts of justice, instructing them that, until further orders, they were all to obey the Council of State. The King was confident that all would do their utmost to assist that body in securing the holy Catholic faith, and the implicit obedience of the country to its sovereign. He would, in the meantime, occupy himself with the selection of a new Governor-General, who should be of his family and blood. This uncertain and perilous condition of things was watched with painful interest in neighbouring countries.

The fate of all nations was more or less involved in the development of the great religious contest now waging in the Netherlands. England and France watched each other's movements in the direction of the provinces with intense jealousy. The Protestant Queen was the natural ally of the struggling Reformers, but her despotic sentiments were averse to the fostering of rebellion against the Lord's anointed. The thrifty Queen looked with alarm at the prospect of large subsidies which would undoubtedly be demanded of her. The jealous Queen could as ill brook the presence of the French in the Netherlands as that of the Spaniards whom they were to expel. She therefore embarrassed, as usual, the operations of the Prince by a course of stale political coquetry. She wrote to him on the 18th of March, soon after the news of the Grand Commander's death,[2] saying that she could not yet accept the offer which had been made to her—to take the provinces of Holland and

[1] Brandt, Hist. der Ref., t. i. b. xi. 607.
[2] Letter of Queen Elizabeth, March 16, 1576, in Bor, ix. 667. Compare Groen v Prinst., v. 332,

Zealand under her safe keeping; to assume, as Countess, the sovereignty over them; and to protect the inhabitants against the alleged tyranny of the King of Spain. She was unwilling to do so until she had made every effort to reconcile them with that sovereign. Before the death of Requesens she had been intending to send him an envoy, proposing a truce for the purpose of negotiating. This purpose she still retained. She should send commissioners to the Council of State, and to the new Governor when he should arrive. She should also send a special envoy to the King of Spain. She doubted not that the King would take her advice, when he heard her speak in such straightforward language. In the meantime, she hoped that they would negotiate with no other powers.[1]

This was not very satisfactory. The Queen rejected the offers to herself, but begged that they might by no means be made to her rivals. The expressed intention of softening the heart of Philip by the use of straightforward language seemed but a sorry sarcasm. It was hardly worth while to wait long for so improbable a result. Thus much for England at that juncture. Not inimical certainly, but over-cautious, ungenerous, teasing, and perplexing, was the policy of the maiden Queen. With regard to France, events there seemed to favour the hopes of Orange. On the 14th of May, the "Peace of *Monsieur*," the treaty by which so ample but so short-lived a triumph was achieved by the Huguenots, was signed at Paris.[2] Everything was conceded, but nothing was secured. Rights of worship, rights of office, political and civil, religious enfranchisement, were recovered, but not guaranteed.[3] It seemed scarcely possible that the King could be in earnest then, even if a Medicean Valois could ever be otherwise than treacherous. It was almost certain, therefore, that a reaction would take place; but it is easier for us, three centuries after the event, to mark the precise moment of reaction, than it was for the most far-seeing contemporary to foretell how soon it would occur. In the meantime, it was the Prince's cue to make use of this sunshine while it lasted. Already, so soon as the union of 25th of April had been concluded between Holland and Zealand, he had forced the Estates to open negotiations with France.[4] The provinces, although desirous to confer sovereignty upon him, were indisposed to renounce their old allegiance to their King in order to place it at the disposal of a foreigner. Nevertheless, a resolution, at the reiterated demands of Orange, was passed by the Estates to proceed to the change of master, and, for that purpose, to treat with the King of France, his brother, or any other foreign potentate, who would receive these provinces of Holland and Zealand under his government and protection.[5] Negotiations were accordingly opened with the Duke of Anjou, the *dilettante* leader of the Huguenots at that remarkable juncture. It was a pity that no better champion could be looked for among the anointed of the earth than the false, fickle, foolish Alençon, whose career, everywhere contemptible, was nowhere so flagitious as in the Netherlands. By the fourteenth article of the Peace of Paris, the Prince was reinstated and secured in his principality of Orange and his other possessions in France.[6] The best feeling, for the time being, was manifested between the French court and the Reformation.[7]

Thus much for England and France. As for Germany, the prospects of the Netherlands were not flattering. The Reforming spirit had grown languid from various causes. The self-seeking motives of many Protestant princes had disgusted the nobles. Was that the object of the bloody wars of religion,

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[1] Bor, ix. 667. [2] De Thou, t. vii. l. lxii. 418.
[3] De Thou, vii. 413–418. Compare Groen v. Prinst., v. 349–351.
[4] Resol. v. Holl., 64, 65. Groen v. Prinst., v. 341.
[5] Ibid. Ibid.
[6] Bor, ix. 684.
[7] The Edict or Peace of Paris, in sixty-three articles, is published at length by Bor, ix. 683–690. Compare Groen v. Prinst., v. 349–351. De Thou, t. v. l. vii. 413–420.

that a few potentates should be enabled to enrich themselves by confiscating the broad lands and accumulated treasures of the Church? Had the creed of Luther been embraced only for such unworthy ends? These suspicions chilled the ardour of thousands, particularly among the greater ones of the land. Moreover, the discord among the Reformers themselves waxed daily, and became more and more mischievous. Neither the people nor their leaders could learn that not a new doctrine, but a wise toleration for all Christian doctrines, was wanted. Of new doctrines there was no lack. Lutherans, Calvinists, Flaccianists, Majorists, Adiaphorists, Brantianists, Ubiquitists, swarmed and contended pell-mell.[1] In this there would have been small harm, if the Reformers had known what reformation meant. But they could not invent or imagine toleration. All claimed the privilege of persecuting. There were sagacious and honest men among the great ones of the country, but they were but few. Wise William of Hesse strove hard to effect a *concordia* among the jarring sects; Count John of Nassau, though a passionate Calvinist, did no less; while the Elector of Saxony, on the other hand, raging and roaring like a bull of Bashan, was for sacrificing the interest of millions on the altar of his personal spite. Cursed was his tribe if he forgave the Prince. He had done what he could at the Diet of Ratisbon to exclude all Calvinists from a participation in the religious peace of Germany,[2] and he redoubled his efforts to prevent the extension of any benefits to the Calvinists of the Netherlands. These determinations had remained constant and intense.

On the whole, the political appearance of Germany was as menacing as that of France seemed for a time favourable to the schemes of Orange. The quarrels of the princes, and the daily widening schism between Lutherans and Calvinists, seemed to bode little good to the cause of religious freedom. The potentates were perplexed and at variance, the nobles lukewarm and discontented. Among the people, although subdivided into hostile factions, there was more life. Here, at least, were heartiness of love and hate, enthusiastic conviction, earnestness and agitation. "The true religion," wrote Count John, "is spreading daily among the common men. Among the powerful, who think themselves highly learned, and who sit in roses, it grows, alas! little. Here and there a Nicodemus or two may be found, but things will hardly go better here than in France or the Netherlands."[3]

Thus, then, stood affairs in the neighbouring countries. The prospect was black in Germany, more encouraging in France, dubious, or worse, in England. More work, more anxiety, more desperate struggles than ever, devolved upon the Prince. Secretary Brunynck wrote that his illustrious chief was tolerably well in health, but so loaded with affairs, sorrows, and travails, that, from morning till night, he had scarcely leisure to breathe.[4] Besides his multitudinous correspondence with the public bodies, whose labours he habitually directed; with the various Estates of the provinces, which he was gradually moulding into an organised and general resistance to the Spanish power; with public envoys and with secret agents to foreign cabinets, all of whom received their instructions from him alone; with individuals of eminence and influence, whom he was eloquently urging to abandon their hostile position to their fatherland, and to assist him in the great work which he was doing; besides these numerous avocations, he was actively and anxiously engaged during the spring of 1576 with the attempt to relieve the city of Zierickzee.[5]

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[1] See in particular a letter of Count John of Nassau to the Prince of Orange, dated Dillemberg, May 9, 1576, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 349–358.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 229, 230.
[3] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, v. 346, 349.
[4] Ibid., 365.
[5] Bor, ix. 667, sqq. Meteren, v. 102, 103.

That important place, the capital of Schouwen, and the key to half Zealand, had remained closely invested since the memorable expedition to Duiveland. The Prince had passed much of his time in the neighbourhood during the month of May, in order to attend personally to the contemplated relief, and to correspond daily with the beleaguered garrison.[1] At last, on the 25th of May, a vigorous effort was made to throw in succour by sea. The brave Admiral Boisot, hero of the memorable relief of Leyden, had charge of the expedition. Mondragon had surrounded the shallow harbour with hulks and chains, and with a loose submerged dyke of piles and rubbish. Against this obstacle Boisot drove his ship, the "Red Lion," with his customary audacity, but did not succeed in cutting it through. His vessel, the largest of the fleet, became entangled: he was, at the same time, attacked from a distance by the besiegers. The tide ebbed, and left his ship aground, while the other vessels had been beaten back by the enemy. Night approached, and there was no possibility of accomplishing the enterprise. His ship was hopelessly stranded. With the morning's sun his captivity was certain. Rather than fall into the hands of his enemy, he sprang into the sea, followed by three hundred of his companions, some of whom were fortunate enough to effect their escape. The gallant Admiral swam a long time, sustained by a broken spar. Night and darkness came on before assistance could be rendered, and he perished.[2] Thus died Louis Boisot, one of the most enterprising of the early champions of Netherland freedom—one of the bravest precursors of that race of heroes, the commanders of the Holland navy. The Prince deplored his loss deeply as that of a "valiant gentleman, and one well affectioned to the common cause."[3] His brother, Charles Boisot, as will be remembered, had perished by treachery at the first landing of the Spanish troops, after their perilous passage from Duiveland. Thus both the brethren had laid down their lives for their country on this its outer barrier, and in the hour of its utmost need. The fall of the beleaguered town could no longer be deferred. The Spaniards were at last to receive the prize of that romantic valour which had led them across the bottom of the sea to attack the city. Nearly nine months had, however, elapsed since that achievement, and the Grand Commander, by whose orders it had been undertaken, had been four months in his grave. He was permitted to see neither the long-delayed success which crowned the enterprise, nor the procession of disasters and crimes which were to mark it as a most fatal success.

On the 21st of June 1576, Zierickzee, instructed by the Prince of Orange to accept honourable terms if offered, agreed to surrender. Mondragon, whose soldiers were in a state of suffering, and ready to break out in mutiny, was but too happy to grant an honourable capitulation. The garrison were allowed to go out with their arms and personal baggage. The citizens were permitted to retain or resume their privileges and charters, on payment of two hundred thousand guldens. Of sacking and burning there was, on this occasion, fortunately, no question; but the first half of the commutation money was to be paid in cash. There was but little money in the impoverished little town, but mint-masters were appointed by the magistrates to take their seats at once in the Hotel de Ville. The citizens brought their spoons and silver dishes, one after another, which were melted and coined into dollars and half-dollars, until the payment was satisfactorily adjusted. Thus fell Zierickzee, to the deep regret of the Prince. "Had we received the least succour in the world

[1] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, v. 358, 359.

[2] Bor, ix. 678. Hoofd, x. 440. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 364–368. Meteren, v. 102. The last historian erroneously gives the 12th of June instead of the 25th of May as the date of the unfortunate adventure. Cabrera, xi. 846, who states the loss of the Orangeists at eight hundred and upwards.

[3] Archives, etc., v. 367.

from any side," he wrote, "the poor city should never have fallen. I could get nothing from France or England, with all my efforts. Nevertheless, we do not lose courage, but hope that, although abandoned by all the world, the Lord God will extend His right hand over us."[1]

The enemies were not destined to go further. From their own hand now came the blow which was to expel them from the soil which they had so long polluted. No sooner was Zierickzee captured than a mutiny broke forth among several companies of Spaniards and Walloons, belonging to the army in Schouwen.[2] A large number of the most influential officers had gone to Brussels, to make arrangements, if possible, for the payment of the troops. In their absence there was more scope for the arguments of the leading mutineers—arguments assuredly not entirely destitute of justice or logical precision. If ever labourers were worthy of their hire, certainly it was the Spanish soldiery. Had they not done the work of demons for nine years long? Could Philip or Alva have found in the wide world men to execute their decrees with more unhesitating docility, with more sympathising eagerness? What obstacle had ever given them pause in their career of duty? What element had they not braved? Had not they fought within the bowels of the earth, beneath the depths of the sea, within blazing cities, and upon fields of ice? Where was the work which had been too dark and bloody for their performance? Had they not slaughtered unarmed human beings by townfuls at the word of command? Had they not eaten the flesh and drank the hearts' blood of their enemies? Had they not stained the house of God with wholesale massacre? What altar and what hearthstone had they not profaned? What fatigue, what danger, what crime, had ever checked them for a moment? And for all this obedience, labour, and bloodshed, were they not even to be paid such wages as the commonest clown, who only tore the earth at home, received? Did Philip believe that a few thousand Spaniards were to execute his sentence of death against three millions of Netherlanders, and be cheated of their pay at last?

It was in vain that arguments and expostulations were addressed to soldiers who were suffering from want and maddened by injustice. They determined to take their cause into their own hand, as they had often done before. By the 15th of July, the mutiny was general on the isle of Schouwen.[3] Promises were freely offered, both of pay and pardon; appeals were made to their old sense of honour and loyalty; but they had had enough of promises, of honour, and of work. What they wanted now were shoes and jerkins, bread and meat, and money. Money they would have, and that at once. The King of Spain was their debtor. The Netherlands belonged to the King of Spain. They would therefore levy on the Netherlands for payment of their debt. Certainly this was a logical deduction. They knew by experience that this process had heretofore excited more indignation in the minds of the Netherland people than in that of their master. Moreover, at this juncture, they cared little for their sovereign's displeasure, and not at all for that of the Netherlanders. By the middle of July, then, the mutineers, now entirely beyond control, held their officers imprisoned within their quarters at Zierickzee. They even surrounded the house of Mondragon, who had so often led them to victory, calling upon him with threats and taunts to furnish them with money.[4] The veteran, roused to fury by their insubordination and their taunts, sprang from his house into the midst of the throng. Baring his breast

[1] Bor, ix. 681. Hoofd, x. 440, 441. Meteren, v. 102, 103. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 372, 373. Letter of 16th July 1576, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 379–381.

[2] Bor, ix. 681, 692, sqq. Meteren, vi. 106. Hoofd, x. 443. Groen v. Prinst., v. 381, sqq.

[3] Hoofd, Bor, Meteren, Mendoza, Cabrera, ubi sup.

[4] Hoofd. x. 443, 444

before them, he fiercely invited and dared their utmost violence. Of his life-blood, he told them bitterly, he was no niggard, and it was at their disposal. His wealth, had he possessed any, would have been equally theirs.[1] Shamed into temporary respect, but not turned from their purpose by the choler of their chief, they left him to himself. Soon afterwards, having swept Schouwen island bare of everything which could be consumed, the mutineers swarmed out of Zealand into Brabant, devouring as they went.[2]

It was their purpose to hover for a time in the neighbourhood of the capital, and either to force the Council of State to pay them their long arrears, or else to seize and sack the richest city upon which they could lay their hands. The compact, disciplined mass rolled hither and thither, with uncertainty of purpose, but with the same military precision of movement which had always characterised these remarkable mutinies. It gathered strength daily. The citizens of Brussels contemplated with dismay the eccentric and threatening apparition. They knew that rapine, murder, and all the worst evils which man can inflict on his brethren were pent within it, and would soon descend. Yet, even with all their past experience, did they not foresee the depth of woe which was really impending. The mutineers had discarded such of their officers as they could not compel to obedience, and had, as usual, chosen their Eletto. Many straggling companies joined them as they swept to and fro. They came to Herenthals, where they were met by Count Mansfeld, who was deputed by the Council of State to treat with them, to appeal to them, to pardon them, to offer them everything but money. It may be supposed that the success of the commander-in-chief was no better than that of Mondragon and his subalterns. They laughed him to scorn when he reminded them how their conduct was tarnishing the glory which they had acquired by nine years of heroism. They answered, with their former cynicism, that glory could be put neither into pocket nor stomach. They had no use for it; they had more than enough of it. Give them money, or give them a city;[3] these were their last terms.

Sorrowfully and bodingly Mansfeld withdrew to consult again with the State Council. The mutineers then made a demonstration upon Mechlin, but that city having fortunately strengthened its garrison, was allowed to escape. They then hovered for a time outside the walls of Brussels. At Grimsberg, where they paused for a short period, they held a parley with Captain Montesdocca, whom they received with fair words and specious pretences. He returned to Brussels with the favourable tidings, and the mutineers swarmed off to Assche. Thither Montesdocca was again dispatched, with the expectation that he would be able to bring them to terms, but they drove him off with jeers and threats, finding that he brought neither money nor the mortgage of a populous city. The next day, after a feint or two in a different direction, they made a sudden swoop upon Alost, in Flanders. Here they had at last made their choice, and the town was carried by storm. All the inhabitants who opposed them were butchered, and the mutiny, at last established in a capital, was able to treat with the State Council upon equal terms. They were now between two and three thousand strong, disciplined, veteran troops, posted in a strong and wealthy city. One hundred parishes belonged to the jurisdiction of Alost, all of which were immediately laid under contribution.[4]

The excitement was now intense in Brussels. Anxiety and alarm had given place to rage, and the whole population rose in arms to defend the capital, which was felt to be in imminent danger. This spontaneous courage of the

[1] Hoofd, x. 444. Compare Cabrera, xi. 848.
[2] Bor, ix. 692. Cabrera, xi. 848, sqq. Mendoza, xv. 300.
[3] Bor, ix. 692. Meteren, vi. 106. Hoofd, x. 444. Mendoza, xv. 300.
[4] Bor. Meteren. Bentivog., lx. 173. Hoofd, x. 445

burghers prevented the catastrophe, which was reserved for a sister city. Meantime, the indignation and horror excited by the mutiny were so universal that the Council of State could not withstand the pressure. Even the women and children demanded daily in the streets that the rebel soldiers should be declared outlaws. On the 26th of July, accordingly, the King of Spain was made to pronounce his Spaniards traitors and murderers, All men were enjoined to slay one or all of them, wherever they should be found; to refuse them bread, water, and fire, and to assemble at sound of bell in every city, whenever the magistrates should order an assault upon them.[1] A still more stringent edict was issued on the 2d of August,[2] and so eagerly had these decrees been expected, that they were published throughout Flanders and Brabant almost as soon as issued. Hitherto the leading officers of the Spanish army had kept aloof from the insurgents, and frowned upon their proceedings. The Spanish member of the State Council, Jerome de Roda, had joined without opposition in the edict. As, however, the mutiny gathered strength on the outside, the indignation waxed daily within the capital. The citizens of Brussels, one and all, stood to their arms. Not a man could enter or leave without their permission. The Spaniards who were in the town, whether soldiers or merchants, were regarded with suspicion and abhorrence. The leading Spanish officers, Romero, Montesdocca, Verdugo, and others, who had attempted to quell the mutiny, had been driven off with threats and curses, their soldiers defying them and brandishing their swords in their very faces. On the other hand, they were looked upon with ill-will by the Netherlanders. The most prominent Spanish personages in Brussels were kept in a state of half-imprisonment.[3] Romero, Roda, Verdugo, were believed to favour at heart the cause of their rebellious troops, and the burghers of Brabant had come to consider all the King's army in a state of rebellion. Believing the State Council powerless to protect them from the impending storm, they regarded that body with little respect, keeping it, as it were, in durance, while the Spaniards were afraid to walk the streets of Brussels for fear of being murdered. A retainer of Roda who had ventured to defend the character and conduct of his master before a number of excited citizens was slain on the spot.[4]

In Antwerp, Champagny, brother of Granvelle, and Governor of the city, was disposed to cultivate friendly relations with the Prince of Orange. Champagny hated the Spaniards, and the hatred seemed to establish enough of sympathy between himself and the liberal party to authorise confidence in him. The Prince dealt with him, but regarded him warily.[5] Fifteen companies of German troops, under Colonel Altaemst, were suspected of a strong inclination to join the mutiny. They were withdrawn from Antwerp, and in their room came Count Oberstein with his regiment, who swore to admit no suspicious persons inside the gates, and in all things to obey the orders of Champagny.[6] In the citadel, however, matters were very threatening. Sancho d'Avila, the Governor, although he had not openly joined the revolt, treated the edict of outlawry against the rebellious soldiery with derision. He refused to publish a decree which he proclaimed infamous, and which had been extorted, in his opinion, from an impotent and trembling Council.[7] Even Champagny had not desired or dared to publish the edict within the city. The reasons alleged were his fears of irritating and alarming the foreign merchants, whose position was so critical and friendship so important at that moment.[8] On the

[1] See the Edict in Bor, ix. 693.
[2] Hoofd, x. 445.
[3] Bor, ix. 692, 693. Cabrera, xi. 849. Hoofd, x. 445.
[4] Bor, ix. 693. Meteren, vi. 106.
[5] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 487, 488. Cabrera, xi. 863: "Pero el Champaigne estaba convenido con los Estados y con le Principe de Orange su grande amigo."
[6] Bor, ix. 694. Hoofd, x. 447.
[7] Mendoza, xv. 301. Cabrera, xi. 849.
[8] Bor, ix. 694.

other hand, it was loudly and joyfully published in most other towns of Flanders and Brabant. In Brussels there were two parties: one holding the decree too audacious for his Majesty to pardon; the other clamouring for its instantaneous fulfilment. By far the larger and more influential portion of the population favoured the measure, and wished the sentence of outlawry and extermination to be extended at once against all Spaniards and other foreigners in the service of the King. It seemed imprudent to wait until all the regiments had formally accepted the mutiny, and concentrated themselves into a single body.[1]

At this juncture, on the last day of July, the Marquis of Havré, brother to the Duke of Aerschot, arrived out of Spain.[2] He was charged by the King with conciliatory but unmeaning phrases to the Estates. The occasion was not a happy one. There never was a time when direct and vigorous action had been more necessary. It was probably the King's desire then, as much as it ever had been his desire at all, to make up the quarrel with his provinces. He had been wearied with the policy which Alva had enforced, and for which he endeavoured at that period to make the Duke appear responsible. The barren clemency which the Grand Commander had been instructed to affect had deceived but few persons, and had produced but small results. The King was, perhaps, really inclined at this juncture to exercise clemency—that is to say, he was willing to pardon his people for having contended for their rights, provided they were now willing to resign them for ever. So the Catholic religion and his own authority were exclusively and inviolably secured, he was willing to receive his disobedient provinces into favour. To accomplish this end, however, he had still no more fortunate conception than to take the advice of Hopper. A soothing procrastination was the anodyne selected for the bitter pangs of the body politic—a vague expression of royal benignity the styptic to be applied to its mortal wounds. An interval of hesitation was to bridge over the chasm between the provinces and their distant metropolis. "The Marquis of Havré has been sent," said the King, "that he may expressly witness to you of our good intentions, and of our desire, with the grace of God, to bring about a pacification."[3] Alas! it is well known whence those pavements of good intentions had been taken, and whither they would lead. They were not the material for a substantial road to reconciliation. "His Majesty," said the Marquis, on delivering his report to the State Council, "has long been pondering over all things necessary to the peace of the land. His Majesty, like a very gracious and bountiful Prince, has ever been disposed in times past to treat these, his subjects, by the best and sweetest means."[4] There being, however, room for an opinion that so bountiful a Prince might have discovered sweeter means, by all this pondering, than to burn and gibbet his subjects by thousands, it was thought proper to insinuate that his orders had been hitherto misunderstood. Alva and Requesens had been unfaithful agents, who did not know their business, but it was to be set right in future. "As the good-will and meaning of his Majesty has by no means been followed," continued the envoy, "his Majesty has determined to send Councillor Hopper, keeper of the privy seal, and myself, hitherwards, to execute the resolutions of his Majesty."[5] Two such personages as poor, plodding, confused, time-serving Hopper, and flighty, talkative Havré,[6] whom even Requesens despised, and whom Don John, while shortly afterwards *recommending him for a State Councillor*, characterised to Philip as "a very great scoundrel,"[7] would hardly be able, even if royally empowered, to undo the work of the two preceding administrations. Moreover,

[1] Bor, 694, sqq. Hoofd, x. 447, sqq.
[2] Bor, ix. 704.
[3] See the letter, in Bor, ix. 704.
[4] Report of Marquis of Havré, in Bor, ix. 704.
[5] Ibid.
[6] "Loquillo y insubstancial."—Letter of Requesens to Philip, cited by Gachard, Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 130, n. 1.
[7] "Muy grandissimo vellacho."—Letter of Don John to Philip, cited by Gachard, ubi sup.

Councillor Hopper, on further thoughts, was not dispatched at all to the Netherlands.

The provinces were, however, assured by the King's letters to the Brabant Estates, to the State Council, and other public bodies, as well as by the report of the Marquis, that efficacious remedies were preparing in Madrid. The people were only to wait patiently till they should arrive.[1] The public had heard before of these nostrums, made up by the royal prescriptions in Spain; and were not likely to accept them as a panacea for their present complicated disorders. Never, in truth, had conventional commonplace been applied more unseasonably. Here was a general military mutiny flaming in the very centre of the land Here had the intense hatred of race, which for years had been gnawing at the heart of the country, at last broken out into most malignant manifestation. Here was nearly the whole native population of every province, from grand seigneur to plebeian, from Catholic prelate to Anabaptist artisan, exasperated alike by the excesses of six thousand foreign brigands, and united by a common hatred into a band of brethren. Here was a State Council too feeble to exercise the authority which it had arrogated, trembling between the wrath of its sovereign, the menacing cries of the Brussels burghers, and the wild threats of the rebellious army, and held virtually captive in the capital which it was supposed to govern.

Certainly, the confirmation of the Council in its authority for an indefinite, even if for a brief period, was a most unlucky step at this juncture. There were two parties in the provinces, but one was far the most powerful upon the great point of the Spanish soldiery. A vast majority were in favour of a declaration of outlawry against the whole army, and it was thought desirable to improve the opportunity by getting rid of them altogether. If the people could rise *en masse*, now that the royal Government was in abeyance, and, as it were, in the nation's hands, the incubus might be cast off for ever. If any of the Spanish officers had been sincere in their efforts to arrest the mutiny, the sincerity was not believed. If any of the foreign regiments of the King appeared to hesitate at joining the Alost crew, the hesitation was felt to be temporary. Meantime, the important German regiments of Fugger, Fronsberger, and Polwiller, with their colonels and other officers, had openly joined the rebellion,[2] while there was no doubt of the sentiments of Sancho d'Avila and the troops under his command.[3] Thus there were two great rallying-places for the sedition, and the most important fortress of the country, the key which unlocked the richest city in the world, was in the hands of the mutineers. The commercial capital of Europe, filled to the brim with accumulated treasures, and with the merchandise of every clime, lay at the feet of this desperate band of brigands. The horrible result was but too soon to be made manifest.

Meantime, in Brussels, the few Spaniards trembled for their lives. The few officers shut up there were in imminent danger. "As the devil does not cease to do his work," wrote Colonel Verdugo,[4] "he has put it into the heads of the Brabanters to rebel, *taking for a pretext* the mutiny of the Spaniards. The Brussels men have handled their weapons so well *against those who were placed there to protect them*, that they have begun to kill the Spaniards, threatening likewise the Council of State. Such is their insolence, that they care no more for these great lords than for so many varlets." The writer, who had taken refuge, together with Jerome de Roda

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1 Report of Marquis of Havré, etc., Bor, ix. 705.
2 Bor, ix. 711, 712. Hoofd, x. 448.
3 Meteren, vi. 107. Mendoza, xv. 303, sqq. Cabrera, ii. 849, sqq.
4 This letter of Verdugo to his lieutenant, De la Margella, is published by Bor, ix. 702, and by Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, v. 387–389.

and other Spaniards, or "Hispaniolised" persons, in Antwerp citadel, proceeded to sketch the preparations which were going on in Brussels, and the counter-measures which were making progress in Antwerp. "The States," he wrote, "are enrolling troops, saying 'tis to put down the mutiny; but I assure you 'tis to attack the army indiscriminately. To prevent such a villanous undertaking, *troops of all nations are assembling here* in order to march straight upon Brussels, there to enforce everything which my lords of the State Council shall ordain." Events were obviously hastening to a crisis—an explosion, before long, was inevitable. "I wish I had my horses here," continued the Colonel, "and must beg you to send them. I see a black cloud hanging over our heads. I fear that the Brabantines will play the beasts so much, that they will have all the soldiery at their throats." [1]

Jerome de Roda had been fortunate enough to make his escape out of Brussels,[2] and now claimed to be sole Governor of the Netherlands, as the only remaining representative of the State Council. His colleagues were in durance at the capital. Their authority was derided. Although not yet actually imprisoned, they were in reality bound hand and foot, and compelled to take their orders either from the Brabant Estates or from the burghers of Brussels. It was not an illogical proceeding, therefore, that Roda, under the shadow of the Antwerp citadel, should set up his own person as all that remained of the outraged majesty of Spain. Till the new Governor, Don Juan, should arrive, whose appointment the King had already communicated to the Government, and who might be expected in the Netherlands before the close of the autumn, the solitary councillor claimed to embody the whole Council.[3] He caused a new seal to be struck—a proceeding very unreasonably charged as forgery by the provincials—and forthwith began to thunder forth proclamations and counter-proclamations in the King's name and under the royal seal.[4] It is difficult to see any technical crime or mistake in such a course. As a Spaniard, and a representative of his Majesty, he could hardly be expected to take any other view of his duty. At any rate, being called upon to choose between rebellious Netherlanders and mutinous Spaniards, he was not long in making up his mind.

By the beginning of September the mutiny was general. All the Spanish army, from general to pioneer, were united. The most important German troops had taken side with them. Sancho d'Avila held the citadel of Antwerp, vowing vengeance, and holding open communication with the soldiers at Alost.[5] The Council of State remonstrated with him for his disloyalty. He replied by referring to his long years of service, and by reproving them for affecting an authority which their imprisonment rendered ridiculous.[6] The Spaniards were securely established. The various citadels which had been built by Charles and Philip to curb the country now effectually did their work. With the castles of Antwerp, Valenciennes, Ghent, Utrecht, Culemberg, Viane, Alost, in the hands of six thousand veteran Spaniards, the country seemed chained in every limb. The foreigner's foot was on its neck. Brussels was almost the only considerable town out of Holland and Zealand which was even temporarily safe. The important city of Maestricht was held by a Spanish garrison, while other capital towns and stations were in the power of the Walloon and German mutineers.[7] The depredations committed in the villages, the open country, and the cities, were incessant—the Spaniards treating every Netherlander as their foe. Gentleman and peasant, Protestant and Catholic, priest and layman, all were

1 Letter of Verdugo.
2 Bor. ix. 705. Hoofd, x. 449.
3 Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
4 Bor, ix. 712. Hoofd, x. 449.
5 Mendoza, xv. 301, sqq. Cabrera, xi. 864, sqq
6 Mendoza, ubi sup
7 Bor, ix. 715. Mendoza, xv. 303.

plundered, maltreated, outraged. The indignation became daily more general and more intense.[1] There were frequent skirmishes between the soldiery and promiscuous bands of peasants, citizens, and students—conflicts in which the Spaniards were invariably victorious. What could such half-armed and wholly untrained partisans effect against the bravest and most experienced troops in the whole world? Such results only increased the general exasperation, while they impressed upon the whole people the necessity of some great and general effort to throw off the incubus.

CHAPTER V.

Religious and political sympathies and antipathies in the seventeen provinces—Unanimous hatred of the foreign soldiery—Use made by the Prince of the mutiny—His correspondence—Necessity of union enforced—A congress from nearly all the provinces meets at Ghent—Skirmishes between the foreign troops and partisan bands—Slaughter at Tisnacq—Suspicions entertained of the State Council—Arrest of the State Council—Siege of Ghent citadel—Assistance sent by Orange—Maestricht lost and regained—Wealthy and perilous condition of Antwerp—Preparations of the mutineers under the secret superintendence of Avila—Stupidity of Oberstein—Duplicity of Don Sancho—Reinforcement of Walloons under Havré, Egmont, and others sent to Antwerp—Governor Champagny's preparations for the expected assault of the mutineers—Insubordination, incapacity, and negligence of all but him—Concentration of all the mutineers from different points in the citadel—The attack, the panic, the flight, the massacre, the fire, the sack, and other details of the "Spanish Fury"—Statistics of murder and robbery—Letter of Orange to the States-General—Surrender of Ghent citadel—Conclusion of the "Ghent Pacification"—The treaty characterised—Forms of ratification—Fall of Zierickzee and recovery of Zealand.

MEANTIME the Prince of Orange sat at Middelburg[2] watching the storm. The position of Holland and Zealand with regard to the other fifteen provinces was distinctly characterised. Upon certain points there was an absolute sympathy, while upon others there was a grave and almost fatal difference. It was the task of the Prince to deepen the sympathy, to extinguish the difference.

In Holland and Zealand there was a warm and nearly universal adhesion to the Reformed religion, a passionate attachment to the ancient political liberties. The Prince, although an earnest Calvinist himself, did all in his power to check the growing spirit of intolerance toward the old religion, and omitted no opportunity of strengthening the attachment which the people justly felt for their liberal institutions.

On the other hand, in most of the other provinces, the Catholic religion had been regaining its ascendancy. Even in 1574, the Estates assembled at Brussels declared to Requesens "that they would rather die the death than see any change in their religion."[3] That feeling had rather increased than diminished. Although there was a strong party attached to the new faith, there was perhaps a larger—certainly a more influential body—which regarded the ancient Church with absolute fidelity. Owing partly to the persecution which had, in the course of years, banished so many thousands of families from the soil, partly to the coercion, which was more stringent in the immediate presence of the crown's representative, partly to the stronger infusion of the Celtic element, which from the earliest ages had always been so keenly alive to the more sensuous and splendid manifestations of the devotional principle—owing to these and many other causes, the old religion, despite of

1 Meteren, vi. 107. Hoofd, x. 450–453.
2 Bor, ix. 694, sqq.
3 "Datse liever willen sterven de dood, dan te sien eenige veranderinge in de Religie," etc.—Remonstrance, etc., in Bor, viii. 518b.

all the outrages which had been committed in its name, still numbered a host of zealous adherents in the fifteen provinces. Attempts against its sanctity were regarded with jealous eyes. It was believed, and with reason, that there was a disposition on the part of the Reformers to destroy it root and branch. It was suspected that the same enginery of persecution would be employed in its extirpation, should the opposite party gain the supremacy, which the Papists had so long employed against the converts to the new religion.

As to political convictions, the fifteen provinces differed much less from their two sisters. There was a strong attachment to their old constitutions—a general inclination to make use of the present crisis to effect their restoration. At the same time, it had not come to be the general conviction, as in Holland and Zealand, that the maintenance of those liberties was incompatible with the continuance of Philip's authority. There was, moreover, a strong aristocratic faction, which was by no means disposed to take a liberal view of government in general, and regarded with apprehension the simultaneous advance of heretical notions both in church and state. Still there were, on the whole, the elements of a controlling constitutional party throughout the fifteen provinces. The great bond of sympathy, however, between all the seventeen was their common hatred to the foreign soldiery. Upon this deeply imbedded, immovable fulcrum of an ancient national hatred, the sudden mutiny of the whole Spanish army served as a lever of incalculable power. The Prince seized it as from the hand of God. Thus armed, he proposed to himself the task of upturning the mass of oppression under which the old liberties of the country had so long been crushed. To effect this object, adroitness was as requisite as courage. Expulsion of the foreign soldiery, union of the seventeen provinces, a representative constitution, according to the old charters, by the States-general, under an hereditary chief, a large religious toleration, suppression of all inquisition into men's consciences—these were the great objects to which the Prince now devoted himself with renewed energy.

To bring about a general organisation and a general union, much delicacy of handling was necessary. The sentiment of extreme Catholicism and Monarchism was not to be suddenly scared into opposition. The Prince, therefore, in all his addresses and documents, was careful to disclaim any intention of disturbing the established religion, or of making any rash political changes. "Let no man think," said he to the authorities of Brabant, "that, against the will of the Estates, we desire to bring about any change in religion. Let no one suspect us capable of prejudicing the rights of any man. We have long since taken up arms to maintain a legal and constitutional freedom, founded upon law. God forbid that we should now attempt to introduce novelties, by which the face of liberty should be defiled."[1]

In a brief and very spirited letter to Count Lalain, a Catholic and a loyalist, but a friend of his country and fervent hater of foreign oppression, he thus appealed to his sense of chivalry and justice: "Although the honourable house from which you spring," he said, "and the virtue and courage of your ancestors, have always impressed me with the conviction that you would follow in their footsteps, yet am I glad to have received proofs that my anticipations were correct. I cannot help, therefore, entreating you to maintain the same high heart, and to accomplish that which you have so worthily begun. Be not deluded by false masks, mumming faces, and borrowed titles, which people assume for their own profit, persuading others that the King's service consists in the destruction of his subjects."[2]

While thus careful to offend no man's religious convictions, to startle no

[1] Letter to States of Brabant, in Bor, ix. 695.

[2] The letter to Lalain is published by Bor, ix. 696.

man's loyalty, he made skilful use of the general indignation felt at the atrocities of the mutinous army. This chord he struck boldly, powerfully, passionately, for he felt sure of the depth and strength of its vibrations. In his address to the Estates of Gelderland,[1] he used vigorous language, inflaming and directing to a practical purpose the just wrath which was felt in that, as in every other province. "I write to warn you," he said, "to seize this present opportunity. Shake from your necks the yoke of the godless Spanish tyranny, join yourselves at once to the lovers of the fatherland, to the defenders of freedom. According to the example of your own ancestors and ours, redeem for the country its ancient laws, traditions, and privileges. Permit no longer, to your shame and ours, a band of Spanish landloupers and other foreigners, together with three or four self-seeking enemies of their own land, to keep their feet upon our necks. Let them no longer, in the very wantonness of tyranny, drive us about like a herd of cattle—like a gang of well-tamed slaves."

Thus, day after day, in almost countless addresses to public bodies and private individuals, he made use of the crisis to pile fresh fuel upon the flames. At the same time, while thus fanning the general indignation, he had the adroitness to point out that the people had already committed themselves. He represented to them that the edict, by which they had denounced his Majesty's veterans as outlaws, and had devoted them to the indiscriminate destruction which such brigands deserved, was likely to prove an unpardonable crime in the eyes of majesty. In short, they had entered the torrent. If they would avoid being dashed over the precipice, they must struggle manfully with the mad waves of civil war into which they had plunged. "I beg you, with all affection," he said to the States of Brabant,[2] "to consider the danger in which you have placed yourselves. You have to deal with the proudest and most overbearing race in the world. For these qualities they are hated by all other nations. They are even hateful to themselves. 'Tis a race which seeks to domineer wheresoever it comes. It particularly declares its intention to crush and to tyrannise you, my masters, and all the land. They have conquered you already, as they boast, for the crime of lese-majesty has placed you at their mercy. I tell you that your last act, by which you have declared this army to be rebels, is decisive. You have armed and excited the whole people against them, even to the peasants and the peasants' children, and the insults and injuries thus received, however richly deserved and dearly avenged, are all set down to your account. Therefore, 'tis necessary for you to decide now whether to be utterly ruined, yourselves and your children, or to continue firmly the work which you have begun boldly, and rather to die a hundred thousand deaths than to make a treaty with them which can only end in your ruin. Be assured that the measure dealt to you will be ignominy as well as destruction. Let not your leaders expect the honourable scaffolds of Counts Egmont and Horn. The whipping-post and then the gibbet will be their certain fate."[3]

Having by this and similar language upon various occasions sought to impress upon his countrymen the gravity of the position, he led them to seek the remedy in audacity and in union. He familiarised them with his theory that the legal, historical government of the provinces belonged to the States-general, to a congress of nobles, clergy, and commons, appointed from each of the seventeen provinces.[4] He maintained, with reason, that the Government of the Netherlands was a representative constitutional Government,

[1] Address to the Estates of Gelderland, apud Bor, ix. 702.
[2] In Bor, ix. 694-696.
[3] "Aen de galge of kake," etc.—Address to the Estates of Brabant, etc., Bor, ubi sup.
[4] Missive of Orange to States-general, in Bor, x. 749.

under the hereditary authority of the King.[1] To recover this constitution, to lift up these down-trodden rights, he set before them most vividly the necessity of union. "'Tis impossible," he said, "that a chariot should move evenly having its wheels unequally proportioned; and so must a confederation be broken to pieces if there be not an equal obligation on all to tend to a common purpose."[2] Union, close, fraternal, such as became provinces of a common origin and with similar laws, could alone save them from their fate. Union, against a common tyrant to save a common fatherland. Union, by which differences of opinion should be tolerated, in order that a million of hearts should beat for a common purpose, a million hands work out invincibly a common salvation. "'Tis hardly necessary," he said, "to use many words in recommendation of union. Disunion has been the cause of all our woes. There is no remedy, no hope, save in the bonds of friendship. Let all particular disagreements be left to the decision of the States-general, in order that with one heart and one will we may seek the disenthralment of the fatherland from the tyranny of strangers."[3]

The first step to a thorough union among all the provinces was the arrangement of a closer connection between the now isolated states of Holland and Zealand on the one side, and their fifteen sisters on the other. The Prince professed the readiness of those states which he might be said to represent in his single person to draw as closely as possible the bonds of fellowship. It was almost superfluous for him to promise his own ready co-operation. "Nothing remains to us," said he, "but to discard all jealousy and distrust. Let us, with a firm resolution and a common accord, liberate these lands from the stranger. Hand to hand let us accomplish a just and general peace. As for myself, I present to you, with very good affection, my person and all which I possess, assuring you that I shall regard all my labours and pains in times which are past well bestowed, if God now grant me grace to see the desired end. That this end will be reached, if you hold fast your resolution and take to heart the means which God presents to you, I feel to be absolutely certain."[4]

Such were the tenor and the motives of the documents which he scattered broadcast at this crisis. They were addressed to the Estates of nearly every province. Those bodies were urgently implored to appoint deputies to a general congress, at which a close and formal union between Holland and Zealand with the other provinces might be effected. That important measure secured, a general effort might, at the same time, be made to expel the Spaniard from the soil. This done, the remaining matters could be disposed of by the assembly of the States-general. His eloquence and energy were not without effect. In the course of the autumn, deputies were appointed from the greater number of the provinces to confer with the representatives of Holland and Zealand in a general congress.[5] The place appointed for the deliberations was the city of Ghent. Here, by the middle of October, a large number of delegates were already assembled.[6]

Events were rapidly rolling together from every quarter, and accumulating to a crisis. A congress—a rebellious congress, as the King might deem it—was assembling at Ghent; the Spanish army, proscribed, lawless, and terrible, was strengthening itself daily for some dark and mysterious achievement; Don John of Austria, the King's natural brother, was expected from Spain to assume the government, which the State Council was too timid to wield and

[1] Missive, etc., Bor, ubi sup.
[2] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 140–154.
[3] Address to Estates of Brabant, apud Bor, ix. 694–696.
[4] Letter to Estates of Brabant, Bor, ix. 694–696.
[5] Bor, ix. 703, 718, 719.
[6] Ibid., 719, 899. Meteren, vi. 111.

too loyal to resign; while, meantime, the whole population of the Netherlands, with hardly an exception, was disposed to see the great question of the foreign soldiery settled before the chaos then existing should be superseded by a more definite authority. Everywhere, men of all ranks and occupations —the artisan in the city, the peasant in the fields—were deserting their daily occupations to furbish helmets, handle muskets, and learn the trade of war.[1] Skirmishes, sometimes severe and bloody, were of almost daily occurrence. In these the Spaniards were invariably successful; for whatever may be said of their cruelty and licentiousness, it cannot be disputed that their prowess was worthy of their renown. Romantic valour, unflinching fortitude, consummate skill, characterised them always. What could half-armed artisans achieve in the open plain against such accomplished foes? At Tisnacq, between Louvain and Tirlemont, a battle was attempted by a large miscellaneous mass of students, peasantry, and burghers, led by country squires.[2] It soon changed to a carnage, in which the victims were all on one side. A small number of veterans, headed by Vargas, Mendoza, Tassis, and other chivalrous commanders, routed the undisciplined thousands at a single charge. The rude militia threw away their arms, and fled panicstruck in all directions at the first sight of their terrible foe. Two Spaniards lost their lives and two thousand Netherlanders.[3] It was natural that these consummate warriors should despise such easily slaughtered victims. A single stroke of the iron flail, and the chaff was scattered to the four winds; a single sweep of the disciplined scythe, and countless acres were in an instant mown. Nevertheless, although beaten constantly, the Netherlanders were not conquered. Holland and Zealand had read the foe a lesson which he had not forgotten, and although on the open fields, and against the less vigorous population of the more central provinces, his triumphs had been easier, yet it was obvious that the spirit of resistance to foreign oppression was growing daily stronger, notwithstanding daily defeats.

Meantime, while these desultory but deadly combats were in daily progress, the Council of State was looked upon with suspicion by the mass of the population. That body, in which resided provisionally the powers of Government, was believed to be desirous of establishing relations with the mutinous army. It was suspected of insidiously provoking the excesses which it seemed to denounce. It was supposed to be secretly intriguing with those whom its own edicts had outlawed. Its sympathies were considered Spanish. It was openly boasted by the Spanish army that, before long, they would descend from their fastnesses upon Brussels, and give the city to the sword. A shuddering sense of coming evil pervaded the population, but no man could say where the blow would first be struck. It was natural that the capital should be thought exposed to imminent danger. At the same time, while every man who had hands was disposed to bear arms to defend the city, the Council seemed paralysed. The capital was insufficiently garrisoned, yet troops were not enrolling for its protection. The State Councillors obviously omitted to provide for defence, and it was supposed that they were secretly assisting the attack. It was thought important, therefore, to disarm, or, at least, to control this body, which was impotent for protection, and seemed powerful only for mis-

[1] Strada.

[2] Bor, ix. 715, 716. Hoofd, x. 450. Mendoza, xv. 305–308.

[3] Hoofd, 450: "Bet dan twee duizent man, wil man dat er het leeven liet," etc., etc. "Dit geluk hadden de Spangaerds zonder booven twee man te verliezen," etc. This is Dutch authority. Mendoza, one of the chief commanders in the affair, says no Spaniard was killed, and that but one was wounded, slightly, in the foot; but he does not give the number of the States' troops, students, and burghers slain.—Mendoza, xv. 308. Cabrera, xi. 856, states the number at two thousand. That bitter Walloon, Renom de France, who saw the States' force pass through Louvain on their way to the encounter, exults, as usual, over the discomfiture of his own countrymen. "The Spaniards cut them all to pieces," he observes, "teaching these pedants and schoolboys that war was a game in which they had no skill."—Histoire des Causes des Révoltes, etc., MS., iii. c. xii.

chief. It was possible to make it as contemptible as it was believed to be malicious.

An unexpected stroke was therefore suddenly levelled against the Council in full session. On the 5th of September,[1] the Seigneur de Héze, a young gentleman of a bold but unstable character, then entertaining close but secret relations with the Prince of Orange, appeared before the doors of the palace. He was attended by about five hundred troops, under the immediate command of the Seigneur de Glimes, bailiff of Walloon Brabant. He demanded admittance, in the name of the Brabant Estates, to the presence of the State Council, and was refused. The doors were closed and bolted. Without further ceremony the soldiers produced iron bars brought with them for the purpose, forced all the gates from the hinges, entered the hall of session, and at a word from their commander laid hands upon the councillors, and made every one prisoner.[2] The Duke of Aerschot, President of the Council, who was then in close alliance with the Prince, was not present at the meeting, but lay, forewarned, at home, confined to his couch by a sickness assumed for the occasion. Viglius, who rarely participated in the deliberations of the board, being already afflicted with the chronic malady under which he was ere long to succumb, also escaped the fate of his fellow-senators.[3] The others were carried into confinement. Berlaymont and Mansfeld were imprisoned in the Brood-Huis,[4] where the last mortal hours of Egmont and Horn had been passed. Others were kept strictly guarded in their own houses. After a few weeks, most of them were liberated. Councillor Del Rio was, however, retained in confinement, and sent to Holland, where he was subjected to a severe examination by the Prince of Orange touching his past career, particularly concerning the doings of the famous Blood Council.[5] The others were set free, and even permitted to resume their functions, but their dignity was gone, their authority annihilated. Thenceforth the States of Brabant and the community of Brussels were to govern for an interval, for it was in their name that the daring blow against the Council had been struck. All individuals and bodies, however, although not displeased with the result, clamorously disclaimed responsibility for the deed. Men were appalled at the audacity of the transaction, and dreaded the vengeance of the King. The Abbot Van Perch, one of the secret instigators of the act, actually died of anxiety for its possible consequences.[6] There was a mystery concerning the affair. They in whose name it had been accomplished denied having given any authority to the perpetrators. Men asked

[1] Bor, ix. 712, Meteren, vi. 197, fix the date of this important transaction at the 14th September. A letter of William of Orange to Count John of 9th September states that it occurred on the 5th September. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., v. 408, and note 1. Tassis gives the same date, iii. 207, 208.

[2] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 106, note 1. Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, x. 448. Meteren, vi. 197. I. B. de Tassis, Comm. de Tum. Belg., l. iii. 207, 208.

[3] Ibid. There is, however, considerable doubt upon this point. Viglius was ill and confined to his bed at the time of the Grand Commander's death, in March. He ceased to write letters to Hopper in April. The arrest of the State Council took place in September, and Viglius died on the 8th of May of the following year (1577). It seems highly probable, therefore, that Tassis is correct in his statement, that Viglius was kept at home by the illness "quæ erat ei continua." The historians, however, Meteren (vi. 197), Bor (ix. 712), Bentivoglio (lib. ix. 176), Strada (viii. 414), Hoofd (x. 448), De Thou (lib. 64, vii. 534), all mention the name of President Viglius among those of the councillors arrested. The Prince of Orange (Archives, etc., v. 408) also mentions him as having been arrested and imprisoned with the rest. De Thou (ubi sup.) gives an account of a visit which he paid to him in the following spring, at which time the aged president seems to have been under arrest, although "il n'étoit pas gardé fort étroitement." Some writers mention him as among those who were detained, while others of the arrested were released (Meteren, Hoofd, Bor, etc.); others, as Cabrera (who is, however, no authority in such matters), mention him as one of those who were immediately set at liberty, in order that the Council might have an appearance of power.—Don Felipe II., xi. 853. On the whole, it seems most probable that he was arrested after the seizure of the Council, but that he was kept confined in a nominal durance, which the infirmities of illness and age rendered quite superfluous. It is almost unquestionable that De Thou visited him at his own house in Brussels, and not at any state prison. Wagenaer, vii. 106, says that Viglius was released in October, and quotes Langueti, Ep., lib. i. (ii.), ep. 93, p. 289. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 404, sqq., and Hoynk van Papendrecht, Not. ad Vit. Viglii., Analect. Belg., 192, 193, and Not. ad Comm., I. R. de Tassis, iii. 208.

[4] Van der Vynckt, ii. 188.

[5] Archives et Correspondance, v. 406. Extracts from the confessions of Del Rio have been given in the first volume of this history.

[6] Hoofd, x. 448. Ev. Reid. Ann., lib. ii. 20.

each other what unseen agency had been at work, what secret spring had been adroitly touched. There is but little doubt, however, that the veiled but skilful hand which directed the blow was the same which had so long been guiding the destiny of the Netherlands.[1]

It had been settled that the congress was to hold its sessions in Ghent, although the citadel commanding that city was held by the Spaniards. The garrison was not very strong, and Mondragon, its commander, was absent in Zealand,[2] but the wife of the veteran ably supplied his place, and stimulated the slender body of troops to hold out with heroism, under the orders of his lieutenant, Avilos Maldonado.[3] The mutineers, after having accomplished their victory at Tisnacq, had been earnestly solicited to come to the relief of this citadel. They had refused and returned to Alost.[4] Meantime, the siege was warmly pressed by the States. There being, however, a deficiency of troops, application for assistance was formally made to the Prince of Orange. Count Reulx, Governor of Flanders, commissioned the Seigneur d'Haussy, brother of Count Bossu, who, to obtain the liberation of that long-imprisoned and distinguished nobleman, was about visiting the Prince in Zealand, to make a request for an auxiliary force.[5] It was, however, stipulated that care should be taken lest any prejudice should be done to the Roman Catholic religion or the authority of the King. The Prince readily acceded to the request, and agreed to comply with the conditions under which only it could be accepted.[6] He promised to send twenty-eight companies. In his letter announcing this arrangement, he gave notice that his troops would receive strict orders to do no injury to person or property, Catholic or Protestant, ecclesiastical or lay, and to offer no obstruction to the Roman religion or the royal dignity.[7] He added, however, that it was not to be taken amiss if his soldiers were permitted to exercise their own religious rites, and to sing their Protestant hymns within their own quarters.[8] He moreover, as security for the expense and trouble, demanded the city of Sluys.[9] The first detachment of troops, under command of Colonel Vander Tympel, was, however, hardly on its way, before an alarm was felt among the Catholic party at this practical alliance with the rebel Prince. An envoy, named Ottingen, was dispatched to Zealand, bearing a letter from the Estates of Hainault, Brabant, and Flanders, countermanding the request for troops, and remonstrating categorically upon the subject of religion and loyalty.[10] Orange deemed such tergiversation paltry, but controlled his anger. He answered the letter in liberal terms, for he was determined that by no fault of his should the great cause be endangered. He reassured the States as to the probable behaviour of his troops. Moreover, they had been already admitted into the city while the correspondence was proceeding. The matter of the psalm-singing was finally arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and it was agreed that Niewport, instead of Sluys, should be given to the Prince as security.[11]

The siege of the citadel was now pressed vigorously, and the deliberations of the congress were opened under the incessant roar of cannon. While the attack was thus earnestly maintained upon the important castle of Ghent, a courageous effort was made by the citizens of Maestricht to wrest their city from the hands of the Spaniards. The German garrison having been gained by the burghers, the combined force rose upon the Spanish troops, and drove

[1] Wagenaer, vii. 105. Langueti Epist., lib. i. (ii.) ep. 87, p. 230. Declaration of the Brussels Deputies in 1584. Bor, xix. 20 (477). Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 404–407.

[2] Bor, ix. 726, 727.

[3] Ibid., 727. Hoofd, xi. 470. Compare Meteren, vi. 108.

[4] Hoofd, xi. 450, 451. Bor, ix. 716.

[5] Bor, ix. 716.

[6] Ibid.

[7] See the letter in Bor, ix. 716, 717. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 420, 421.

[8] Letter of Prince of Orange, in Bor, ix. 716, 717.

[9] Bor, ix. 717.

[10] Ibid., 717, 718.

[11] Bor, ubi sup. Compare Groen v. Prinst, Archives, etc., 420, 421. Meteren, vi. 108.

them from the city.[1] Montesdocca, the commander, was arrested and imprisoned, but the triumph was only temporary. Don Francis d'Ayala, Montesdocca's lieutenant, made a stand with a few companies in Wieck, a village on the opposite side of the Meuse, and connected with the city by a massive bridge of stone.[2] From this point he sent information to other commanders in the neighbourhood. Don Ferdinand de Toledo soon arrived with several hundred troops from Dalem. The Spaniards, eager to wipe out the disgrace to their arms, loudly demanded to be led back to the city. The head of the bridge, however, over which they must pass, was defended by a strong battery, and the citizens were seen clustering in great numbers to defend their firesides against a foe whom they had once expelled. To advance across the bridge seemed certain destruction to the little force. Even Spanish bravery recoiled at so desperate an undertaking, but unscrupulous ferocity supplied an expedient where courage was at fault. There were few fighting men present among the population of Wieck, but there were many females. Each soldier was commanded to seize a woman, and, placing her before his own body, to advance across the bridge.[3] The column, thus bucklered, to the shame of Spanish chivalry, by female bosoms, moved in good order toward the battery. The soldiers levelled their muskets with steady aim over the shoulders or under the arms of the women whom they thus held before them.[4] On the other hand, the citizens dared not discharge their cannon at their own townswomen, among whose numbers many recognised mothers, sisters, or wives.[5] The battery was soon taken, while at the same time Alonzo Vargas, who had effected his entrance from the land side by burning down the Brussels Gate, now entered the city at the head of a band of cavalry. Maestricht was recovered, and an indiscriminate slaughter instantly avenged its temporary loss. The plundering, stabbing, drowning, burning, ravishing, were so dreadful, that, in the words of a contemporary historian, "the burghers who had escaped the fight had reason to think themselves less fortunate than those who had died with arms in their hands."[6]

This was the lot of Maestricht on the 20th of October. It was instinctively felt to be the precursor of fresh disasters. Vague, incoherent, but widely-disseminated rumours had long pointed to Antwerp and its dangerous situation. The Spaniards, foiled in their views upon Brussels, had recently avowed an intention of avenging themselves in the commercial capital. They had waited long enough and accumulated strength enough. Such a trifling city as Alost could no longer content their cupidity, but in Antwerp there was gold enough for the gathering. There was reason for the fears of the inhabitants, for the greedy longing of their enemy. Probably no city in Christendom could at that day vie with Antwerp in wealth and splendour. Its merchants lived in regal pomp and luxury. In its numerous massive warehouses were the treasures of every clime. Still serving as the main entrepôt of the world's traffic, the Brabantine capital was the centre of that commercial system which was soon to be superseded by a larger international life. In the midst of the miseries which had so long been raining upon the Netherlands, the stately and egotistical city seemed to have taken stronger root and to flourish more freshly than ever. It was not wonderful that its palaces and its magazines, glittering with splendour, and bursting with treasure, should arouse the avidity of a reckless and famishing soldiery. Had not a handful of warriors of their own race rifled the golden Indies? Had not their fathers, few in number, strong in courage and discipline, revelled in the plunder of a new world? Here were

[1] Strada, viii. 416. Hoofd, xi. 454.
[2] Strada, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[3] Strada, viii. 416. [4] Ibid.
[5] Strada, viii. 416.
[6] Bor, ix. 725. Compare Strada, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, vi. 100.

the Indies in a single city.[1] Here were gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, ready and portable, the precious fruit dropping, ripened, from the bough. Was it to be tolerated that base, pacific burghers should monopolise the treasure by which a band of heroes might be enriched?

A sense of coming evil diffused itself through the atmosphere. The air seemed lurid with the impending storm; for the situation was one of peculiar horror. The wealthiest city in Christendom lay at the mercy of the strongest fastness in the world—a castle which had been built to curb, not to protect the town. It was now inhabited by a band of brigands, outlawed by Government, strong in discipline, furious from penury, reckless by habit, desperate in circumstance—a crew which feared not God, nor man, nor devil. The palpitating quarry lay expecting hourly the swoop of its trained and pitiless enemy; for the rebellious soldiers were now in a thorough state of discipline. Sancho d'Avila, castellan of the citadel, was recognised as the chief of the whole mutiny, the army and the mutiny being now one. The band entrenched at Alost were upon the best possible understanding with their brethren in the citadel, and accepted without hesitation the arrangements of their superior. On the side of the Scheld opposite Antwerp a fortification had been thrown up by Don Sancho's orders, and held by Julian Romero. Lier, Breda, as well as Alost, were likewise ready to throw their reinforcements into the citadel at a moment's warning. At the signal of their chief, the united bands might sweep from their impregnable castle with a single impulse.[2]

The city cried aloud for help, for it had become obvious that an attack might be hourly expected. Meantime an attempt made by Don Sancho d'Avila to tamper with the German troops stationed within the walls was more than partially successful. The forces were commanded by Colonel Van Ende and Count Oberstein. Van Ende, a crafty traitor to his country, desired no better than to join the mutiny on so promising an occasion, and his soldiers shared his sentiments. Oberstein, a brave but blundering German, was drawn into the net of treachery [3] by the adroitness of the Spaniard and the effrontery of his comrade. On the night of the 29th of October, half-bewildered and half-drunk, he signed a treaty with Sancho d'Avila [4] and the three colonels—Fugger, Frondsberger, and Polwiller. By this unlucky document, which was, of course, subscribed also by Van Ende, it was agreed that the Antwerp burghers should be forthwith disarmed; that their weapons should be sent into the citadel; that Oberstein should hold the city at the disposition of Sancho d'Avila; that he should refuse admittance to all troops which might be sent into the city, excepting by command of Don Sancho, and that he should decline compliance with any orders which he might receive from individuals calling themselves the Council of State, the States-general, or the Estates of Brabant. This treaty was signed, moreover, by Don Jerome de Roda, then established in the citadel, and claiming to represent exclusively his Majesty's Government.[5]

Hardly had this arrangement been concluded than the Count saw the trap into which he had fallen. Without intending to do so, he had laid the city at the mercy of its foe; but the only remedy which suggested itself to his mind was an internal resolution not to keep his promises. The burghers were suffered to retain their arms, while, on the other hand, Don Sancho lost no time in dispatching messages to Alost, to Lier, to Breda, and even to Maestricht, that as large a force as possible might be [6] assembled for the purpose

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1 "—— Queste Indie d'una città."—Bentivoglio, ix. 181.

2 Meteren, vi. 107. Bor, ix. 727, sqq. Mendoza, xv. 303, sqq.

3 Bor, ix. 727, sqq.

4 Ibid. Hoofd, xi. 455, 456.

5 See the Articles in Bor, ix. 728. Compare Meteren, v. 109, 110; Hoofd, xi. 455, 456.

6 Mendoza, xv. 303. Cabrera, xi. 862, 863, sqq. Strada, viii. 417.

of breaking immediately the treaty of peace which he had just concluded. Never was a solemn document regarded with such perfectly bad faith by all its signers as the accord of the 29th of October.

Three days afterwards, a large force of Walloons and Germans was dispatched from Brussels to the assistance of Antwerp. The command of these troops was intrusted to the Marquis of Havré, whose brother, the Duke of Aerschot, had been recently appointed chief superintendent of military affairs by the deputies assembled at Ghent.[1] The miscellaneous duties comprehended under this rather vague denomination did not permit the Duke to take charge of the expedition in person, and his younger brother, a still more incompetent and unsubstantial character, was accordingly appointed to the post. A number of young men of high rank, but of lamentably low capacity, were associated with him. Foremost among them was Philip, Count of Egmont, a youth who had inherited few of his celebrated father's qualities, save personal courage and a love of personal display. In character and general talents he was beneath mediocrity. Beside these were the reckless but unstable De Héze, who had executed the *coup d'état* against the State Council, De Berselen, De Capres, D'Oyngies, and others, all vaguely desirous of achieving distinction in those turbulent times, but few of them having any political or religious convictions, and none of them possessing experience or influence enough to render them useful at the impending crisis.[2]

On Friday morning, the 2d of November,[3] the troops appeared under the walls of Antwerp. They consisted of twenty-three companies of infantry, and fourteen of cavalry, amounting to five thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. They were nearly all Walloons, soldiers who had already seen much active service, but unfortunately of a race warlike and fiery indeed, but upon whose steadiness not much more dependence could be placed at that day than in the age of Civilis. Champagny, brother of Granvelle, was Governor of the city. He was a sincere Catholic, but a still more sincere hater of the Spaniards. He saw in the mutiny a means of accomplishing their expulsion, and had already offered to the Prince of Orange his eager co-operation towards this result. In other matters there could be but small sympathy between William the Silent and the Cardinal's brother, but a common hatred united them, for a time at least, in a common purpose.

When the troops first made their appearance before the walls, Champagny was unwilling to grant them admittance. The addle-brained Oberstein had confessed to him the enormous blunder which he had committed in his midnight treaty, and at the same time ingenuously confessed his intention of sending it to the winds.[4] The enemy had extorted from his dulness or his drunkenness a promise which his mature and sober reason could not consider binding. It is needless to say that Champagny rebuked him for signing, and applauded him for breaking the treaty. At the same time, its ill effects were already seen in the dissensions which existed among the German troops. Where all had been tampered with, and where the commanders had set the example of infidelity, it would have been strange if all had held firm. On the whole, however, Oberstein thought he could answer for his own troops. Upon Van Ende's division, although the crafty colonel dissembled his real intentions, very little reliance was placed.[5] Thus there was distraction within the walls. Among those whom the burghers had been told to consider their defenders there were probably many who were ready to join with their mortal

[1] Bor, ix. 719.

[2] Ibid., 728, 729. Cabrera, xi. 863. Mendoza, xv. 313. Meteren, vi. 109.

[3] Bor, ix. 728. Meteren, vi. 109. Hoofd, xi. 457, and not the 3d of October, as stated by Mendoza, xv. 313, and by Cabrera, xi. 863, following Mendoza.

[4] Bor, ix. 729. Hoofd, xi. 457.

[5] Ibid. Ibid. Compare Strada, viii. 117; Mendoza, xv. 313; Cabrera, xi. 863, et al.

foes at a moment's warning. Under these circumstances, Champagny hesitated about admitting these fresh troops from Brussels. He feared lest the Germans, who knew themselves doubted, might consider themselves doomed. He trembled lest an irrepressible outbreak should occur within the walls, rendering the immediate destruction of the city by the Spaniards from without inevitable. Moreover, he thought it more desirable that this auxiliary force should be disposed at different points outside, in order to intercept the passage of the numerous bodies of Spaniards and other mutineers, who, from various quarters, would soon be on their way to the citadel. Havré, however, was so peremptory, and the burghers were so importunate, that Champagny was obliged to recede from his opposition before twenty-four hours had elapsed. Unwilling to take the responsibility of a farther refusal, he admitted the troops through the Burgherhout Gate, on Saturday, the 3d of November, at ten o'clock in the morning.[1]

The Marquis of Havré, as commander-in-chief, called a council of war. It assembled at Count Oberstein's quarters, and consulted at first concerning a bundle of intercepted letters which Havré had brought with him. These constituted a correspondence between Sancho d'Avila with the heads of the mutiny at Alost and many other places. The letters were all dated subsequently to Don Sancho's treaty with Oberstein, and contained arrangements for an immediate concentration of the whole available Spanish force at the citadel.[2]

The treachery was so manifest, that Oberstein felt all self-reproach for his own breach of faith to be superfluous. It was, however, evident that the attack was to be immediately expected. What was to be done? All the officers counselled the immediate erection of a bulwark on the side of the city exposed to the castle, but there were no miners nor engineers. Champagny, however, recommended a skilful and experienced engineer to superintend the work in the city; and pledged himself that burghers enough would volunteer as miners. In less than an hour, ten or twelve thousand persons, including multitudes of women of all ranks, were at work upon the lines marked out by the engineer. A ditch and breastwork extending from the gate of the Beguins to the street of the Abbey St. Michael, were soon in rapid progress. Meantime, the newly arrived troops, with military insolence, claimed the privilege of quartering themselves in the best houses which they could find. They already began to insult and annoy the citizens whom they been sent to defend; nor were they destined to atone, by their subsequent conduct in the face of the enemy, for the brutality with which they treated their friends. Champagny, however, was ill-disposed to brook their licentiousness. They had been sent to protect the city and the homes of Antwerp from invasion. They were not to establish themselves at every fireside on their first arrival. There was work enough for them out of doors, and they were to do that work at once. He ordered them to prepare for a bivouac in the streets, and flew from house to house, sword in hand, driving forth the intruders at imminent peril of his life. Meantime, a number of Italian and Spanish merchants fled from the city, and took refuge in the castle. The Walloon soldiers were for immediately plundering their houses, as if plunder had been the object for which they had been sent to Antwerp. It was several hours before Champagny, with all his energy, was able to quell these disturbances.[3]

In the course of the day, Oberstein received a letter from Don Sancho

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[1] Bor, ix. 729. Hoofd, xi. 457. Meteren, vi. 110.
[2] Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 457, 458.
[3] Ibid. Ibid. Meteren, vi. 110. Cabrera, xi. 864. Strada, viii. 417. A remarkable pamphlet, published by Champagny in 1578, entitled "Recueil d'Aréto-phile" (Lyon, Guerin, 1578), is the best authority for many striking details of this memorable affair.

d'Avila, calling solemnly upon him to fulfil his treaty of the 29th of October.[1] The German colonels from the citadel had, on the previous afternoon, held a personal interview with Oberstein beneath the walls, which had nearly ended in blows, and they had been obliged to save themselves by flight from the anger of the Count's soldiers, enraged at the deceit by which their leader had been so nearly entrapped.[2] This summons of ridiculous solemnity to keep a treaty which had already been torn to shreds by both parties, Oberstein answered with defiance and contempt. The reply was an immediate cannonade from the batteries of the citadel, which made the position of those erecting the ramparts excessively dangerous. The wall was strengthened with bales of merchandise, casks of earth, upturned waggons, and similar bulky objects hastily piled together. In some places it was sixteen feet high, in others less than six. Night fell before the fortification was nearly completed. Unfortunately it was bright moonlight. The cannon from the fortress continued to play upon the half-finished works. The Walloons, and at last the citizens, feared to lift their heads above their frail rampart. The senators, whom Champagny had deputed to superintend the progress of the enterprise, finding the men so ill disposed, deserted their posts. They promised themselves that, in the darkest hour of the following night, the work should be thoroughly completed.[3] Alas! all hours of the coming night were destined to be dark enough, but in them was to be done no manner of work for defence. On Champagny alone seemed devolved all the labour and all the responsibility. He did his duty well, but he was but one man. Alone, with a heart full of anxiety, he wandered up and down all the night.[4] With his own hands, assisted only by a few citizens and his own servants, he planted all the cannon with which they were provided in the "Fencing Court," at a point where the battery might tell upon the castle. Unfortunately, the troops from Brussels had brought no artillery with them, and the means of defence against the strongest fortress in Europe were meagre indeed. The rampart had been left very weak at many vital points. A single upturned waggon was placed across the entrance to the important street of the Beguins. This negligence was to cost the city dear. At daybreak there was a council held in Oberstein's quarters. Nearly all Champagny's directions had been neglected. He had desired that strong detachments should be posted during the night at various places of security on the outskirts of the town, for the troops, which were expected to arrive in small bodies at the citadel from various parts, might have thus been cut off before reaching their destination. Not even scouts had been stationed in sufficient numbers to obtain information of what was occurring outside. A thick mist hung over the city that eventful morning. Through its almost impenetrable veil, bodies of men had been seen moving into the castle, and the tramp of cavalry had been distinctly heard, and the troops of Romero, Vargas, Oliveira, and Valdez had already arrived from Lier, Breda, Maestricht, and from the forts on the Scheld.[5]

The whole available force in the city was mustered without delay. Havré had claimed for his post the defence of the lines opposite the citadel, the place of responsibility and honour. Here the whole body of Walloons were stationed, together with a few companies of Germans. The ramparts, as stated, were far from impregnable, but it was hoped that this living rampart of six thousand men, standing on their own soil, and in front of the firesides

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1 Bor, ix. 729.
2 Hoofd, xi. 457, 458.
3 Bor, ix. 729, sqq. Meteren, vi. 110. Hoofd, xi. 458–460.
4 Recueil d'Arétophile.
5 Meteren, vii. 110. Recueil d'Arétophile. Hoofd, xi. 460. Bor, ix. 730. Cabrera, xi. 864. Mendoza, xv. 315.

and altars of their own countrymen, would prove a sufficient bulwark ever against Spanish fury.[1] Unhappily, the living barrier proved more frail than the feeble breastwork which the hands of burghers and women had constructed. Six thousand men were disposed along the side of the city opposite the fortress. The bulk of the German troops was stationed at different points on the more central streets and squares. The cavalry was posted on the opposite side of the city, along the Horse-market, and fronting the "Newtown." The stars were still in the sky when Champagny got on horseback and rode through the streets, calling on the burghers to arm and assemble at different points. The principal places of rendezvous were the Cattle-market and the Exchange. He rode along the lines of the Walloon regiments, conversing with the officers, Egmont, De Héze, and others, and encouraging the men, and went again to the Fencing Court, where he pointed the cannon with his own hand, and ordered their first discharge at the fortress. Thence he rode to the end of the Beguin street, where he dismounted and walked out upon the edge of the esplanade, which stretched between the city and the castle. On this battle-ground a combat was even then occurring between a band of burghers and a reconnoitring party from the citadel. Champagny saw with satisfaction that the Antwerpers were victorious. They were skirmishing well with their disciplined foe, whom they at last beat back to the citadel. His experienced eye saw, however, that the retreat was only the signal for a general onslaught, which was soon to follow; and he returned into the city to give the last directions.[2]

At ten o'clock a moving wood was descried approaching the citadel from the south-west. The whole body of the mutineers from Alost, wearing green branches in their helmets,[3] had arrived under command of their Eletto, Navarrete. Nearly three thousand in number, they rushed into the castle, having accomplished their march of twenty-four miles since three o'clock in the morning.[4] They were received with open arms. Sancho d'Avila ordered food and refreshments to be laid before them, but they refused everything but a draught of wine. They would dine in paradise, they said, or sup in Antwerp.[5] Finding his allies in such spirit, Don Sancho would not baulk their humour. Since early morning his own veterans had been eagerly awaiting his signal, "straining upon the start." The troops of Romero, Vargas, Valdez, were no less impatient. At about an hour before noon, nearly every living man in the citadel was mustered for the attack, hardly men enough being left behind to guard the gates. Five thousand veteran foot-soldiers, besides six hundred cavalry, armed to the teeth, sallied from the portals of Alva's citadel.[6] In the counterscarp they fell upon their knees, to invoke, according to custom, the blessing of God[7] upon the devil's work which they were about to commit. The Eletto bore a standard, one side of which was emblazoned with the crucified Saviour, and the other with the Virgin Mary.[8] The image of Him who said, "Love your enemies," and the gentle face of the Madonna, were to smile from heaven upon deeds which might cause a shudder in the depths of hell. Their brief orisons concluded, they swept forward to the city. Three

[1] Hoofd, xi. 458, 459. Recueil d'Arétophile.

[2] Recueil d'Arétophile. Meteren, vi. 110b. Hoofd, xi. 458, 460, 461. Brantôme, Hommes Illust., ii. 201 (Sanc. d'Avila).

[3] Ibid., 113.

[4] Mendoza, xv. 314, 315.

[5] Mendoza, xv. 315: "Respondieron el estar resueltos de comer en el Parayso ó cenar en la villa de Anvers." Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 461. Cabrera, xi. 864, et al.

[6] Hoofd gives the numbers as two thousand from Alost, five hundred under Romero, five hundred under Valdez, one thousand under the German colonels, and one thousand cavalry under Vargas, in all, five thousand (xi. 461). Mendoza states the whole attacking force at two thousand two hundred Spanish infantry, eight hundred Germans, and five hundred cavalry, in all, three thousand five hundred (xv. 315). Cabrera, following Mendoza as usual, estimates the number at a little more than three thousand (xi. 864).

[7] Mendoza, xv. 315. Hoofd, xi. 461.

[8] "Con la figura de Jesu Cristo cruzificado en la una faz, i en la otra la de su Madre Santissima manifestando iban a vengar la magestad divina ofendida de la eregia depravada."—Cabrera, xi. 864. Mendoza, xv. 315. Hoofd, xi. 431.

thousand Spaniards, under their Eletto, were to enter by the street of St. Michael; the Germans, and the remainder of the Spanish foot, commanded by Romero, through that of St. George. Champagny saw them coming, and spoke a last word of encouragement to the Walloons. The next moment the compact mass struck the barrier as the thunderbolt descends from the cloud. There was scarcely a struggle. The Walloons, not waiting to look their enemy in the face, abandoned the posts which they had themselves claimed. The Spaniards crashed through the bulwark as though it had been a wall of glass. The Eletto was first to mount the rampart; the next instant he was shot dead, while his followers, undismayed, sprang over his body, and poured into the streets. The fatal gaps due to timidity and carelessness let in the destructive tide. Champagny, seeing that the enemies had all crossed the barrier, leaped over a garden wall, passed through a house into a narrow lane, and thence to the nearest station of the German troops. Hastily collecting a small force, he led them in person to the rescue. The Germans fought well, died well, but they could not reanimate the courage of the Walloons, and all were now in full retreat, pursued by the ferocious Spaniards.[1] In vain Champagny stormed among them; in vain he strove to rally their broken ranks. With his own hand he seized a banner from a retreating ensign,[2] and called upon the nearest soldiers to make a stand against the foe. It was to bid the flying clouds pause before the tempest. Torn, broken, aimless, the scattered troops whirled through the streets before the pursuing wrath. Champagny, not yet despairing, galloped hither and thither, calling upon the burghers everywhere to rise in defence of their homes, nor did he call in vain. They came forth from every place of rendezvous, from every alley, from every house. They fought as men fight to defend their hearths and altars, but what could individual devotion avail against the compact, disciplined, resistless mass of their foes? The order of defence was broken; there was no system, no concert, no rallying-point, no authority. So soon as it was known that the Spaniards had crossed the rampart, that its six thousand defenders were in full retreat, it was inevitable that a panic should seize the city.[3]

Their entrance once effected, the Spanish force had separated, according to previous arrangement, into two divisions, one half charging up the long street of St. Michael, the other forcing its way through the street of St. Joris.[4] "Santiago, Santiago! España, España! á sangre, á carne, á fuego, á sacco!"—St. James, Spain, blood, flesh, fire, sack!!—such were the hideous cries which rang through every quarter of the city, as the savage horde advanced.[5] Van Ende, with his German troops, had been stationed by the Marquis of Havré to defend the St. Joris gate, but no sooner did the Spaniards under Vargas present themselves, than he deserted to them instantly with his whole force.[6] United with the Spanish cavalry, these traitorous defenders of Antwerp dashed in pursuit of those who had only been faint-hearted. Thus the burghers saw themselves attacked by many of their friends, deserted by more. Whom were they to trust? Nevertheless, Oberstein's Germans were brave and faithful, resisting to the last, and dying every man in his harness.[7] The tide of battle flowed hither and thither, through every street and narrow lane. It poured along the magnificent Place de Meer, where there was an obstinate contest. In front of the famous Exchange, where, in peaceful hours, five thousand merchants[8] met daily to arrange the commercial affairs of Christendom, there was a determined rally, a savage slaughter. The citizens

1 Recueil d'Arétophile. Meteren, vi. 110c. Mendoza, xv. 316. Hoofd, xi. 461. Bor, ix. 731.
2 Meteren, vi. 110c. Hoofd, xi. 461.
3 Hoofd, xi. 461.
4 Ibid., xi. 461. Mendoza, xv. 315.
5 Brantôme, Hommes Illustres, etc., ii. 203. Mendoza, xv. 315.
6 Hoofd, xi. 461. Mendoza, xv. 316.
7 Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 465.
8 Guicciardini, Belg. Descript.

and faithful Germans, in this broader space, made a stand against their pursuers. The tesselated marble pavement, the graceful, cloister-like arcades, ran red with blood. The ill-armed burghers faced their enemies clad in complete panoply, but they could only die for their homes. The massacre at this point was enormous, the resistance at last overcome.[1]

Meantime, the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side farthest removed from the castle, along the Horse-market, opposite the New-town, the States dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagny was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked; they then turned and fled towards the Red Gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armour, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused mob of fugitives and conquerors, Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers, struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea. Along the spacious Horse-market the fugitives fled onward towards the quays. Many fell beneath the swords of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the hoofs of horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Scheld. Champagny, who had thought it possible, even at the last moment, to make a stand in the New-town, and to fortify the Palace of the Hansa, saw himself deserted. With great daring and presence of mind, he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river.[2] The Marquis of Havré, of whom no deeds of valour on that eventful day have been recorded, was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and, oppressed by the weight of his armour, was drowned.[3]

Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the *Grande Place*. Around this irregular, not very spacious square stood the gorgeous Hôtel de Ville, and the tall, many storied, fantastically gabled, richly decorated palaces of the guilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the streets of St. Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the melée. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. A large number of sutlers and other valets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches and kindling materials for the express purpose of firing the town. With great dexterity, these means were now applied, and in a brief interval the City-hall and other edifices on the square were in flames. The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them.[4] In the City-hall many were

[1] Hoofd, xi. 460–465. Bor, ix. 731. Mendoza, xv. 15. Meteren, vi. 110.

[2] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Rec. d'Arétophile. Mendoza, xv. 336. Cabrera, xi 865

[3] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Mendoza, xv. 316

[4] Hoofd, xi. 462. Mendoza, xv. 316. Strada, viii. 419. According to Meteren (vi. 110), the whole town was on fire, and five hundred houses entirely con-

consumed, while others leaped from the windows to renew the combat below. The many tortuous streets which led down a slight descent from the rear of the townhouse to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the *Grande Place* by a single row of buildings, was lighted up, but not attacked by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the street called the *Canal au Sucre*, immediately behind the townhouse, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards. There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster, Van der Meere, lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Scheld.[1] Women, children, old men, were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that, in the course of this and the two following days, not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered.[2] The Spaniards seemed to cast off even the vizard of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite, practical purpose, for it was not blood thirst, nor lust, nor revenge, which had impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold. For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its gold mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. Riot and rape might be deferred; even murder, though congenial to their taste, was only subsidiary to their business. They had come to take possession of the city's wealth, and they set themselves faithfully to accomplish their task. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes.[3] Wherever treasure was suspected, every expedient which ingenuity, sharpened by greediness, could suggest, was employed to extort it from its possessors. The fire, spreading more extensively and more rapidly than had been desired through the wealthiest quarter of the city, had, unfortunately, devoured a vast amount of

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sumed. According to the contemporary manuscript of De Weerdt, who was a citizen of Antwerp, one thousand houses were burned to the ground.—Chronyke oft Journael, MS., p. 83.

[1] Mendoza, xv. 316. Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd. xi. 463.

[2] This is the estimate of Mendoza; viz., two thousand five hundred slain with the sword, and double that number burned and drowned (xv. 317). Cabrera puts the figures at seven thousand and upwards (xi. 865b). Bor and Hoofd give the same number of dead bodies actually found in the streets—viz., two thousand five hundred; and estimating the drowned at as many more, leave the number of the burned to conjecture. Meteren (vi 110), who on all occasions seeks to diminish the number of his countrymen slain in battle or massacre, while he magnifies the loss of his opponents, admits that from four to five thousand were slain; adding, however, that but fifteen hundred bodies were found, which were all buried together in two great pits. He thus deducts exactly one thousand from the number of counted corpses as given by every other authority, Spanish or Flemish. Strada (viii. 422) gives three thousand as the number of those slain with the sword. Compare De Thou, vii. 383–390 (l. 62). The letter of Jerome de Roda to the King, written from the citadel of Antwerp upon the 6th November, when the carnage was hardly over, estimates the number of the slain at eight thousand, and one thousand horses. This authority, coming from the very hour and spot, and from a man so deeply implicated, may be considered conclusive. See the Letter of Roda, in Bor, ix. 737, 738.

[3] Bor, ix. 731, sqq. Hoofd, xi. 462, sqq.

property. Six millions,[1] at least, had thus been swallowed; a destruction by which no one had profited. There was, however, much left. The strong boxes of the merchants, the gold, silver, and precious jewellery, the velvets, satins, brocades, laces, and similar well concentrated and portable plunder, were rapidly appropriated. So far the course was plain and easy, but in private houses it was more difficult. The cash, plate, and other valuables of individuals were not so easily discovered. Torture was, therefore, at once employed to discover the hidden treasures. After all had been given, if the sum seemed too little, the proprietors were brutally punished for their poverty or their supposed dissimulation.[2] A gentlewoman named Fabry,[3] with her aged mother and other females of the family, had taken refuge in the cellar of her mansion. As the day was drawing to a close, a band of plunderers entered, who, after ransacking the house, descended to the cellarage. Finding the door barred, they forced it open with gunpowder. The mother, who was nearest the entrance, fell dead on the threshold. Stepping across her mangled body, the brigands sprung upon her daughter, loudly demanding the property which they believed to be concealed. They likewise insisted on being informed where the master of the house had taken refuge. Protestations of ignorance as to hidden treasure, or the whereabouts of her husband, who, for aught she knew, was lying dead in the streets, were of no avail. To make her more communicative, they hanged her on a beam in the cellar, and after a few moments cut her down before life was extinct. Still receiving no satisfactory reply, where a satisfactory reply was impossible, they hanged her again. Again, after another brief interval, they gave her a second release, and a fresh interrogatory. This barbarity they repeated several times, till they were satisfied that there was nothing to be gained by it, while, on the other hand, they were losing much valuable time. Hoping to be more successful elsewhere, they left her hanging for the last time, and trooped off to fresher fields. Strange to relate, the person thus horribly tortured survived. A servant in her family, married to a Spanish soldier, providentially entered the house in time to rescue her perishing mistress. She was restored to existence, but never to reason. Her brain was hopelessly crazed, and she passed the remainder of her life wandering about her house, or feebly digging in her garden for the buried treasure which she had been thus fiercely solicited to reveal.[4]

A wedding-feast was rudely interrupted. Two young persons, neighbours of opulent families, had been long betrothed, and the marriage day had been fixed for Sunday, the fatal 4th of November. The guests were assembled, the ceremony concluded, the nuptial banquet in progress, when the horrible outcries in the streets proclaimed that the Spaniards had broken loose. Hour after hour of trembling expectation succeeded. At last, a thundering at the gate proclaimed the arrival of a band of brigands. Preceded by their captain, a large number of soldiers forced their way into the house, ransacking every chamber, no opposition being offered by the family and friends, too few and powerless to cope with this band of well-armed ruffians. Plate, chests, wardrobes, desks, caskets of jewellery, were freely offered, eagerly accepted, but not found sufficient; and to make the luckless wretches furnish more than they possessed, the usual brutalities were employed. The soldiers began by striking the bridegroom dead. The bride fell shrieking into her mother's arms, whence she was torn by the murderers, who immediately put the mother to death, and an indiscriminate massacre then followed the fruitless attempts to obtain, by

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[1] Hoofd, xi. 462. Bor's estimate is three millions (ix. 731). The property consumed, says Meteren, was equal in value to that which was obtained in the plundering afterwards by the soldiery. This he estimates at more than four millions in cash, not counting jewellery and other merchandise, (vi. 110).

[2] Hoofd, xi. 463.

[3] Ibid. The lady was grandmother of the historian's wife.

[4] Hoofd, xi. 463, 444.

threats and torture, treasure which did not exist. The bride, who was of remarkable beauty, was carried off to the citadel.[1] Maddened by this last outrage, the father, who was the only man of the party left alive, rushed upon the Spaniards. Wresting a sword from one of the crew, the old man dealt with it so fiercely, that he stretched more than one enemy dead at his feet, but it is needless to add that he was soon dispatched. Meantime, while the party were concluding the plunder of the mansion, the bride was left in a lonely apartment of the fortress. Without wasting time in fruitless lamentation, she resolved to quit the life which a few hours had made so desolate. She had almost succeeded in hanging herself with a massive gold chain which she wore, when her captor entered the apartment. Inflamed not with lust, but with avarice, excited not by her charms, but by her jewellery, he rescued her from her perilous position. He then took possession of her chain and the other trinkets with which her wedding-dress was adorned, and caused her to be entirely stripped of her clothing. She was then scourged with rods till her beautiful body was bathed in blood, and at last, alone, naked, nearly mad, was sent back into the city. Here the forlorn creature wandered up and down through the blazing streets, among the heaps of dead and dying, till she was at last put out of her misery by a gang of soldiers.[2]

Such are a few isolated instances, accidentally preserved in their details, of the general horrors inflicted on this occasion. Others innumerable have sunk into oblivion. On the morning of the 5th of November, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The magnificent marble townhouse, celebrated as a "world's wonder,"[3] even in that age and country, in which so much splendour was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents, had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed; at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smouldering mass of destruction.[4] The dead bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the Gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the townhouse. The German soldiers lay in their armour, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with legs and arms consumed by the flames through which they had fought.[5] The margrave Goswyn Verreyck, the burgomaster Van der Meere, the magistrates Lancelot van Urselen, Nicholas van Boekholt, and other leading citizens, lay among piles of less distinguished slain.[6] They remained unburied until the overseers of the poor, on whom the living had then more importunate claims than the dead, were compelled by Roda to bury them out of the pauper fund.[7] The murderers were too thrifty to be at funeral charges for their victims. The ceremony was not hastily performed, for the number of corpses had not been completed. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted, for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, were now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities.[8] History has recorded the account indelibly on her brazen tablets; it can be adjusted only at the judgment-seat above.

Of all the deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was

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1 Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 464.
2 Ibid. Ibid., 465.
3 "Het welk man mocht tellen onder de wonderen der wereld."—Address of the States of Brabant to the States-General, in Bor, ix. 734.
4 Hoofd, xi 462. Meteren, vi. 110a.
5 Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 465.
6 Ibid., 731. Ibid., 463.
7 Hoofd, xi. 466.
8 Remonstrance of the States of Brabant to the States-General, Bor, ix. 733, 734.

the worst. It was called the Spanish Fury,[1] by which dread name it has been known for ages. The city, which had been a world of wealth and splendour, was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted. Other causes had silently girdled the yet green and flourishing tree, but the Spanish Fury was the fire which consumed it to ashes. Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheld, and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards.[2] In this enormous robbery no class of people was respected. Foreign merchants, living under the express sanction and protection of the Spanish monarch, were plundered with as little reserve as Flemings. Ecclesiastics of the Roman Church were compelled to disgorge their wealth as freely as Calvinists. The rich were made to contribute all their abundance, and the poor what could be wrung from their poverty. Neither paupers nor criminals were safe. Captain Caspar Ortis made a brilliant speculation by taking possession of the *Stein*, or city prison, whence he ransomed all the inmates who could find means to pay for their liberty. Robbers, murderers, even Anabaptists, were thus again let loose.[3] Rarely has so small a band obtained in three days' robbery so large an amount of wealth. Four or five millions divided among five thousand soldiers made up for long arrearages, and the Spaniards had reason to congratulate themselves upon having thus taken the duty of payment into their own hands. It is true that the wages of iniquity were somewhat unequally distributed, somewhat foolishly squandered. A private trooper was known to lose ten thousand crowns in one day in a gambling transaction at the Bourse,[4] for the soldiers, being thus handsomely in funds, became desirous of aping the despised and plundered merchants, and resorted daily to the Exchange, like men accustomed to affairs. The dearly-purchased gold was thus lightly squandered by many, while others, more prudent, melted their portion into sword-hilts, into scabbards, even into whole suits of armour, darkened, by precaution, to appear made entirely of iron. The brocades, laces, and jewellery of Antwerp merchants were converted into coats of mail for their destroyers. The goldsmiths, however, thus obtained an opportunity to outwit their plunderers, and mingled in the golden armour which they were forced to furnish much more alloy than their employers knew. A portion of the captured booty was thus surreptitiously redeemed.[5]

In this Spanish Fury many more were massacred in Antwerp than in the St. Bartholomew at Paris.[6] Almost as many living human beings were dashed out of existence now as there had been statues destroyed in the memorable image-breaking of Antwerp ten years before, an event which had sent such a thrill of horror through the heart of Catholic Christendom. Yet the Netherlanders and the Protestants of Europe may be forgiven if they regarded this massacre of their brethren with as much execration as had been bestowed upon that fury against stocks and stones. At least, the image-breakers had been actuated by an idea, and their hands were polluted neither with blood nor rapine. Perhaps the Spaniards had been governed equally

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[1] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 111. Wagenaer, vii. 115, et mult. al.

[2] The estimate of Meteren is, that four millions, in hard cash alone, were obtained by the soldiery, exclusively of precious stones, other articles of jewellery, laces, brocades, embroidery, and similar property of a portable and convertible character. Meteren, vi. 111a. The estimates of Hoofd and Bor do not materially differ. In single houses as much as 300,000 guldens were found; over 90,000 in the dwelling of a widow.—Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 465. Meteren, vi. 111

[4] Hoofd, xi. 466. Bor, ix. 732. Ibid.

[5] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Strada, viii 421.

[6] Nearly three times as many, if the estimate of De Thou as to the number of Huguenots slain, three thousand, be correct. De Thou, liv. 53. vi. 443. Many contemporary writers have, however, placed the number of the Paris victims as high as ten thousand.

by religious fanaticism. Might not they believe they were meriting well of their Mother Church while they were thus disencumbering infidels of their wealth and earth of its infidels? Had not the Pope and his cardinals gone to church in solemn procession to render thanks unto God for the massacre of Paris?[1] Had not cannon thundered and beacons blazed to commemorate that auspicious event? Why should not the Antwerp executioners claim equal commendation? Even if in their delirium they had confounded friend with foe, Catholic with Calvinist, and church property with lay, could they not point to an equal number of dead bodies, and to an incredibly superior amount of plunder?

Marvellously few Spaniards were slain in these eventful days. Two hundred killed is the largest number stated.[2] The discrepancy seems monstrous, but it is hardly more than often existed between the losses inflicted and sustained by the Spaniards in such combats. Their prowess was equal to their ferocity, and this was enough to make them seem endowed with preterhuman powers. When it is remembered, also, that the burghers were insufficiently armed, that many of their defenders turned against them, that many thousands fled in the first moments of the encounter—and when the effect of a sudden and awful panic is duly considered, the discrepancy between the number of killed on the two sides will not seem so astonishing.

A few officers of distinction were taken alive and carried to the castle. Among these were the Seigneur de Capres and young Count Egmont. The councillor Jerome de Roda was lounging on a chair in an open gallery when these two gentlemen were brought before him, and Capres was base enough to make a low obeisance to the man who claimed to represent the whole government of his Majesty.[3] The worthy successor of Vargas replied to his captive's greeting by a "kick in his stomach," adding, with a brutality which his prototype might have envied, "*Ah puto tradidor*"—whoreson traitor—"let me have no salutations from such as you."[4] Young Egmont, who had been

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[1] De Thou, vi. 442.

[2] Bor's estimate is two hundred Spaniards killed and four hundred wounded (ix. 731). Hoofd, xi. 463, gives the same. Mendoza allows only fourteen Spaniards to have been killed, and rather more than twenty wounded. Meteren, as usual, considering the honour of his countrymen at stake, finds a grim consolation in adding a few to the number of the enemies slain, and gives a total of three hundred Spaniards killed (vi. 110). Strada (viii. 422) gives the two extremes; so that it is almost certain that the number was not less than fourteen nor more than two hundred. These statistics are certainly curious, for it would seem almost impossible that a force numbering between thirty-five hundred and five thousand men (there is this amount of discrepancy in the different estimates) should capture and plunder, with so little loss to themselves, a city of two hundred thousand souls, defended by an army of at least twelve thousand, besides a large proportion of burghers bearing weapons. No wonder that the chivalrous Brantôme was in an ecstasy of delight at the achievement (Hom. Illust., etc., ii. 204), and that the Netherlanders, seeing the prowess and the cruelty of their foes, should come to doubt whether they were men or devils. This disproportion between the number of Spaniards and States' soldiers slain was the same in all the great encounters, particularly in those of the period which now occupies us. In the six months between the end of August 1576 and the signing of the perpetual edict on the 17th of February 1577, the Spaniards killed twenty thousand, by the admission of the Netherlanders themselves, and acknowledged less than six slain on their own side! Mendoza, xvi. 335. Compare Cabrera, xi. 866; Meteren, vi. 120. So much for the blood expended annually or monthly by the Netherlanders in defence of liberty and religion. As for the money consumed, the usual estimate of the expense of the States' army was from 800,000 to one million guldens monthly. (Meteren, viii. 138d and 144). The same historian calculates the expense of Philip's army at forty-two millions of crowns for the nine years from 1567 to 1576, which would give nearly 400,000 dollars monthly, half of which, he says, came from Spain. The Netherlanders, therefore, furnished the other half, so that 200,000 dollars, equal to 500,000 guldens monthly, were to be added to the million required for their own war department. Here then was a tax of one and a half millions monthly, or eighteen millions yearly, simply for the keeping of the two armies on foot to destroy the Netherlanders and consume their substance. The frightful loss by confiscations, plunderings, brandschettings, and the sackings of cities and villages innumerable, was all in addition, of course, but that enormous amount defies calculation. The regular expense in money which they were to meet, if they could, for the mere pay and provision of the armies, was as above, and equal to at least sixty millions yearly to-day, making the common allowance for the difference in the value of money. This was certainly sufficient for a population of three millions. Their frequent promise to maintain their liberty with their "goods and their blood" was no idle boast; three thousand men and one and a half million florins being consumed monthly.

[3] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 412. Meteren, vi. 110. "—— Pour certaines bonnes considérations j'ay prins mon logis en ce chasteau, qu'est la maison royalle de sa Majte, pour d'icy pourveoir et ordonner toutes les choses de son service, jusques les seigneurs du conseil soyent remis en leur entière liberté," etc.—Letter of Jerome de Roda to the authorities of Antwerp, Sept. 8, 1576, III., Register der Dolianten van Brabant, Ao. 1576, f. 203, MS., Hague Archives.

[4] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 120.

captured, fighting bravely at the head of coward troops, by Julian Romero, who nine years before had stood on his father's scaffold, regarded this brutal scene with haughty indignation. This behaviour had more effect upon Roda than the suppleness of Capres. "I am sorry for your misfortune, Count," said the councillor, without, however, rising from his chair; "such is the lot of those who take arms against their King."[1] This was the unfortunate commencement of Philip Egmont's career, which was destined to be inglorious, vacillating, base, and on more than one occasion unlucky.

A shiver ran through the country as the news of the horrible crime was spread, but it was a shiver of indignation, not of fear. Already the negotiations at Ghent between the representatives of the Prince and of Holland and Zealand with the deputies of the other provinces were in a favourable train, and the effect of this event upon their counsels was rather quickening than appalling. A letter from Jerome de Roda to the King was intercepted, giving an account of the transaction. In that document the senator gave the warmest praise to Sancho d'Avila, Julian Romero, Alonzo de Vargas, Francis Verdugo, as well as to the German colonels Fugger, Frondsberger, Polwiller, and others who had most exerted themselves in the massacre. "I wish your Majesty much good of this victory," concluded the councillor; "'tis a very great one, and the damage to the city is enormous."[2] This cynical view was not calculated to produce a soothing effect on the exasperated minds of the people. On the other hand, the Estates of Brabant addressed an eloquent appeal to the States-general, reciting their wrongs, and urging immediate action. "'Tis notorious," said the remonstrants, "that Antwerp was but yesterday the first and principal ornament of all Europe; the refuge of all the nations of the world; the source and supply of countless treasure; the nurse of all arts and industry; the protectress of the Roman Catholic religion; the guardian of science and virtue; and, above all these pre-eminences, more than faithful and obedient to her sovereign prince and lord. The city is now changed to a gloomy cavern, filled with robbers and murderers, enemies of God, the King, and all good subjects."[3] They then proceeded to recite the story of the massacre, "whereof the memory shall be abominable so long as the world stands,"[4] and concluded with an urgent appeal for redress. They particularly suggested that an edict should forthwith be passed, forbidding the alienation of property and the exportation of goods in any form from Antwerp, together with concession of the right to the proprietors of reclaiming their stolen property summarily, whenever and wheresoever it might be found. In accordance with these instructions, an edict was passed, but somewhat tardily, in the hope of relieving some few of the evil consequences by which the Antwerp Fury had been attended.[5]

At about the same time the Prince of Orange addressed a remarkable letter[6] to the States-general, then assembled at Ghent, urging them to hasten the conclusion of the treaty. The news of the massacre, which furnished an additional and most vivid illustration of the truth of his letter, had not then reached him at Middelburg, but the earnestness of his views, taken in connection with this last dark deed, exerted a powerful and indelible effect. The letter was a masterpiece, because it was necessary, in his position, to inflame without alarming; to stimulate the feelings which were in unison, without shocking those which, if aroused, might prove discordant. Without, therefore, alluding in terms to the religious question, he dwelt upon the neces-

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Strada, viii. 418.
[2] Letter of Roda, apud Bor, ix. 737, 738.
[3] Remonstrance of the States of Brabant, in Bor, ix. 733.
[4] "Waer van de memorie is en sal abominabel wesen so lang als de wereld staet," etc.—Remonstrance, etc, Bor, ubi sup.
[5] Bor, ix. 736, 737.
[6] The letter is published by Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 140–154.

sity of union, firmness, and wariness. If so much had been done by Holland and Zealand, how much more might be hoped when all the provinces were united? "The principal flower of the Spanish army had fallen," he said, "without having been able to conquer one of those provinces from those whom they call, in mockery, poor beggars; yet what is that handful of cities compared to all the provinces which might join us in the quarrel."[1] He warned the States of the necessity of showing a strong and united front; the King having been ever led to consider the movement in the Netherlands a mere conspiracy of individuals. "The King told me himself in 1559," said Orange, "that if the Estates had no pillars to lean upon, they would not talk so loud." It was, therefore, necessary to show that prelates, abbots, monks, seigniors, gentlemen, burghers, and peasants, the whole people in short, now cried with one voice, and desired with one will. To such a demonstration the King would not dare oppose himself. By thus preserving a firm and united front, sinking all minor differences, they would, moreover, inspire their friends and foreign princes with confidence. The princes of Germany, the lords and gentlemen of France, the Queen of England, although sympathising with the misfortunes of the Netherlanders, had been unable effectually to help them so long as their disunion prevented them from helping themselves—so long as even their appeal to arms seemed merely "a levy of bucklers, an emotion of the populace, which, like a wave of the sea, rises and sinks again as soon as risen."[2]

While thus exciting to union and firmness, he also took great pains to instil the necessity of wariness. They were dealing with an artful foe. Intercepted letters had already proved that the old dissimulation was still to be employed; that while Don John of Austria was on his way, the Netherlanders were to be lulled into confidence by glozing speeches. Roda was provided by the King with a secret programme of instructions for the new Governor's guidance, and Don Sancho d'Avila, for his countenance to the mutineers of Alost, had been applauded to the echo in Spain.[3] Was not this applause a pregnant indication of the policy to be adopted by Don John, and a thousand times more significative one than the unmeaning phrases of barren benignity with which public documents might be crammed? "The old tricks are again brought into service," said the Prince; "therefore 'tis necessary to ascertain your veritable friends, to tear off the painted masks from those who, under pretence of not daring to displease the King, are seeking to swim between two waters. 'Tis necessary to have a touchstone; to sign a declaration in such wise that you may know whom to trust, and whom to suspect."

The massacre at Antwerp and the eloquence of the Prince produced a most quickening effect upon the congress at Ghent. Their deliberations had proceeded with decorum and earnestness, in the midst of the cannonading against the citadel, and the fortress fell on the same day which saw the conclusion of the treaty.[4]

This important instrument, by which the sacrifices and exertions of the Prince were, for a brief season at least, rewarded, contained twenty-five articles.[5] The Prince of Orange, with the Estates of Holland and Zealand, on the one side, and the provinces signing, or thereafter to sign the treaty, on the other, agreed that there should be a mutual forgiving and forgetting as regarded the past. They vowed a close and faithful friendship for the future.

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[1] Gachard, Correspondance, etc., iii. 147, 148.

[2] Ibid., 152.

[3] Ibid., 129.

[4] Bor, ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470. The final and decisive assault was made upon the 8th; the articles of surrender were arranged, and the castle was evacuated upon the 11th of November. Meteren, vi. 113. Mendoza, xvi. 326. Archives, etc., v. 525.

[5] See them in Bor, ix 738–741; Hoofd, xi. 467 and 470; Mendoza, xvi. 320–326; Meteren, vi. 112, 899., et al.

They plighted a mutual promise to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands without delay. As soon as this great deed should be done, there was to be a convocation of the States-general, on the basis of that assembly before which the abdication of the Emperor had taken place. By this congress, the affairs of religion in Holland and Zealand should be regulated, as well as the surrender of fortresses and other places belonging to his Majesty. There was to be full liberty of communication and traffic between the citizens of the one side and the other. It should not be legal, however, for those of Holland and Zealand to attempt anything outside their own territory against the Roman Catholic religion, nor for cause thereof to injure or irritate any one by deed or word. All the placards and edicts on the subject of heresy, together with the criminal ordinances made by the Duke of Alva, were suspended until the States-general should otherwise ordain. The Prince was to remain lieutenant, admiral, and general for his Majesty in Holland, Zealand, and the associated places, till otherwise provided by the States-general, after the departure of the Spaniards. The cities and places included in the Prince's commission, but not yet acknowledging his authority, should receive satisfaction from him, as to the point of religion and other matters, before subscribing to the union. All prisoners, and particularly the Comte de Bossu, should be released without ransom. All estates and other property not already alienated should be restored, all confiscations since 1566 being declared null and void. The Countess Palatine, widow of Brederode, and Count de Buren, son of the Prince of Orange, were expressly named in this provision. Prelates and ecclesiastical persons having property in Holland and Zealand, should be reinstated, if possible; but in case of alienation, which was likely to be generally the case, there should be reasonable compensation. It was to be decided by the States-general whether the provinces should discharge the debts incurred by the Prince of Orange in his two campaigns. Provinces and cities should not have the benefit of this union until they had signed the treaty, but they should be permitted to sign it when they chose.[1]

This memorable document was subscribed at Ghent, on the 8th of November, by St. Aldegonde, with eight other commissioners appointed by the Prince of Orange and the Estates of Holland on the one side, and by Elbertus Leoninus and other deputies appointed by Brabant, Flanders, Artois, Hainault, Valenciennes, Lille, Douay, Orchies, Namur, Tournay, Utrecht, and Mechlin on the other side.[2]

The arrangement was a masterpiece of diplomacy on the part of the Prince, for it was as effectual a provision for the safety of the Reformed religion as could be expected under the circumstances. It was much, considering the change which had been wrought of late years in the fifteen provinces, that they should consent to any treaty with their two heretic sisters. It was much more that the Pacification should recognise the new religion as the established creed of Holland and Zealand, while at the same time the infamous edicts of Charles were formally abolished. In the fifteen Catholic provinces there was to be no prohibition of private Reformed worship, and it might be naturally expected that with time and the arrival of the banished religionists, a firmer stand would be taken in favour of the Reformation. Meantime, the new religion was formally established in two provinces, and tolerated in secret in the other fifteen; the Inquisition was for ever abolished, and the whole strength of the nation enlisted to expel the foreign soldiery from the soil. This was the work of William the Silent,[3] and the great Prince thus saw the labour of

[1] See particularly Arts, 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, and 25.
[2] Bor, ix. 741.
[3] There is no mention in the Resolutions of Holland, from the 25th of April to the 8th of November 1576, of any draughts for a treaty, or of any preparations for, or deliberations concerning, such a document

years crowned with, at least, a momentary success. His satisfaction was very great when it was announced to him, many days before the exchange of the signatures, that the treaty had been concluded. He was desirous that the Pacification should be referred for approval, not to the municipal magistrates only, but to the people itself.[1] In all great emergencies, the man who, in his whole character, least resembled a demagogue, either of antiquity or of modern times, was eager for a fresh expression of the popular will. On this occasion, however, the demand for approbation was superfluous. The whole country thought with his thoughts and spoke with his words, and the Pacification, as soon as published, was received with a shout of joy.[2] Proclaimed in the market-place of every city and village, it was ratified, not by votes, but by hymns of thanksgiving, by triumphal music, by thundering of cannon, and by the blaze of beacons throughout the Netherlands. Another event added to the satisfaction of the hour. The country so recently, and by deeds of such remarkable audacity, conquered by the Spaniards in the north, was recovered almost simultaneously with the conclusion of the Ghent treaty. It was a natural consequence of the great mutiny. The troops having entirely deserted Mondragon, it became necessary for that officer to abandon Zierickzee, the city which had been won with so much valour. In the beginning of November, the capital, and with it the whole island of Schouwen, together with the rest of Zealand, excepting Tholen, was recovered by Count Hohenlo, Lieutenant-general of the Prince of Orange, and acting according to his instructions.[3]

Thus on this particular point of time many great events had been crowded. At the very same moment Zealand had been redeemed, Antwerp ruined, and the league of all the Netherlands against the Spaniards concluded. It now became known that another and most important event had occurred at the same instant. On the day before the Antwerp massacre, four days before the publication of the Ghent treaty, a foreign cavalier, attended by a Moorish slave and by six men-at-arms, rode into the streets of Luxemburg.[4] The cavalier was Don Ottavio Gonzaga, brother of the Prince of Melfi. The Moorish slave was Don John of Austria, the son of the Emperor, the conqueror of Granada, the hero of Lepanto.[5] The new Governor-General had traversed Spain and France in disguise with great celerity, and in the romantic manner which belonged to his character. He stood at last on the threshold of the Netherlands, but with all his speed he had arrived a few days too late.

The inference of Kluit (i. 146, 147) is that the Prince, with his council and nine commissioners, managed the whole negotiation; such was the confidence reposed in him by the two provinces.

[1] Two commissioners were, in fact, dispatched to each city of Holland, to lay the treaty before the respective governments, and obtain their signatures. —Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 148.

[2] Bor, ix. 740. Wagenaer, vii. 117. "—— Avecq une si grande joie et contentement du peuple, de toutes les provinces en général et en particulier, qu'il n'est mémoire d'homme qui puisse se souvenir d'une pareille. Un chascun se peult souvenir des promesses mutuelles d'amitié qui y sont compris," etc.—Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 95.

[3] Bor, ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470.

[4] Ibid., 742. Ibid., 472.

[5] Strada, ix. 423. Cabrera, xi. 874.

PART V.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

1576–1578.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage of Don John—Barbara Blomberg—Early education and recognition by Philip—Brilliant military career—Campaign against the Moors—Battle of Lepanto—Extravagant ambition—Secret and rapid journey of the new Governor to the Netherlands—Contrast between Don John and William of Orange—Secret instructions of Philip and private purposes of the Governor—Cautious policy and correspondence of the Prince—Preliminary negotiations with Don John at Luxemburg characterised—Union of Brussels—Resumption of negotiations with the Governor at Huy—The discussions analysed and characterised—Influence of the new Emperor Rudolph II. and of his envoys—Treaty of Marche en Famine, or the Perpetual Edict, signed—Remarks upon that transaction—Views and efforts of Orange in opposition to the treaty—His letter, in name of Holland and Zealand, to the States-general—Anxiety of the royal Government to gain over the Prince—Secret mission of Leoninus—His instructions from Don John—Fruitless attempts to corrupt the Prince—Secret correspondence between Don John and Orange—Don John at Louvain—His efforts to ingratiate himself with the Netherlanders—His incipient popularity—Departure of the Spanish troops—Duke of Aerschot appointed Governor of Antwerp citadel—His insincere character.

Don John of Austria was now in his thirty-second year, having been born in Ratisbon on the 24th of February 1545.[1] His father was Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America; his mother was Barbara Blomberg, washerwoman of Ratisbon. Introduced to the Emperor, originally, that she might alleviate his melancholy by her singing,[2] she soon exhausted all that was harmonious in her nature, for never was a more uncomfortable, unmanageable personage than Barbara in her after life. Married to one Pyramus Kegell, who was made a military commissary in the Netherlands, she was left a widow in the beginning of Alva's administration. Placed under the especial superintendence of the Duke, she became the torment of that warrior's life. The terrible Governor, who could almost crush the heart out of a nation of three millions, was unable to curb this single termagant. Philip had expressly forbidden her to marry again, but Alva informed him that she was surrounded by suitors. Philip had insisted that she should go into a convent, but Alva, who, with great difficulty, had established her quietly in Ghent, assured his master that she would break loose again at the bare suggestion of a convent. Philip wished her to go to Spain, sending her word that Don John was mortified by the life his mother was leading, but she informed the Governor that she would be cut to pieces before she would go to Spain. She had no objection to see her son, but she knew too well how women were treated in that country. The Duke complained most pathetically to his Majesty of the life they all led with the

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[1] Strada, x. 506. [2] Ibid. Compare Brantôme, ii. 149.

ex-mistress of the Emperor. Never, he frequently observed, had woman so terrible a head.[1] She was obstinate, reckless, abominably extravagant. She had been provided in Ghent with a handsome establishment—"with a duenna, six other women, a majordomo, two pages, one chaplain, an almoner, and four men-servants;" and this seemed a sufficiently liberal scheme of life for the widow of a commissary. Moreover, a very ample allowance had been made for the education of her only legitimate son, Conrad, the other having perished by an accident on the day of his father's death. While Don John of Austria was gathering laurels in Granada, his half-brother, Pyramus junior, had been ingloriously drowned in a cistern at Ghent.

Barbara's expenses were exorbitant, her way of life scandalous. To send her money, said Alva, was to throw it into the sea. In two days she would have spent in dissipation and feasting any sums which the King might choose to supply. The Duke, who feared nothing else in the world, stood in mortal awe of the widow Kegell. "A terrible animal indeed is an unbridled woman," wrote Secretary Cayas from Madrid, at the close of Alva's administration; for, notwithstanding every effort to entice, to intimidate, and to kidnap her from the Netherlands, there she remained, through all vicissitudes, even till the arrival of Don John. By his persuasions or commands she was at last induced to accept an exile for the remainder of her days in Spain, but revenged herself by asserting that he was quite mistaken in supposing himself the Emperor's child—a point, certainly, upon which her authority might be thought conclusive. Thus there was a double mystery about Don John. He might be the issue of august parentage on one side; he was, possibly, sprung of most ignoble blood. Base-born at best, he was not sure whether to look for the author of his being in the halls of the Cæsars or the booths of Ratisbon mechanics.[2]

Whatever might be the heart of the mystery, it is certain that it was allowed to enwrap all the early life of Don John. The Emperor, who certainly never doubted his responsibility for the infant's existence, had him conveyed instantly to Spain, where he was delivered to Louis Quixada, of the imperial household, by whom he was brought up in great retirement at Villagarcia. Magdalen Ulloa, wife of Quixada, watched over his infancy with maternal and magnanimous care, for her husband's extreme solicitude for the infant's welfare had convinced her that he was its father. On one occasion, when their house was in flames, Quixada rescued the infant before he saved his wife, "although Magdalen knew herself to be dearer to him than the apple of his eye." From that time forth she altered her opinion, and believed the mysterious child to be of lofty origin. The boy grew up full of beauty, grace, and agility, the leader of all his companions in every hardy sport. Through the country round there were none who could throw the javelin, break a lance, or ride at

1 Correspondance de Philippe II., 884, 912, 960, 969, 984, 987, 1025, 1054.

2 Corresp. de Philippe II., 1025. "Lo tiene banqueteado ——Quan terribile animal es una muger des énfrenada."—Ibid., ii. 1255. Meteren, vi. 119d. Compare Van der Hammen y Leon, Don Juan de Austria, Historia, Madrid, 1627, vi. 294. Strada, Brantôme. Compare Van d. Vynckt, ii. 218. "Wie Zijne ware moeder geweest zii, is een raadsel gebleeven, dat nooit volkomen opgelost is," etc. etc.—Cabrera, xii. 1009. An absurd rumour had existed that Barbara Blomberg had only been employed to personate Don John's mother. She died at an estate called Arronjo de Molinos, four leagues from Madrid, some years after the death of Don John.—Cabrera, xii. 1009. The following squib, taken from a MS. collection of pasquilles of the day, shows what was a very general opinion in the Netherlands concerning the parentage of Don John and the position of Barbara Blomberg. The verses are not without ingenuity:—

"ECHO.

"——Sed at Austriacum nostrum redeamus—eamus
Hunc Cesaris fillum esse satis est notum—nothum
Multi tamen de ejus patre dubitavere—*vere*
Cujus ergo filium eum dicunt Itali—*Itali*
Verum mater satis est nota in nostrâ republicâ—*publica*
Jmo hactenus egit in Brabantiâ ter voere—hoere
Crimen est ne frui amplexu unius Cesaris tam generosi—osi
Pluribus ergo usa in vitâ est—ita est
Seu post Cesaris congressum non vere ante—ante
Tace garrula ne tale quippiam loquare—quare?
Nescis quâ pœna afficiendum dixerit Belgium insigne—igne,"
etc., etc., etc.

Vers Satiriques contra Dom Jean d'Autriche, MS., Bibl de Bourg., 17, 524.

the ring like little Juan Quixada. In taming unmanageable horses he was celebrated for his audacity and skill. These accomplishments, however, were likely to prove of but slender advantage in the ecclesiastical profession to which he had been destined by his imperial father. The death of Charles occurred before clerical studies had been commenced, and Philip, to whom the secret had been confided at the close of the Emperor's life, prolonged the delay thus interposed.[1] Juan had already reached his fourteenth year, when one day his supposed father, Quixada, invited him to ride towards Valladolid to see the royal hunt. Two horses stood at the door—a splendidly caparisoned charger and a common hackney. The boy naturally mounted the humbler steed, and they set forth for the mountains of Toro, but on hearing the bugles of the approaching huntsmen, Quixada suddenly halted, and bade his youthful companion exchange horses with himself. When this had been done, he seized the hand of the wondering boy, and, kissing it respectfully, exclaimed, "Your Highness will be informed as to the meaning of my conduct by his Majesty, who is even now approaching." They had proceeded but a short distance before they encountered the royal hunting-party, when both Quixada and young Juan dismounted, and bent the knee to their monarch. Philip, commanding the boy to rise, asked him if he knew his father's name. Juan replied, with a sigh, that he had at that moment lost the only father whom he had known, for Quixada had just disowned him. "You have the same father as myself," cried the King; "the Emperor Charles was the august parent of us both." Then tenderly embracing him, he commanded him to remount his horse, and all returned together to Valladolid, Philip observing, with a sentimentality that seems highly apocryphal, that he had never brought home such precious game from any hunt before.[2]

This theatrical recognition of imperial descent was one among the many romantic incidents of Don John's picturesque career, for his life was never destined to know the commonplace. He now commenced his education, in company with his two nephews, the Duchess Margaret's son, and Don Carlos, Prince Royal of Spain. They were all of the same age, but the superiority of Don John was soon recognised. It was not difficult to surpass the limping, malicious Carlos, either in physical graces or intellectual accomplishments; but the graceful, urbane, and chivalrous Alexander, destined afterwards to such wide celebrity, was a more formidable rival; yet even the professed panegyrist of the Farnese family exalts the son of Barbara Blomberg over the grandson of Margaret Van Geest.[3]

Still destined for the clerical profession, Don John, at the age of eighteen, to avoid compliance with Philip's commands, made his escape to Barcelona. It was his intention to join the Maltese expedition. Recalled peremptorily by Philip, he was for a short time in disgrace, but afterwards made his peace with the monarch by denouncing some of the mischievous schemes of Don Carlos. Between the Prince Royal and the imperial bastard there had always been a deep animosity, the Infante having on one occasion saluted him with the most vigorous and offensive appellation which his illegitimate birth could suggest. "Base-born or not," returned Don John, "at any rate I had a better father than yours."[4] The words were probably reported to Philip, and doubtless rankled in his breast, but nothing appeared on the surface, and the youth rose rapidly in favour. In his twenty-third year he was appointed to the com-

1 Strada, x. 506, 507. Cabrera, xi. 874.

2 "Nunquam se jucundiorem venando prædam quam eo die retulisse domum."—Strada, x. 508. It must be borne in mind that the legends of Don John's boyhood have passed through the busy and inventive brain of Father Strada. Placed in a severe crucible, much of the romantic filigree would perhaps disappear, but the substance of his narrative is genuine. Compare Van d. Vynckt, ii. 219.

3 Strada, x. 509.

4 "Hijo de puta." The anecdote is related by Van der Vynckt (ii. 220) on the authority of Amelot de la Houssaie. "Yo soy hijo de mejor padre."—Strada, x. 509.

mand of the famous campaign against the insurgent Moors of Granada. Here he reaped his first laurels, and acquired great military celebrity. It is difficult to be dazzled by such glory. He commenced his operations by the expulsion of nearly all the Moorish inhabitants of Granada, bedridden men, women, and children together; and the cruelty inflicted, the sufferings patiently endured in that memorable deportation, were enormous.[1] But few of the many thousand exiles survived the horrid march, those who were so unfortunate as to do so being sold into slavery by their captors.[2] Still a few Moors held out in their mountain fastnesses, and two years long the rebellion of this handful made head against the power of Spain. Had their envoys to the Porte succeeded in their negotiation, the throne of Philip might have trembled; but Selim hated the Republic of Venice as much as he loved the wine of Cyprus. While the Moors were gasping out their last breath in Granada and Ronda, the Turks had wrested the island of Venus from the grasp of the haughty Republic. Famagosta had fallen; thousands of Venetians had been butchered with a ferocity which even Christians could not have surpassed. The famous General Bragadino had been flayed, stuffed, and sent hanging on the yardarm of a frigate to Constantinople, as a present to the Commander of the Faithful; and the mortgage of Catherine Cornaro, to the exclusion of her husband's bastards, had been thus definitely cancelled. With such practical enjoyments, Selim was indifferent to the splendid but shadowy vision of the Occidental caliphate —yet the revolt of the Moors was only terminated, after the departure of Don John, by the Duke of Arcos.

The war which the Sultan had avoided in the West came to seek him in the East. To lift the Crucifix against the Crescent, at the head of the powerful but quarrelsome alliance between Venice, Spain, and Rome, Don John arrived at Naples.[3] He brought with him more than a hundred ships and twenty-three thousand men, as the Spanish contingent. Three months long the hostile fleets had been cruising in the same waters without an encounter; three more were wasted in barren manœuvres. Neither Mussulman nor Christian had much inclination for the conflict, the Turk fearing the consequences of a defeat, by which gains already secured might be forfeited—the allies being appalled at the possibility of their own triumph. Nevertheless, the Ottomans manœuvred themselves at last into the Gulf of Lepanto—the Christians manœuvred themselves towards its mouth as the foe was coming forth again. The conflict thus rendered inevitable, both Turk and Christian became equally eager for the fray, equally confident of victory. Six hundred vessels of war met face to face. Rarely in history had so gorgeous a scene of martial array been witnessed. An October sun gilded the thousand beauties of an Ionian landscape. Athens and Corinth were behind the combatants; the mountains of Alexander's Macedon rose in the distance; the rock of Sappho and the heights of Actium were before their eyes. Since the day when the world had been lost and won beneath that famous promontory, no such combat as the one now approaching had been fought upon the waves. The chivalrous young commander dispatched energetic messages to his fellow-chieftains, and now that it was no longer possible to elude the encounter, the martial ardour of the allies was kindled. The Venetian High Admiral replied with words of enthusiasm. Colonna, lieutenant of the league, answered his chief in the language of St. Peter: "Though I die, yet will I not deny thee."[4]

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1 Strada, 509. De Thou, liv. vi. 72, sqq. (tom. vi.).
2 De Thou, liv. xlviii. vi. 212–215 (liv. xlix.). Compare Cabrera, liv. vii. c. 21, sqq.
3 Cabrera, ix. 675a. De Thou, vi. 226.
4 De Thou, vi. liv. l. 226, sqq. Cabrera, ix. 24, 25. Brantôme, ii. 119, sqq. See the statements of Al-Hamet, after the battle, to the conqueror.—Navarrete, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 249–251. Total number of Christian ships, three hundred and thirty-six; of Turkish, two hundred and eighty-three.—Relacion cierta y verdadera, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 255, 256. "Etiamsi oporteat me mori, non te negabo."—Brantôme, Hommes Illust., ii. 122.

The fleet was arranged in three divisions. The Ottomans, not drawn up in crescent form as usual, had the same triple disposition. Barbarigo and the other Venetians commanded on the left, John Andrew Doria on the right, while Don John himself and Colonna were in the centre. Crucifix in hand, the High Admiral rode from ship to ship, exhorting generals and soldiers to show themselves worthy of a cause which he had persuaded himself was holy.[1] Fired by his eloquence and by the sight of the enemy, his hearers answered with eager shouts, while Don John returned to his ship, knelt upon the quarter-deck, and offered a prayer. He then ordered the trumpets to sound the assault, commanded his sailing-master to lay him alongside the Turkish Admiral, and the battle began. The Venetians, who were first attacked, destroyed ship after ship of their assailants after a close and obstinate contest, but Barbarigo fell dead ere the sunset, with an arrow through his brain. Meantime the action, immediately after the first onset, had become general. From noon till evening the battle raged, with a carnage rarely recorded in history. Don John's own ship lay yardarm and yardarm with the Turkish Admiral, and exposed to the fire of seven large vessels besides. It was a day when personal audacity, not skilful tactics, was demanded, and the imperial bastard showed the metal he was made of. The Turkish Admiral's ship was destroyed, his head exposed from Don John's deck upon a pike, and the trophy became the signal for a general panic and a complete victory. By sunset the battle had been won.[2]

Of nearly three hundred Turkish galleys, but fifty made their escape. From twenty-five to thirty thousand Turks were slain, and perhaps ten thousand Christians. The galley-slaves on both sides fought well, and the only beneficial result of the victory was the liberation of several thousand Christian captives. It is true that their liberty was purchased with the lives of a nearly equal number of Christian soldiers, and by the reduction to slavery of almost as many thousand Mussulmen,[3] duly distributed among the Christian victors. Many causes contributed to this splendid triumph. The Turkish ships, inferior in number, were also worse manned than those of their adversaries, and their men were worse armed. Every bullet of the Christians told on muslin turbans and embroidered tunics, while the arrows of the Moslems fell harmless on the casques and corslets of their foes. The Turks, too, had committed the fatal error of fighting upon a lee shore. Having no sea-room, and being repelled

[1] Relacion cierta y verdadera, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 243. Ibid. Compare De Thou, vi. 239–243. Brantôme, ii. 124.

[2] Relacion cierta y verdadera, 244. Cabrera, ix. 25. De Thou, vi. 242, sqq. Brantôme, ii. 126, sqq.

[3] Cabrera says that thirty thousand Turks were slain, ten thousand made prisoners, ten thousand Christians killed, and fifteen thousand Christian prisoners liberated (ix. 693). De Thou's estimate is twenty-five thousand Turks killed, three thousand prisoners, and ten thousand Christians killed (vi. 247). Brantôme states the number of Turks killed at thirty thousand, *without counting* those who were drowned, or who died afterwards of their wounds; six thousand prisoners, twelve thousand Christian prisoners liberated, and ten thousand Christians killed. Hoofd, vi. 214, gives the figures at twenty-five thousand Turks and ten thousand Christians slain. Bor, v. 354a (t. i.), makes a minute estimate, on the authority of Pietro Contareno, stating the number of Christians killed at seven thousand six hundred and fifty, that of Turks at twenty-five thousand one hundred and fifty; Turkish prisoners at three thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and Christians liberated at twelve thousand; giving the number of Turkish ships destroyed at eighty, captured fifty. According to the "Relacion cierta y verdadera" (which was drawn up a few days after the action), the number of Turks slain was "thirty thousand and upwards, besides many prisoners;" that of Christians killed was seven thousand; of Christian slaves liberated, twelve thousand; of Ottoman ships taken or destroyed, two hundred and thirty. Documentos Inéditos, iii. 249. Philip sent an express order forbidding the ransoming of even the captive officers (Carta de F. II. à D. I. de Zuñiga, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 236). The Turkish slaves were divided among the victors in the proportion of one-half to Philip and one-half to the Pope and Venice. The other booty was distributed on the same principle. Out of the Pope's share Don John received, as a present, one hundred and seventy-four slaves (Documentos Inéditos, iii. 229). Alexander of Parma received thirty slaves; Requesens, thirty. To each general of infantry was assigned six slaves; to each colonel, four; to each ship's captain, one. The number of "slaves in chains" (esclavos de cadena) allotted to Philip was thirty-six hundred (Documentos Inéditos, 257). Seven thousand two hundred Turkish slaves, therefore, at least, were divided among Christians. This number of wretches, who were not fortunate enough to die with their twenty-five thousand comrades, must be set off against the twelve thousand Christian slaves liberated in the general settlement of the account with humanity.

n their first onset, many galleys were driven upon the rocks, to be destroyed with all their crews.[1]

But whatever the cause of the victory, its consequence was to spread the name and fame of Don John of Austria throughout the world. Alva wrote with enthusiasm to congratulate him, pronouncing the victory the most brilliant one ever achieved by Christians, and Don John the greatest general since the death of Julius Cæsar. At the same time, with a sarcastic fling at the erection of the Escorial, he advised Philip to improve this new success in some more practical way than by building a house for the Lord and a sepulchre for the dead. "If," said the Duke, "the conquests of Spain be extended in consequence of this triumph, then indeed will the cherubim and seraphim sing glory to God."[2] A courier, dispatched post-haste to Spain, bore the glorious news, together with the sacred standard of the Prophet, the holy of holies, inscribed with the name of Allah twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times, always kept in Mecca during peace, and never since the conquest of Constantinople lost in battle before. The King was at vespers in the Escorial. Entering the sacred precincts, breathless, travel-stained, excited, the messenger found Philip impassible as marble to the wondrous news. Not a muscle of the royal visage was moved, not a syllable escaped the royal lips, save a brief order to the clergy to continue the interrupted vespers. When the service had been methodically concluded, the King made known the intelligence and requested a Te Deum.[3]

The youthful commander-in-chief obtained more than his full mead of glory. No doubt he had fought with brilliant courage, yet, in so close and murderous a conflict, the valour of no single individual could decide the day, and the result was due to the combined determination of all. Had Don John remained at Naples, the issue might have easily been the same. Barbarigo, who sealed the victory with his blood; Colonna, who celebrated a solemn triumph on his return to Rome; Parma, Doria, Giustiniani, Venieri, might each as well have claimed a monopoly of the glory, had not the Pope, at Philip's entreaty, conferred the baton of command upon Don John.[4] The meagre result of the contest is as notorious as the victory. While Constantinople was quivering with apprehension, the rival generals were already wrangling with animosity. Had the Christian fleet advanced, every soul would have fled from the capital, but Providence had ordained otherwise, and Don John sailed westwardly with his ships. He made a descent on the Barbary coast, captured Tunis, destroyed Biserta, and brought King Amidas and his two sons prisoners to Italy. Ordered by Philip to dismantle the fortifications of Tunis, he replied by repairing them thoroughly, and by placing a strong garrison within the citadel. Intoxicated with his glory, the young adventurer already demanded a crown, and the Pope was disposed to proclaim him King of Tunis, for the Queen of the Lybian seas was to be the capital of his empire, the new Carthage which he already dreamed.

Philip thought it time to interfere, for he felt that his own crown might be insecure with such a restless and ambitious spirit indulging in possible and impossible chimeras. He removed John de Soto, who had been Don John's chief councillor and emissary to the Pope, and substituted in his place the celebrated and ill-starred Escovedo.[5] The new secretary, however, entered

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1 De Thou, vi. 245–247.

2 Parabien del Duque de Alba, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 270–287.

3 Relacion por Luis del Marmol, Documentos Inéditos, iii. 270–573.

4 De Thou, vi. 243. Compare Cabrera, ix. 689b. Brantôme, ii. 133. Even Don John's favourite monkey distinguished himself in the action. The creature is reported to have picked up a shell which had fallen upon a holy shrine close at its master's feet, and to have thrown it overboard.—Van der Hammen y Leon, iii. 180.

5 De Thou, Brantôme, Cabrera in locis citatis Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 112. Van der Vynckt ii. 221. Bor, xi. 840, 841. Memorial de Ant. Perez Obras y Relaciones, Geneva, 1644, p. 297.

as heartily but secretly into all these romantic schemes.[1] Disappointed of the empire which he had contemplated on the edge of the African desert, the champion of the Cross turned to the cold islands of the northern seas. There sighed, in captivity, the beauteous Mary of Scotland, victim of the heretic Elizabeth. His susceptibility to the charms of beauty—a characteristic as celebrated as his courage was excited, his chivalry aroused. What holier triumph for the conqueror of the Saracens than the subjugation of these northern infidels? He would dethrone the proud Elizabeth; he would liberate and espouse the Queen of Scots, and together they would reign over the two united realms. All that the Pope could do with bulls and blessings, letters of excommunication, and patents of investiture, he did with his whole heart. Don John was at liberty to be King of England and Scotland as soon as he liked;[2] all that was left to do was to conquer the kingdoms.

Meantime, while these schemes were flitting through his brain, and were yet kept comparatively secret by the Pope, Escovedo, and himself, the news reached him in Italy that he had been appointed Governor-General of the Netherlands.[3] Nothing could be more opportune. In the provinces were ten thousand veteran Spaniards, ripe for adventure, hardened by years of warfare, greedy for gold, audacious almost beyond humanity, the very instruments for his scheme. The times were critical in the Netherlands, it was true; yet he would soon pacify those paltry troubles, and then sweep forward to his prize. Yet events were rushing forward with such feverish rapidity, that he might be too late for his adventure. Many days were lost in the necessary journey from Italy into Spain to receive the final instructions of the King. The news from the provinces grew more and more threatening. With the impetuosity and romance of his temperament, he selected his confidential friend Ottavio Gonzaga, six men-at-arms, and an adroit and well-experienced Swiss courier, who knew every road of France.[4] It was no light adventure for the Catholic Governor-General of the Netherlands to traverse the kingdom at that particular juncture. Staining his bright locks and fair face to the complexion of a Moor, he started on his journey attired as the servant of Gonzaga. Arriving at Paris, after a rapid journey, he descended at a hostelry opposite the residence of the Spanish ambassador, Don Diego de Cuñiga. After nightfall he had a secret interview with that functionary, and learning, among other matters, that there was to be a great ball that night at the Louvre, he determined to go thither in disguise. There, notwithstanding his hurry, he had time to see and to become desperately enamoured of "that wonder of beauty," the fair and frail Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. Her subsequent visit to her young adorer at Namur, to be recorded in a future page of this history, was destined to mark the last turning-point in his picturesque career. On his way to the Netherlands he held a rapid interview with the Duke of Guise, to arrange his schemes for the liberation and espousal of that noble's kinswoman, the Scottish Queen; and on the 3d of November he arrived at Luxemburg.[5]

There stood the young conqueror of Lepanto, his brain full of schemes, his heart full of hopes, on the threshold of the Netherlands, at the entrance to what he believed the most brilliant chapter of his life—schemes, hopes, and

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[1] Bor, xi. 840, 841. Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 112. Memorial de Antonio Perez, Obras y Relaciones, pp. 298, 299.

[2] Strada, x. 511. Bor, xi. 840, 841. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 221. De Thou, vii. 549. "Y dixo le el nuncio que havia tenido un despacho de Roma, en que le avisa haver llegado alta otro, del Senor Don Juan en cifra sobre lo de Inglaterra pidiendo á su sanctidad favor para alto de persona (y aun con la investidura del Reyno en la persona de Don Juan como se entendió despues), bullas, breves, dinero, y que assy se le havia embiado persona con todo ello."—Memorial de Antonio Perez, Obras y Relaciones, p. 303.

[3] Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 391.

[4] Brantôme, ii. 137. Strada, ix. 423. Cabrera, xi. 874.

[5] Cabrera, xi. 874. Strada, ix. 423. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 222. Bor, ix. 742. Brantôme, ii. 137, 138. Hoofd, xi. 472.

visions doomed speedily to fade before the cold reality with which he was to be confronted. Throwing off his disguise after reaching Luxemburg, the youthful paladin stood confessed. His appearance was as romantic as his origin and his exploits. Every contemporary chronicler, French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Roman, have dwelt upon his personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manner.[1] Symmetrical features, blue eyes of great vivacity, and a profusion of bright curling hair, were combined with a person not much above middle height, but perfectly well proportioned. Owing to a natural peculiarity of his head, the hair fell backward from the temples, and he had acquired the habit of pushing it from his brows. The custom became a fashion among the host of courtiers who were but too happy to glass themselves in so brilliant a mirror. As Charles the Fifth, on his journey to Italy to assume the iron crown, had caused his hair to be clipped close, as a remedy for the headaches with which, at that momentous epoch, he was tormented, bringing thereby close shaven polls into extreme fashion, so a mass of hair pushed backwards from the temples, in the style to which the name of John of Austria was appropriated, became the prevailing mode wherever the favourite son of the Emperor appeared.[2]

Such was the last crusader whom the annals of chivalry were to know; the man who had humbled the Crescent as it had not been humbled since the days of the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Plantagenets—yet, after all, what was this brilliant adventurer when weighed against the tranquil Christian champion whom he was to meet face to face? The contrast was striking between the real and the romantic hero. Don John had pursued and achieved glory through victories with which the world was ringing; William was slowly compassing a country's emancipation through a series of defeats. He moulded a commonwealth and united hearts with as much contempt for danger as Don John had exhibited in scenes of slave-driving and carnage. Amid fields of blood, and through webs of tortuous intrigue, the brave and subtle son of the Emperor pursued only his own objects. Tawdry schemes of personal ambition, conquests for his own benefit, impossible crowns for his own wearing, were the motives which impelled him, and the prizes which he sought. His existence was feverish, fitful, and passionate. "Tranquil amid the raging billows," according to his favourite device, the father of his country waved aside the diadem which for him had neither charms nor meaning. Their characters were as contrasted as their persons. The curled darling of chivalry seemed a youth at thirty-one. Spare of figure, plain in apparel, benignant, but haggard of countenance, with temples bared by anxiety as much as by his helmet, earnest, almost devout in manner, in his own words, "Calvus et Calvinista,"[3] William of Orange was an old man of forty-three.

Perhaps there was as much good faith on the part of Don John, when he arrived at Luxemburg, as could be expected of a man coming directly from the cabinet of Philip. The King had secretly instructed him to conciliate the provinces, but to concede nothing,[4] for the Governor was only a new incarnation of the insane paradox that benignity and the system of Charles the Fifth were one. He was directed to restore the Government to its state during the imperial epoch.[5] Seventeen provinces, in two of which the population were all dissenters, in all of which the principle of mutual toleration had just been accepted by Catholics and Protestants, were now to be brought back to

[1] Met., vi. 119. Bentivog., 218. Brantôme, ii. 150. Strada, x. 509. Tassis, iv. 326. [2] Strada, x. 513, 514.
[3] Gachard, Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., iii. pref. lxiii. and note. Compare Strada, ix. 44. "Areschoti Duci——nudato capite subridens, Vides inquit hoc calvitum, scito me non magis capite quam corde calvum esse."—Strada, ix. 434, 435.
[4] Instruccion Secreta qu'el Rey D. Felipe II, diò al Son. D. J. de Austria, escrivio la de mano propria, Bibl. de Bourgogne, MS., No. xvii. 385.
[5] "Que se vuelvan las cosas al govierno y pie antiguo del tiempo del Emperador," etc.—Instruccion Secreta, MS.

the condition according to which all Protestants were beheaded, burned, or buried alive. So that the Inquisition, the absolute authority of the monarch, and the exclusive worship of the Roman Church, were preserved intact, the King professed himself desirous of "extinguishing the fires of rebellion, and of saving the people from the last desperation." With these slight exceptions, Philip was willing to be very benignant. "More than this," said he, "cannot and ought not be conceded."[1] To these brief but pregnant instructions was added a morsel of advice, personal in its nature, but very characteristic of the writer. Don John was recommended to take great care of his soul, and also to be very cautious in the management of his amours.[2]

Thus counselled and secretly directed, the new Captain-General had been dismissed to the unhappy Netherlands. The position, however, was necessarily false. The man who was renowned for martial exploits, and notoriously devoured by ambition, could hardly inspire deep confidence in the pacific dispositions of the Government. The crusader of Granada and Lepanto, the champion of the ancient Church, was not likely to please the rugged Zealanders, who had let themselves be hacked to pieces rather than say one Paternoster, and who had worn crescents in their caps at Leyden, to prove their deeper hostility to the Pope than to the Turk. The imperial bastard would derive but slight consideration from his paternal blood in a country where illegitimate birth was more unfavourably regarded than in most other countries, and where a Brabantine edict, recently issued in name of the King, deprived all political or civil functionaries not born in wedlock of their offices.[3] Yet he had received instructions, at his departure, to bring about a pacification if possible, always maintaining, however, the absolute authority of the crown and the exclusive exercise of the Catholic religion. How the two great points of his instructions were to be made entirely palatable was left to time and chance. There was a vague notion that, with the new Governor's fame, fascinating manners, and imperial parentage, he might accomplish a result which neither fraud nor force, not the arts of Granvelle, nor the atrocity of Alva, nor the licentiousness of a buccaneering soldiery had been able to effect. As for Don John himself, he came with no definite plans for the Netherlanders, but with very daring projects of his own, and to pursue these misty visions was his main business on arriving in the provinces. In the meantime, he was disposed to settle the Netherland difficulty in some showy, offhand fashion, which should cost him but little trouble, and occasion no detriment to the cause of Papacy or absolutism. Unfortunately for these rapid arrangements, William of Orange was in Zealand, and the Pacification had just been signed at Ghent.

It was, naturally, with very little satisfaction that the Prince beheld the arrival of Don John. His sagacious combinations would henceforth be impeded, if not wholly frustrated. This he foresaw. He knew that there could be no intention of making any arrangement in which Holland and Zealand could be included. He was confident that any recognition of the Reformed religion was as much out of the question now as ever. He doubted not that there were many Catholic magnates, wavering politicians, aspirants for royal favour, who would soon be ready to desert the cause which had so recently been made a general cause, and who would soon be undermining the work of their own hands. The Pacification of Ghent would never be maintained in letter and spirit by the vicegerent of Philip; for however its sense might be

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[1] "—— Salvando la religion y mi obediencia, quanto se puede llegando las cosas a estos terminos presupuestos que conviene atajar este fuego y no dexar llegar aquella gente a la ultima desperacion. Y con ello se cierre todo que se deve conceder," etc.—Instruccion Secreta, MS.

[2] "—— Lo de la quenta con su alma——Andar con tiento en los amores," etc., etc.—Instruccion Secreta, MS.

[3] Bor, ix. 673. The edict was dated 26th of March 1576.

commented upon or perverted, the treaty, while it recognised Catholicism as the state religion, conceded, to a certain extent, liberty of conscience. An immense stride had been taken by abolishing the edicts and prohibiting persecution. If that step were now retraced, the new religion was doomed, and the liberties of Holland and Zealand destroyed. "If they make an arrangement with Don John, it will be for us of the religion to run," wrote the Prince to his brother, "for their intention is to suffer no person of that faith to have a fixed domicile in the Netherlands."[1] It was, therefore, with a calm determination to counteract and crush the policy of the youthful Governor that William the Silent awaited his antagonist. Were Don John admitted to confidence, the peace of Holland and Zealand was gone. Therefore it was necessary to combat him both openly and secretly—by loud remonstrance and by invisible stratagem. What chance had the impetuous and impatient young hero in such an encounter with the foremost statesman of the age? He had arrived with all the self-confidence of a conqueror; he did not know that he was to be played upon like a pipe—to be caught in meshes spread by his own hands—to struggle blindly—to rage impotently—to die ingloriously.

The Prince had lost no time in admonishing the States-general as to the course which should now be pursued. He was of opinion that upon their conduct at this crisis depended the future destinies of the Netherlands. "If we understand how to make proper use of the new Governor's arrival," said he, "it may prove very advantageous to us; if not, it will be the commencement of our total ruin."[2] The spirit of all his communications was to infuse the distrust which he honestly felt, and which he certainly took no pains to disguise; to impress upon his countrymen the importance of improving the present emergency by the enlargement, instead of the threatened contraction, of their liberties, and to enforce with all his energy the necessity of a firm union. He assured the Estates that Don John had been sent in this simple manner to the country because the King and cabinet had begun to despair of carrying their point by force. At the same time he warned them that force would doubtless be replaced by fraud. He expressed his conviction that so soon as Don John should attain the ascendancy which he had been sent to secure, the gentleness which now smiled upon the surface would give place to the deadlier purposes which lurked below. He went so far as distinctly to recommend the seizure of Don John's person. By so doing, much bloodshed might be saved; for such was the King's respect for the Emperor's son, that their demands would be granted rather than that his liberty should be permanently endangered.[3] In a very striking and elaborate letter which he addressed from Middelburg to the Estates-general, he insisted on the expediency of seizing the present opportunity in order to secure and to expand their liberties, and urged them to assert broadly the principle that the true historical polity of the Netherlands was a representative, constitutional government. Don John, on arriving at Luxemburg, had demanded hostages for his own security, a measure which could not but strike the calmest spectator as an infraction of all provincial rights. "He asks you to disarm," continued William of Orange; "he invites you to furnish hostages; but the time has been when the lord of the land came unarmed and uncovered before the Estates-general, and swore to support the constitutions before his own sovereignty could be recognised."

He reiterated his suspicions as to the honest intentions of the Government, and sought, as forcibly as possible, to infuse an equal distrust into the minds of those he addressed. "Antwerp," said he, "once the powerful and bloom-

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 544. [2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 495. [3] Ibid., 496.

ing, now the most forlorn and desolate city of Christendom, suffered because she dared to exclude the King's troops. You may be sure that you are all to have a place at the same banquet. We may forget the past, but princes never forget when the means of vengeance are placed within their hands. Nature teaches them to arrive at their end by fraud, when violence will not avail them. Like little children, they whistle to the birds they would catch. Promises and pretences they will furnish in plenty."[1]

He urged them on no account to begin any negotiation with the Governor, except on the basis of the immediate departure of the soldiery. "Make no agreement with him, unless the Spanish and other foreign troops have been sent away beforehand; beware, meantime, of disbanding your own, for that were to put the knife into his hands to cut your own throats withal."[2] He then proceeded to sketch the outlines of a negotiation such as he could recommend. The plan was certainly sufficiently bold, and it could hardly cause astonishment if it were not immediately accepted by Don John as the basis of an arrangement. "Remember *this is not play*," said the Prince, "and that you have to choose between the two, either total ruin or manly self-defence. Don John must command the immediate departure of the Spaniards. All our privileges must be revised, and an oath to maintain them required. New councils of state and finance must be appointed by the Estates. The General Assembly ought to have power to come together twice or thrice yearly, and, indeed, as often as they choose. The States-general must administer and regulate all affairs. The citadels must be demolished everywhere. No troops ought to be enlisted, nor garrisons established, without the consent of the Estates."[3]

In all the documents, whether public memorials or private letters, which came at this period from the hand of the Prince, he assumed, as a matter of course, that in any arrangement with the new Governor the Pacification of Ghent was to be maintained. This, too, was the determination of almost every man in the country. Don John, soon after his arrival at Luxemburg, had dispatched messengers to the States-general, informing them of his arrival. It was not before the close of the month of November that the negotiations seriously began. Provost Fonck, on the part of the Governor, then informed them of Don John's intention to enter Namur attended by fifty mounted troopers.[4] Permission, however, was resolutely refused, and the burghers of Namur were forbidden to render oaths of fidelity until the Governor should have complied with the preliminary demands of the Estates.[5] To enunciate these demands categorically, a deputation of the States-general came to Luxemburg.[6] These gentlemen were received with courtesy by Don John, but their own demeanour was not conciliatory. A dislike to the Spanish Government, a disloyalty to the monarch with whose brother and representative they were dealing, pierced through all their language. On the other hand, the ardent temper of Don John was never slow to take offence. One of the deputies proposed to the Governor, with great coolness, that he should assume the government in his own name, and renounce the authority of Philip. Were he willing to do so, the patriotic gentleman pledged himself that the provinces would at once acknowledge him as sovereign, and sustain his government. Don John, enraged at the insult to his own loyalty which the proposition implied, drew his dagger and rushed towards the offender. The deputy would probably have paid for his audacity with his life had there not been bystanders

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[1] Letter to the States-general, 30th of November 1576, in Bor, 747–749.

[2] "Het ware hem het mes in de hand gegeven daer mede hy u den hals soude afsnyden," etc.—Ibid., 748.

[3] Letter to States-general, etc.

[4] Bor, x. 761.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid., 762.

enough to prevent the catastrophe. This scene was an unsatisfactory prelude to the opening negotiations.[1]

On the 6th of December the deputies presented to the Governor at Luxemburg a paper containing their demands, drawn up in eight articles, and their concessions in ten.[2] The States insisted on the immediate removal of the troops, with the understanding that they were never to return, but without prohibition of their departure by sea; they demanded the immediate release of all prisoners; they insisted on the maintenance of the Ghent treaty, *there being nothing therein* which did not tend to the *furtherance* of the *Catholic* religion; they claimed an act of amnesty; they required the convocation of the States-general on the basis of that assembly before which took place the abdication of Charles the Fifth; they demanded an oath on the part of Don John to maintain all the charters and customs of the country.

Should these conditions be complied with, the deputies consented, on the part of the Estates, that he should be acknowledged as Governor, and that the Catholic religion and the authority of his Majesty should be maintained. They agreed that all foreign leagues should be renounced, their own foreign soldiery disbanded, and a guard of honour, native Netherlanders, such as his Majesty was contented with at his "Blythe Entrance," provided. A truce of fifteen days for negotiations was furthermore proposed.[3]

Don John made answers to these propositions by adding a brief comment, as apostille,[4] upon each of the eighteen articles in succession. He would send away the troops, but at the same time the States must disband their own. He declined engaging himself not to recall his foreign soldiery should necessity require their service. With regard to the Ghent Pacification, he professed himself ready for a general peace negotiation, on condition that the supremacy of the Catholic Church and the authority of his Majesty were properly secured. He would settle upon some act of amnesty after due consultation with the State Council. He was willing that the States should be convoked in general assembly, provided sufficient security were given him that nothing should be there transacted prejudicial to the Catholic religion and the King's sovereignty. As for their privileges, he would govern as had been done *in the time of his imperial father*. He expressed his satisfaction with most of the promises offered by the Estates, particularly with their expression in favour of the Church and of his Majesty's authority, the two all-important points to secure which he had come thither unattended, at the peril of his life; but he received their offer of a bodyguard, by which his hirelings were to be superseded, with very little gratitude. He was on the point, he said, of advancing as far as Marche en Famine, and should take with him as strong a guard as he considered necessary, and composed of such troops as he had at hand.[5] Nothing decisive came of this first interview. The parties had taken the measures of their mutual claims, and after a few days' fencing with apostilles, replies, and rejoinders, they separated, their acrimony rather inflamed than appeased.

The departure of the troops and the Ghent treaty were the vital points in the negotiation. The Estates had originally been content that the troops should go by sea. Their suspicions were, however, excited by the pertinacity

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[1] Strada, x. 512. The anecdote is, however, related differently by other historians, according to some of whom the intimation was made indirectly on the part of the Prince of Orange through Elbertus Leoninus to Don John, that if he chose to assume the sovereignty himself, he might rely on the support of the Protestants and patriot party. According to the same authorities, Don John neither accepted nor rejected the offer. See Ev. Reid, Ann., ii. 27; Wagenaer, vii. 23. Compare Van d. Vynckt, who relates the circumstance much in the same manner as Strada. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 227, 228. Also Tassis, iii. 241, who states that the Governor was so angry with the deputy "ut punire audaciam propriis manibus vix abstinuerit." Compare J. P. Van Capelle, Elb. Leoninus in Bijdragen tot de Gesch. der Ned., 47–49. The story of Reid is entirely improbable, and is consistent with the character of neither of the principal personages implicated.

[2] See the articles in Bor, x. 762, 763.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

with which Don John held to this mode of removal. Although they did not suspect the mysterious invasion of England, a project which was the real reason why the Governor objected to their departure by land,[1] yet they soon became aware that he had been secretly tampering with the troops at every point. The effect of these secret negotiations with the leading officers of the army was a general expression of their unwillingness, on account of the lateness of the season, the difficult and dangerous condition of the roads and mountain passes, the plague in Italy, and other pretexts, to undertake so long a journey by land.[2] On the other hand, the States, seeing the anxiety and the duplicity of Don John upon this particular point, came to the resolution to thwart him at all hazards, and insisted on the land journey. Too long a time, too much money, too many ships would be necessary, they said, to forward so large a force by sea, and in the meantime it would be necessary to permit them to live for another indefinite period at the charge of the Estates.[3]

With regard to the Ghent Pacification, the Estates, in the course of December, procured an express opinion from the eleven professors of theology and doctors *utriusque juris* of Louvain, that the treaty contained nothing which conflicted with the supremacy of the Catholic religion.[4] The various bishops, deacons, abbots, and pastors of the Netherlands made a similar decision.[5] An elaborate paper, drawn up by the State Council, at the request of the States-general, declared that there was nothing in the Pacification derogatory to the supreme authority of his Majesty.[6] Thus fortified with opinions, which, it must be confessed, were rather dogmatically than argumentatively drawn up, and which it would have been difficult very logically to defend, the States looked forward confidently to the eventual acceptance by Don John of the terms proposed. In the meantime, while there was still an indefinite pause in the negotiations, a remarkable measure came to aid the efficacy of the Ghent Pacification.

Early in January 1577, the celebrated "Union of Brussels" was formed.[7] This important agreement was originally signed by eight leading personages, the Abbot of St. Gertrude, the Counts Lalain and Bossu, and the Seigneur de Champagny being among the number. Its tenor was to engage its signers to compass the immediate expulsion of the Spaniards and the execution of the Ghent Pacification, to maintain the Catholic religion and the King's authority, and to defend the fatherland and all its constitutions. Its motive was to generalise the position assumed by the Ghent treaty. The new act was to be signed, not by a few special deputies alone, like a diplomatic convention, but by all the leading individuals of all the provinces, in order to exhibit to Don John such an array of united strength that he would find himself forced to submit to the demands of the Estates.[8] The tenor, motive, and effect were all as had been proposed and foreseen. The agreement to expel the Spaniards, under the Catholic and loyal manifestations indicated, passed from hand to hand through all the provinces. It soon received the signature and support of all the respectability, wealth, and intelligence of the whole country. Nobles, ecclesiastics, citizens hastened to give to it their adhesion. The States-general had sent it, by solemn resolution, to every province, in order that every man might be forced to range himself either upon the side of the fatherland or of despotism. Two copies of the signatures procured in each province were ordered, of which one was to be deposited in its archives, and the other forwarded to Brussels. In a short time, every province, with

[1] Bor, x. 765. Hoofd, xl. 479. Comp. Strada, ix. 429.
[2] Bor, x. 765, 766.
[3] Ibid., x. 766. Hoofd, 479, 480.
[4] See the document in Bor, x. 766.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Bor, x. 768, Opinion of the State Council.
[7] De Jonghe, De Unie van Brussel. Dewez, Hist. Gen. de la Belg., vi. 58, 59. Groen v. Prinsterer, v. 389, sqq. Bor, x. 769
[8] Bor, x. 769. 770; and Meteren, vi. 116, 117.

the single exception of Luxemburg, had loaded the document with signatures. This was a great step in advance. The Ghent Pacification, which was in the nature of a treaty between the Prince and the Estates of Holland and Zealand on the one side, and a certain number of provinces on the other, had only been signed by the envoys of the contracting parties. Though received with deserved and universal acclamation, it had not the authority of a popular document. This, however, was the character studiously impressed upon the "Brussels Union." The people, subdivided according to the various grades of their social hierarchy, had been solemnly summoned to council, and had deliberately recorded their conviction. No restraint had been put upon their freedom of action, and there was hardly a difference of opinion as to the necessity of the measure.[1]

A rapid revolution in Friesland, Groningen, and the dependencies had recently restored that important country to the national party. The Portuguese De Billy had been deprived of his authority as King's stadholder, and Count Hoogstraaten's brother, Baron de Ville, afterwards, as Count Renneberg, infamous for his treason to the cause of liberty, had been appointed by the Estates in his room.[2] In all this district the "Union of Brussels" was eagerly signed by men of every degree. Holland and Zealand, no less than the Catholic provinces of the south, willingly accepted the compromise which was thus laid down, and which was thought to be not only an additional security for the past, not only a pillar more for the maintenance of the Ghent Pacification, but also a sure precursor of a closer union in the future. The Union of Brussels became, in fact, the stepping-stone to the "Union of Utrecht," itself the foundation-stone of a republic destined to endure more than two centuries. On the other hand, this early union held the seed of its own destruction within itself. It was not surprising, however, that a strong declaration in favour of the Catholic religion should be contained in a document intended for circulation through all the provinces. The object was to unite as large a force, and to make as striking a demonstration before the eyes of the Governor-General as was practicable under the circumstances. The immediate purpose was answered, temporary union was formed, but it was impossible that a permanent crystallisation should take place where so strong a dissolvent as the Catholic clause had been admitted. In the sequel, therefore, the union fell asunder precisely at this fatal flaw. The next union[3] was that which definitely separated the provinces into Protestant and Catholic, into self-governing republics, and the dependencies of a distant despotism. The immediate effect, however, of the "Brussels Union" was to rally all lovers of the fatherland and haters of a foreign tyranny upon one vital point —the expulsion of the stranger from the land. The foot of the Spanish soldier should no longer profane their soil. All men were forced to pronounce themselves boldly and unequivocally, in order that the patriots might stand shoulder to shoulder, and the traitors be held up to infamy. This measure was in strict accordance with the advice given more than once by the Prince of Orange, and was almost in literal fulfilment of the compromise which he had sketched before the arrival of Don John.[4]

The deliberations were soon resumed with the new Governor, the scene being shifted from Luxemburg to Huy.[5] Hither came a fresh deputation from the States-general—many signers of the Brussels Union among them—

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[1] De Jonghe, De Unie van Brussel. Hoofd, xi. 479, 480. Meteren, vi. 116. Dewez, Hist. Gen. de la Belgique, vi. c. ix. 56–68. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 589, sqq.

[2] Bor, x. 750–752. Hoofd, xi. 473–475.

[3] The "new or closer union of Brussels," however admirable as a manifestation, and important as an example, cannot, from its very brief duration, be considered as anything but an unsuccessful attempt at union.

[4] Avis du Prince d'Orange, etc., Archives, etc., v. 437, sqq.

[5] Bor, x. 771.

and were received by Don John with stately courtesy. They had, however, come determined to carry matters with a high and firm hand, being no longer disposed to brook his imperious demeanour, nor to tolerate his dilatory policy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the courtesy soon changed to bitterness, and that attack and recrimination usurped the place of the dignified but empty formalities which had characterised the interviews at Luxemburg.[1]

The envoys, particularly Sweveghem and Champagny, made no concealment of their sentiments towards the Spanish soldiery and the Spanish nation, and used a freedom of tone and language which the petulant soldier had not been accustomed to hear. He complained at the outset that the Netherlanders seemed new-born—that instead of bending the knee, they seemed disposed to grasp the sceptre. Insolence had taken the place of pliancy, and the former slave now applied the chain and whip to his master. With such exacerbation of temper at the commencement of the negotiations, their progress was of necessity stormy and slow.[2]

The envoys now addressed three concise questions to the Governor. Was he satisfied that the Ghent Pacification contained nothing conflicting with the Roman religion and the King's authority? If so, was he willing to approve that treaty in all its articles? Was he ready to dismiss his troops at once, and by land, the sea voyage being liable to too many objections?[3]

Don John answered these three questions—which, in reality, were but three forms of a single question—upon the same day, the 24th of January. His reply was as complex as the demand had been simple. It consisted of a proposal in six articles, and a requisition in twenty-one, making in all twenty-seven articles. Substantially he proposed to dismiss the foreign troops—to effect a general pacification of the Netherlands—to govern on the basis of the administration in his imperial father's reign—to arrange affairs in and with regard to the Assembly General as the King should judge to be fitting—to forgive and forget past offences—and to release all prisoners. On the other hand, he required the Estates to pay the troops before their departure, and to provide ships enough to transport them, as the Spaniards did not choose to go by land, and as the deputies at Luxemburg had consented to their removal by sea. Furthermore, he demanded that the States should dismiss their own troops. He required ecclesiastical authority to prove the Ghent Pacification not prejudicial to the Catholic religion; legal authority that it was not detrimental to his Majesty's supremacy; and an oath from the States-general to uphold both points inviolably, and to provide for their maintenance in Holland and Zealand. He claimed the right to employ about his person soldiers and civil functionaries of any nation he might choose, and he exacted from the States a promise to prevent the Prince of Orange from removing his son, Count van Buren, forcibly or fraudulently, from his domicile in Spain.[4]

The deputies were naturally indignant at this elaborate trifling. They had, in reality, asked him but one question, and that a simple one—Would he maintain the treaty of Ghent? Here were twenty-seven articles in reply, and yet no answer to that question. They sat up all night preparing a violent protocol, by which the Governor's claims were to be utterly demolished. Early in the morning, they waited upon his Highness, presented the document, and at the same time asked him plainly, by word of mouth, did he or did he not intend to uphold the treaty. Thus pressed into a corner in presence of

[1] Bor, x. 772, 773. Tassis, iii. 246.

[2] "—— Austriacum non lenibus nec modestis modis sed loris ac fustibus ut servum ad suam voluntatem adigere," etc.—Tassis, iii. 246

[3] Bor, x. 773.

[4] Articles in Bor, x. 772, 773.

the deputies, the members of the State Council who were in attendance from Brussels, and the envoys whom the Emperor had recently sent to assist at these deliberations, the Governor answered, No. He would not and could not maintain the treaty, because the Spanish troops were in that instrument denounced as rebels, because he would not consent to the release of Count van Buren, and on account of various other reasons not then specified.[1] Hereupon ensued a fierce debate, and all day long the altercation lasted, without a result being reached. At ten o'clock in the evening, the deputies, having previously retired for a brief interval, returned with a protest[2] that they were not to be held responsible for the termination of the proceedings, and that they washed their hands of the bloodshed which might follow the rupture. Upon reading this document, Don John fell into a blazing passion. He vehemently denounced the deputies as traitors. He swore that men who came to him thus prepared with ready-made protests in their pockets were rebels from the commencement, and had never intended any agreement with him. His language and gestures expressed unbounded fury. He was weary of their ways he said. They had better look to themselves, for the King would never leave their rebellion unpunished. He was ready to draw the sword at once—not his own, but his Majesty's—and they might be sure that the war which they were thus provoking should be the fiercest ever waged.[3] More abusive language in this strain was uttered, but it was not heard with lamblike submission. The day had gone by when the deputies of the States-general were wont to quail before the wrath of vicarious royalty.

The fiery words of Don John were not oil to troubled water, but a match to a mine. The passions of the deputies exploded in their turn, and from hot words they had nearly come to hard blows. One of the deputies replied with so much boldness and vehemence that the Governor, seizing a heavy silver bell which stood on the table, was about to hurl it at the offender's head, when an energetic and providential interference on the part of the imperial envoys prevented the unseemly catastrophe.[4]

The day thus unprofitably spent had now come to its close, and the deputies left the presence of Don John with tempers as inflamed as his own. They were, therefore, somewhat surprised at being awakened in their beds after midnight by a certain Father Trigoso, who came to them with a conciliatory message from the Governor. While they were still rubbing their eyes with sleep and astonishment, the Duke of Aerschot, the Bishop of Liege, and several councillors of state entered the room. These personages brought the news that Don John had at last consented to maintain the Pacification of Ghent, as would appear by a note written in his own hand, which was then delivered The billet was eagerly read, but unfortunately did not fulfil the anticipations which had been excited. "I agree," said Don John, "to approve the peace made between the States and the Prince of Orange, on condition that nothing therein may seem detrimental to the authority of his Majesty and the supremacy of the Catholic religion, and also with reservation of the points mentioned in my last communication."[5]

Men who had gone to bed in a high state of indignation were not likely to wake in much better humour when suddenly aroused, in their first nap, to listen to such a message as this. It seemed only one piece of trifling the more. The deputies had offered satisfactory opinions of divines and jurisconsults as to the two points specified which concerned the Ghent treaty. It was natural, therefore, that this vague condition concerning them, the determination of which was for the Governor's breast alone, should be instantly

[1] Bor, x. 772. 774.
[2] See the protest in Bor, x. 774, 775.
[3] Bor, x. 755.
[4] Tassis, iii. 246.
[5] Bor, x. 775.

rejected, and that the envoys should return to their disturbed slumbers with an increase of ill-humour.

On the morrow, as the envoys, booted and spurred, were upon the point of departure for Brussels, another communication was brought to them from Don John.[1] This time, the language of the Governor seemed more to the purpose. "I agree," said he, "to maintain the peace concluded between the States and the Prince of Orange, on condition of receiving from the ecclesiastical authorities and from the University of Louvain satisfactory assurance that the said treaty contains nothing derogatory to the Catholic religion, and similar assurance from the State Council, the Bishop of Liege, and the imperial envoys, that the treaty is in no wise prejudicial to the authority of his Majesty." Here seemed at last something definite. These conditions could be complied with. They had, in fact, been already complied with. The assurances required as to the two points had already been procured, as the deputies and as Don John well knew. The Pacification of Ghent was, therefore, virtually admitted. The deputies waited upon the Governor accordingly, and the conversation was amicable. They vainly endeavoured, however, to obtain his consent to the departure of the troops by land—the only point then left in dispute. Don John, still clinging to his secret scheme, with which the sea voyage of the troops was so closely connected, refused to concede. He reproached the envoys, on the contrary, with their importunity in making a fresh demand, just as he had conceded the Ghent treaty, upon his entire responsibility, and without instructions. Mentally resolving that this point should still be wrung from the Governor, but not suspecting his secret motives for resisting it so strenuously, the deputies took an amicable farewell of the Governor, promising a favourable report upon the proceedings as soon as they should arrive in Brussels.[2]

Don John, having conceded so much, was soon obliged to concede the whole. The Emperor Rudolph had lately succeeded his father, Maximilian.[3] The deceased potentate, whose sentiments on the great subject of religious toleration were so much in harmony with those entertained by the Prince of Orange, had, on the whole, notwithstanding the ties of relationship and considerations of policy, uniformly befriended the Netherlands, so far as words and protestations could go, at the court of Philip. Active co-operation, practical assistance, he had certainly not rendered. He had unquestionably been too much inclined to accomplish the impossibility of assisting the States without offending the King—an effort which, in the homely language of Hans Jenitz, was "like wishing his skin washed without being wet."[4] He had even interposed many obstacles to the free action of the Prince, as has been seen in the course of this history; but, nevertheless, the cause of the Netherlands, of religion, and of humanity, had much to lose by his death. His eldest son and successor, Rudolph the Second, was an ardent Catholic, whose relations with a proscribed prince and a Reformed population could hardly remain long in a satisfactory state. The new Emperor had, however, received the secret envoys of Orange with bounty,[5] and was really desirous of accomplishing the pacification of the provinces. His envoys had assisted at all the recent deliberations between the Estates and Don John, and their vivid remonstrances removed, at this juncture, the last objection on the part of the Governor-General. With a secret sigh, he deferred the darling and mysterious hope which had lighted him to the Netherlands, and consented to the departure of the troops by land.[6]

[1] Bor, x. 775. [2] Ibid.

[3] The Emperor Maximilian died on the 12th of October 1576.

[4] "—— Und gents nach dem sprichwort, wasche mir den beltz und mache mir ihn nicht nasz."—MS. cited by Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 725.

[5] Archives, etc., v. 426. [6] Bor, x. 786.

All obstacles having been thus removed, the memorable treaty called the Perpetual Edict was signed at Marche en Famine on the 12th, and at Brussels on the 17th of February 1577.[1] This document, issued in the name of the King, contained nineteen articles. It approved and ratified the Peace of Ghent, in consideration that the prelates and clergy, with the doctors *utriusque juris* of Louvain, had decided that nothing in that treaty conflicted either with the supremacy of the Catholic Church or the authority of the King, but, on the contrary, that it advanced the interests of both.[2] It promised that the soldiery should depart "freely, frankly, and without delay, by land,[3] never to return, except in case of foreign war"—the Spaniards to set forth within forty days, the Germans and others so soon as arrangements had been made by the States-general for their payment. It settled that all prisoners, on both sides, should be released, excepting the Count van Buren, who was to be set free so soon as, the States-general having been convoked, the Prince of Orange should have fulfilled the resolutions to be passed by that assembly. It promised the maintenance of all the privileges, charters, and constitutions of the Netherlands. It required of the States an oath to maintain the Catholic religion. It recorded their agreement to disband their troops. It settled that Don John should be received as Governor-General immediately upon the departure of the Spaniards, Italians, and Burgundians from the provinces.[4]

These were the main provisions of this famous treaty, which was confirmed a few weeks afterwards by Philip in a letter addressed to the States of Brabant, and by an edict issued at Madrid.[5] It will be seen that everything required by the envoys of the States at the commencement of their negotiations had been conceded by Don John. They had claimed the departure of the troops either by land or sea. He had resisted the demand a long time, but had at last consented to dispatch them by sea. Their departure by land had then been insisted upon. This again he had most reluctantly conceded. The ratification of the Ghent treaty he had peremptorily refused. He had come to the provinces at the instant of its conclusion, and had, of course, no instructions on the subject. Nevertheless, slowly receding, he had agreed, under certain reservations, to accept the treaty. Those reservations, relating to the great points of Catholic and royal supremacy, he insisted upon subjecting to his own judgment alone. Again he was overruled. Most unwillingly he agreed to accept, instead of his own conscientious conviction, the dogmas of the State Council and of the Louvain doctors. Not seeing very clearly how a treaty which abolished the edicts of Charles the Fifth and the ordinances of Alva—which removed the religious question in Holland and Zealand from the King's jurisdiction to that of the States-general—which had caused persecution to surcease—had established toleration—and which, moreover, had confirmed the arch rebel and heretic of all the Netherlands in the government of the two rebellious and heretic provinces as stadholder for the King—not seeing very clearly how such a treaty was "advantageous rather than prejudicial to royal absolutism and an exclusive Catholicism"—he naturally hesitated at first.

The Governor had thus disconcerted the Prince of Orange, not by the firmness of his resistance, but by the amplitude of his concessions. The combinations of William the Silent were, for an instant, deranged. Had the Prince expected such liberality, he would have placed his demands upon a higher basis, for it is not probable that he contemplated or desired a pacification. The Duke

[1] Bor, x. 786–789. Hoofd, xi. 485–487. Meteren, vl. f. 117–119. Cabrera, xi. 901, 902. Strada, ix. 430. Bor and Meteren publish the treaty in full.

[2] Art. 2: "Niet nadelig maer ter contrarie tot verdering van de selve," etc.

[3] Art. 3: "Te lande, vry, vrank en onbelet," etc.

[4] See in particular Articles 8, 10, 11, and 16.

[5] Bor, x. 789, 790. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 232.

of Aerschot and the Bishop of Liege in vain essayed to prevail upon his deputies at Marche en Famine to sign the agreement of the 27th January, upon which was founded the Perpetual Edict.[1] They refused to do so without consulting the Prince and the Estates. Meantime, the other commissioners forced the affair rapidly forward. The States sent a deputation to the Prince to ask his opinion, and signed the agreement before it was possible to receive his reply.[2] This was to treat him with little courtesy, if not absolutely with bad faith. The Prince was disappointed and indignant. In truth, as appeared from all his language and letters, he had no confidence in Don John. He believed him a consummate hypocrite, and as deadly a foe to the Netherlands as the Duke of Alva, or Philip himself. He had carefully studied twenty-five intercepted letters from the King, the Governor, Jerome de Roda, and others, placed recently in his hands by the Duke of Aerschot,[3] and had found much to confirm previous and induce fresh suspicion. Only a few days previously to the signature of the treaty, he had also intercepted other letters from influential personages, Alonza de Vargas and others, disclosing extensive designs to obtain possession of the strong places in the country, and then to reduce the land to absolute subjection.[4] He had assured the Estates, therefore, that the deliberate intention of the Government, throughout the whole negotiation, was to deceive, whatever might be the public language of Don John and his agents He implored them, therefore, to have "pity upon the poor country," and to save the people from falling into the trap which was laid for them. From first to last, he had expressed a deep and wise distrust, and justified it by ample proofs. He was, with reason, irritated, therefore, at the haste with which the States had concluded the agreement with Don John—at the celerity with which, as he afterwards expressed it, "they had rushed upon the boar-spear of that sanguinary heart."[5] He believed that everything had been signed and sworn by the Governor with mental reservation that such agreements were valid only until he should repent having made them. He doubted the good faith and the stability of the grand seigniors. He had never felt confidence in the professions of the time-serving Aerschot, nor did he trust even the brave Champagny, notwithstanding his services at the sack of Antwerp. He was especially indignant that provision had been made, not for demolishing but for restoring to his Majesty those hateful citadels, nests of tyranny, by which the flourishing cities of the land were kept in perpetual anxiety. Whether in the hands of kings, nobles, or magistrates, they were equally odious to him, and he had long since determined that they should be razed to the ground. In short, he believed that the Estates had thrust their heads into the lion's mouth, and he foresaw the most gloomy consequences from the treaty which had just been concluded. He believed, to use his own language, "that the only difference between Don John and Alva or Requesens was, that he was younger and more foolish than his predecessors, less capable of concealing his venom, more impatient to dip his hands in blood."[6]

In the Pacification of Ghent, the Prince had achieved the prize of his life-long labours. He had banded a mass of provinces by the ties of a common history, language, and customs into a league against a foreign tyranny. He had grappled Holland and Zealand to their sister provinces by a common love for their ancient liberties, by a common hatred to the Spanish soldiery.

[1] Bor, x. 786.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 629. Bor, x. 791, Letter of Estates of Holland.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, v. 588, sqq. Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 97.

[4] Letter of Orange to the States-general, Feb. 2, 1577, Acta Stat. Belgii, i. f. 258, MS., Hague Archives.

[5] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 98.

[6] Letter of Prince of Orange and the States of Holland. Bor, x. 791. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 559, sqq., and "Instruction from le Sieur de Hautcain," etc., Archives, etc., v. 579, sq4. Apologie du Prince d'Orange, 97.

He had exorcised the evil demon of religious bigotry by which the body politic had been possessed so many years; for the Ghent treaty, largely interpreted, opened the door to universal toleration. In the Perpetual Edict the Prince saw his work undone. Holland and Zealand were again cut adrift from the other fifteen provinces, and war would soon be let loose upon that devoted little territory. The article stipulating the maintenance of the Ghent treaty he regarded as idle wind; the solemn saws of the State Council and the quiddities from Louvain being likely to prove but slender bulwarks against the returning tide of tyranny. Either it was tacitly intended to tolerate the Reformed religion, or to hunt it down. To argue that the Ghent treaty, loyally interpreted, strengthened ecclesiastical or royal despotism, was to contend that a maniac was more dangerous in fetters than when armed with a sword; it was to be blind to the difference between a private conventicle and a public scaffold. The Perpetual Edict, while affecting to sustain the treaty, would necessarily destroy it at a blow, while during the brief interval of repose, tyranny would have renewed its youth like the eagles. Was it possible, then, for William of Orange to sustain the Perpetual Edict, to compromise with Don John? Ten thousand ghosts from the Lake of Harlem, from the famine and plague-stricken streets of Leyden, from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, rose to warn him against such a composition with a despotism as subtle as it was remorseless.

It was, therefore, not the policy of William of Orange, suspecting as he did Don John, abhorring Philip, doubting the Netherland nobles, confiding only in the mass of the citizens, to give his support to the Perpetual Edict. He was not the more satisfied because the States had concluded the arrangement without his sanction and against his express advice.[1] He refused to publish or recognise the treaty in Holland and Zealand.[2] A few weeks before, he had privately laid before the States of Holland and Zealand a series of questions, in order to test their temper, asking them, in particular, whether they were prepared to undertake a new and sanguinary war for the sake of their religion, even although their other privileges should be recognised by the new Government; and a long and earnest debate had ensued, of a satisfactory nature, although no positive resolution was passed upon the subject.[3] As soon as the Perpetual Edict had been signed, the States-general had sent to the Prince requesting his opinion and demanding his sanction.[4] Orange, in the name of Holland and Zealand, instantly returned an elaborate answer,[5] taking grave exceptions to the whole tenor of the Edict. He complained that the constitution of the land was violated, because the ancient privilege of the States-general to assemble at their pleasure had been invaded, and because the laws of every province were set at nought by the continued imprisonment of Count van Buren, who had committed no crime, and whose detention proved that no man, whatever might be promised, could expect security for life or liberty. The ratification of the Ghent treaty, it was insisted, was in no wise distinct and categorical, but was made dependent on a crowd of deceitful subterfuges.[6] He inveighed bitterly against the stipulation in the Edict that the States should pay the wages of the soldiers, whom they had just proclaimed to be knaves and rebels, and at whose hands they had suffered such monstrous injuries. He denounced the cowardice which could permit this band of hirelings to retire with so much jewellery, merchandise, and plate, the result of their robberies. He expressed, however, in the name of the two

[1] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 98.
[2] Letter of Prince of Orange and the States of Holland, Bor, x. 791–793.
[3] Bor, x. 776. [4] Ibid., x. 790. Hoofd, xii. 490.
[5] The letter is published at length in Bor. x. 790–792. Compare Wagenaer, vii. 144, 145. Meteren, vi. 119. Cabrera, xi. 902, 903.
[6] Letter of Prince of Orange and the Estates, Bor, ubi sup.: "Tot een ontalligkheid van bedreegelijke uitvluchten," etc.

provinces, a willingness to sign the Edict, provided the States-general would agree solemnly beforehand, in case the departure of the Spaniards did not take place within the stipulated time, to abstain from all recognition of or communication with Don John, and themselves to accomplish the removal of the troops by force of arms.[1]

Such was the first and solemn manifesto made by the Prince in reply to the Perpetual Edict—the states of Holland and Zealand uniting heart and hand in all that he thought, wrote, and said. His private sentiments were in strict accordance with the opinions thus publicly recorded. "Whatever appearance Don John may assume to the contrary," wrote the Prince to his brother, "'tis by no means his intention to maintain the Pacification, and less still to cause the Spaniards to depart, with whom he keeps up the most strict correspondence possible."[2]

On the other hand, the Governor was most anxious to conciliate the Prince. He was most earnest to win the friendship of the man without whom every attempt to recover Holland and Zealand, and to re-establish royal and ecclesiastical tyranny, he knew to be hopeless. "This is the pilot," wrote Don John to Philip, "who guides the bark. He alone can destroy or save it. The greatest obstacles would be removed if he could be gained." He had proposed and Philip had approved the proposition that the Count van Buren should be clothed with his father's dignities, on condition that the Prince should himself retire into Germany.[3] It was soon evident, however, that such a proposition would meet with little favour, the office of father of his country and protector of her liberties not being transferable.

While at Louvain, whither he had gone after the publication of the Perpetual Edict, Don John had conferred with the Duke of Aerschot, and they had decided that it would be well to send Doctor Leoninus on a private mission to the Prince. Previously to his departure on this errand, the learned envoy had therefore a full conversation with the Governor. He was charged to represent to the Prince the dangers to which Don John had exposed himself in coming from Spain to effect the pacification of the Netherlands. Leoninus was instructed to give assurance that the treaty just concluded should be maintained, that the Spaniards should depart, that all other promises should be inviolably kept, and that the Governor would take up arms against all who should oppose the fulfilment of his engagements. He was to represent that Don John, in proof of his own fidelity, had placed himself in the power of the States. He was to intimate to the Prince that an opportunity was now offered him to do the crown a service in recompense for which he would obtain, not only pardon for his faults, but the favour of the monarch, and all the honours which could be desired; that by so doing he would assure the future prosperity of his family; that Don John would be his good friend, and, as such, would do more for him than he could imagine.[4] The envoy was also to impress upon the Prince, that if he persisted in his opposition, every man's hand would be against him, and the ruin of his house would be inevitable. He was to protest that Don John came but to forgive and to forget, to restore the ancient government and the ancient prosperity; so that, if it was for those objects the Prince had taken up arms, it was now his duty to lay them down, and to do his utmost to maintain peace and the Catholic religion. Finally, the envoy was to intimate, that if he chose to write to Don John, he might be sure to receive a satisfactory answer. In these pacific instructions and friendly expressions Don John was sincere. "The name of

[1] Letter of Prince of Orange, etc.
[2] Archives, etc., v. xii.
[3] Extract from MS. letter, 16th of March 1577, in Gachard, preface to vol. iii. Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., p. li.
[4] Gachard, Corresp. Guill. le Tacit., iii. pref. lii.

yout Majesty," said he plainly, in giving an account of this mission to the King, "is as much abhorred and despised in the Netherlands as that of the Prince of Orange is loved and feared. I am negotiating with him, and giving him every security, for I see that the establishment of peace, as well as the maintenance of the Catholic religion and the obedience to your Majesty, depend now upon him. Things have reached that pass that 'tis necessary to make a virtue of necessity. If he lend an ear to my proposals, it will be only *upon very advantageous conditions*, but to these it will be necessary to submit, rather than to lose everything."[1]

Don John was in earnest; unfortunately he was not aware that the Prince was in earnest also. The crusader who had sunk thirty thousand paynims at a blow, and who was dreaming of the Queen of Scotland and the throne of England, had not room in his mind to entertain the image of *a patriot*. Royal favours, family prosperity, dignities, offices, orders, advantageous conditions, these were the baits with which the Governor angled for William of Orange. He did not comprehend that attachment to a half-drowned land and to a despised religion could possibly stand in the way of those advantageous conditions and that brilliant future. He did not imagine that the rebel, once assured not only of pardon but of advancement, could hesitate to refuse the royal hand thus amicably offered. Don John had not accurately measured his great antagonist.

The results of the successive missions which he dispatched to the Prince were destined to enlighten him.[2] In the course of the first conversation between Leoninus and the Prince at Middelburg, the envoy urged that Don John had entered the Netherlands without troops, that he had placed himself in the power of the Duke of Aerschot, that he had since come to Louvain without any security but the promise of the citizens and of the students; and that all these things proved the sincerity of his intentions. He entreated the Prince *not to let slip so favourable an opportunity for placing his house above the reach of every unfavourable chance*, spoke to him of Marius, Sylla, Julius Cæsar, and other promoters of civil wars; and on retiring for the day, begged him to think gravely on what he had thus suggested, and to pray that God might inspire him with good resolutions.

Next day, William informed the envoy that, having prayed to God for assistance, he was more than ever convinced of his obligation to lay the whole matter before the States, whose servant he was. He added, that he could not forget the deaths of Egmont and Horn, nor the manner in which the promise made to the confederate nobles by the Duchess of Parma had been violated, nor the conduct of the French monarch towards Admiral Coligny. He spoke of information which he had received from all quarters—from Spain, France, and Italy—that there was a determination to make war upon him and upon the states of Holland and Zealand. He added, that they were taking their measures in consequence, and that they were well aware that a Papal nuncio had arrived in the Netherlands to intrigue against them.[3] In the evening, the Prince complained that the Estates had been so precipitate in concluding their arrangement with Don John. He mentioned several articles in the treaty which were calculated to excite distrust; dwelling particularly on the engagement entered into by the Estates to maintain the Catholic religion. This article he declared to be in direct contravention to the Ghent treaty, by

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1 "El nombre y servicio de V. Md estan aborrecido y poco estimado cuanto temido y amado el del Principe de Orange," etc.—Gachard, Correspondance Guillaume le Tacit., iii. pref. lii.

2 Full details of the mission of Leoninus are given in the preface to Gachard's 3d volume of the Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., pages liv., sqq. That distinguished publicist has condensed them from a MS. relation made by Leoninus, on his return to Louvain, a narrative of which a Spanish translation was found by M. Gachard in the Archives of Simancas.

3 Gachard, Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. lvi.

which this point was left to the decision of a future assembly of the States-general. Leoninus essayed, as well as he could, to dispute these positions. In their last interview, the Prince persisted in his intention of laying the whole matter before the States of Holland and Zealand. Not to do so, he said, would be to expose himself to ruin on one side, and on the other, to the indignation of those who might suspect him of betraying them. The envoy begged to be informed if any hope could be entertained of a future arrangement. Orange replied that he had no expectation of any, but advised Doctor Leoninus to be present at Dort when the Estates should assemble.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable result of this mission, Don John did not even yet despair of bending the stubborn character of the Prince. He hoped that, if a personal interview between them could be arranged, he should be able to remove many causes of suspicion from the mind of his adversary. "In such times as these," wrote the Governor to Philip, "we can make no election, nor do I see any remedy to preserve the state from destruction, save to gain over this man who has so much influence with the nation."[1] The Prince had, in truth, the whole game in his hands. There was scarcely a living creature in Holland and Zealand who was not willing to be bound by his decision in every emergency. Throughout the rest of the provinces, the mass of the people looked up to him with absolute confidence, the clergy and the prominent nobles respecting and fearing him, even while they secretly attempted to thwart his designs. Possessing dictatorial power in two provinces, vast influence in the other fifteen, nothing could be easier for him than to betray his country. The time was singularly propitious. The revengeful King was almost on his knees to the denounced rebel. Everything was proffered: pardon, advancement, power. An indefinite vista was opened. "You cannot imagine," said Don John, "how much it will be within my ability to do for you." The Governor was extremely anxious to purchase the only enemy whom Philip feared. The Prince had nothing personally to gain by a continuance of the contest. The ban, outlawry, degradation, pecuniary ruin, assassination, martyrdom—these were the only guerdons he could anticipate. He had much to lose; but yesterday loaded with dignities, surrounded by pomp and luxury, with many children to inherit his worldly gear, could he not recover all, and more than all, to-day? What service had he to render in exchange? A mere nothing. He had but to abandon the convictions of a lifetime, and to betray a million or two of hearts which trusted him.

As to the promises made by the Governor to rule the country with gentleness, the Prince could not do otherwise than commend the intention, even while distrusting the fulfilment. In his reply to the two letters of Don John, he thanked his Highness, with what seemed a grave irony, for the benign courtesy and signal honour which he had manifested to him, by inviting him so humanely and so carefully *to a tranquil life*, wherein, according to his Highness, consisted the perfection of felicity in this mortal existence, and by promising him so liberally favour and grace.[3] He stated, however, with earnestness, that the promises in regard to the pacification of the poor Netherland people were much more important. He had ever respected, he said, beyond all comparison, the welfare and security of the public before his own; "having always placed his particular interests under his foot, even as he was still resolved to do, as long as life should endure."[4]

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[1] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., lviii. sqq.

[2] Ibid., p. lx., MS. letter of the 16th of March 1577.

[3] Letter of the Prince of Orange to Don John of Austria, May 24, 1577, in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 289–291.

[4] Ibid., 290: "Aiant, toujour mis dessoubz les pieds mon regard particulier, ainsi que suis encore resolu de faire, tant que la vie me demeurera."

Thus did William of Orange receive the private advances made by the Government towards himself. Meantime, Don John of Austria came to Louvain.[1] Until the preliminary conditions of the Perpetual Edict had been fulfilled and the Spanish troops sent out of the country, he was not to be received as Governor-General, but it seemed unbecoming for him to remain longer upon the threshold of the provinces. He therefore advanced into the heart of the country, trusting himself without troops to the loyalty of the people, and manifesting a show of chivalrous confidence which he was far from feeling. He was soon surrounded by courtiers, time-servers, noble office-seekers. They who had kept themselves invisible so long as the issue of a perplexed negotiation seemed doubtful, now became obsequious and inevitable as his shadow. One grand seignior wanted a regiment, another a government, a third a chamberlain's key; all wanted titles, ribbons, offices, livery, wages. Don John distributed favours and promises with vast liberality.[2] The object with which Philip had sent him to the Netherlands, that he might conciliate the hearts of its inhabitants by the personal graces which he had inherited from his imperial father, seemed in a fair way of accomplishment, for it was not only the venal applause of titled sycophants that he strove to merit, but he mingled gayly and familiarly with all classes of citizens.[3] Everywhere his handsome face and charming manner produced their natural effect. He dined and supped with the magistrates in the townhouse, honoured general banquets of the burghers with his presence, and was affable and dignified, witty, fascinating, and commanding by turns. At Louvain, the five military guilds held a solemn festival. The usual invitations were sent to the other societies, and to all the martial brotherhoods the country round. Gay and gaudy processions, sumptuous banquets, military sports, rapidly succeeded each other. Upon the day of the great trial of skill, all the high functionaries of the land were, according to custom, invited, and the Governor was graciously pleased to honour the solemnity with his presence. Great was the joy of the multitude when Don John, complying with the habit of imperial and princely personages in former days, enrolled himself, cross-bow in hand, among the competitors. Greater still was the enthusiasm when the conqueror of Lepanto brought down the bird, and was proclaimed king of the year, amid the tumultuous hilarity of the crowd. According to custom, the captains of the guild suspended a golden popinjay around the neck of his Highness, and, placing themselves in procession, followed him to the great church. Thence, after the customary religious exercises, the multitude proceeded to the banquet, where the health of the new king of the cross-bowmen was pledged in deep potations.[4] Long and loud was the merriment of this initiatory festival, to which many feasts succeeded during those brief but halcyon days, for the good-natured Netherlanders already believed in the blessed advent of peace. They did not dream that the war, which had been consuming the marrow of their commonwealth for ten flaming years, was but in its infancy, and that neither they nor their children were destined to see its close.

For the moment, however, all was hilarity at Louvain. The Governor, by his engaging deportment, awoke many reminiscences of the once popular Emperor. He expressed unbounded affection for the commonwealth, and perfect confidence in the loyalty of the inhabitants. He promised to maintain their liberties, and to restore their prosperity. Moreover, he had just hit the popinjay with a skill which his imperial father might have envied, and presided at burgher banquets with a grace which Charles could have hardly matched.

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1 Bor, x. 804. Hoofd, xi. 493.
2 Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Tassis, iii. 257, sqq. Cabrera, xi. 904.
3 Bor, Hoofd, Tassis, ubi sup.
4 Tassis, iii. 257, 258. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 50

His personal graces for the moment took the rank of virtues. "Such were the beauty and vivacity of his eyes," says his privy councillor Tassis, "that with a single glance he made all hearts his own;"[1] yet, nevertheless, the predestined victim secretly felt himself the object of a marksman who had no time for painted popinjays, but who rarely missed his aim. "The whole country is at the devotion of the Prince, and nearly every one of its inhabitants;"[2] such was his secret language to his royal brother at the very moment of the exuberant manifestations which preceded his own entrance to Brussels.

While the Governor still tarried at Louvain, his secretary, Escovedo, was busily engaged in arranging the departure of the Spaniards,[3] for notwithstanding his original reluctance and the suspicions of Orange, Don John loyally intended to keep his promise. He even advanced twenty-seven thousand florins towards the expense of their removal,[4] but to raise the whole amount required for transportation and arrears was a difficult matter. The Estates were slow in providing the one hundred and fifty thousand florins which they had stipulated to furnish. The King's credit, moreover, was at a very low ebb. His previous bonds had not been duly honoured, and there had even been instances of royal repudiation, which by no means lightened the task of the financier in effecting the new loans required.[5] Escovedo was very blunt in his language upon this topic, and both Don John and himself urged punctuality in all future payments. They entreated that the bills drawn in Philip's name upon Lombardy bankers, and discounted at a heavy rate of interest by the Fuggers of Antwerp, might be duly provided for at maturity. "I earnestly beg," said Escovedo, "that your Majesty will see to the payment of these bills, at all events;" adding, with amusing simplicity, "this will be a means of recovering your Majesty's credit; and as for my own, I don t care to lose it, small though it be." Don John was even more solicitous. "For the love of God, sire," he wrote, "do not be delinquent now. You must reflect upon the necessity of recovering your credit. If this receives now the final blow, all will desert your Majesty, and the soldiers too will be driven to desperation."[6]

By dint of great diligence on the part of Escovedo, and through the confidence reposed in his character, the necessary funds were raised in the course of a few weeks. There was, however, a difficulty among the officers as to the right of commanding the army on the homeward march. Don Alonzo de Vargas, as chief of the cavalry, was appointed to the post by the Governor; but Valdez, Romero, and other veterans, indignantly refused to serve under one whom they declared their inferior officer. There was much altercation and heart-burning, and an attempt was made to compromise the matter by the appointment of Count Mansfeld to the chief command. This was, however, only adding fuel to the flames. All were dissatisfied with the superiority accorded to a foreigner, and Alonzo de Vargas, especially offended, addressed most insolent language to the Governor.[7] Nevertheless, the arrangement was maintained, and the troops finally took their departure from the country in the latter days of April.[8] A vast concourse of citizens witnessed their departure, and could hardly believe their eyes, as they saw this incubus at last rolling off, by which the land had so many years been crushed.[9]

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[1] Tassis, iv. 326.

[2] Letter of Don John to Philip, April 7, 1577, in the appendix to the intercepted letters, Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc. Qui ont contrainct les Estats-Generaux de pourveoir a leur defence contre le Seignr D. Jehan d'Austrice, p. 41, ed. G. Sylvius, Anvers, 1577.

[3] Letter of Escovedo, Discours Som., etc., p. 24, sqq.

[4] Bor, x. 806, 807.

[5] See the letters of Escovedo in the intercepted letters, Discours Sommier, etc., passim.

[6] Letter of Escovedo to the King, April 6, 1577, in Discours Sommier, etc., p. 11. Letter of Don John to the King, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 34, Appendix.

[7] Bor, x. 807. Hoofd, xii. 495.

[8] Ibid. Ibid., 496. Strada, ix. 433.

[9] Among the many witticisms perpetrated upon this occasion, the following specimen may be thought worth preserving:—

"Boetica gens Abiit: cur ploras Belgica? dicam
A quod in O non est litera versa queror."

Bor, x. 807. Hoofd, xii. 496.

Their joy, although extravagant, was, however, limited by the reflection that ten thousand Germans still remained in the provinces attached to the royal service, and that there was even yet a possibility that the departure of the Spaniards was a feint. In truth, Escovedo, although seconding the orders of Don John to procure the removal of these troops, did not scruple to express his regret to the King, and his doubts as to the result. He had been ever in hopes that an excuse might be found in the condition of affairs in France to justify the retention of the forces near that frontier. He assured the King that he felt very doubtful as to what turn matters might take after the soldiers were gone, seeing the great unruliness which even their presence had been insufficient completely to check.[1] He had hoped that they might be retained in the neighbourhood ready to seize the islands at the first opportunity. "For my part," he wrote, "I care nothing for the occupation of places within the interior, but the islands must be secured. To do this," he continued, with a deceitful allusion to the secret projects of Don John, "is, in my opinion, more difficult than to effect the scheme upon England. If the one were accomplished, the other would be easily enough managed, and would require but moderate means. Let not your Majesty suppose that I say this as favouring the plan of Don John, for this I put entirely behind me."[2]

Notwithstanding these suspicions on the part of the people, this reluctance on the part of the Government, the troops readily took up their line of march, and never paused till they reached Lombardy.[3] Don John wrote repeatedly to the King warmly urging the claims of these veterans, and of their distinguished officers, Romero, Avila, Valdez, Montesdocca, Verdugo, Mondragon, and others, to his bountiful consideration. They had departed in very ill-humour, not having received any recompense for their long and arduous services. Certainly, if unflinching endurance, desperate valour, and congenial cruelty could atone in the monarch's eyes for the mutiny which had at last compelled their withdrawal, then were these labourers worthy of their hire. Don John had pacified them by assurances that they should receive adequate rewards on their arrival in Lombardy, and had urged the full satisfaction of their claims and his promises in the strongest language. Although Don Alonzo de Vargas had abused him "with flying colours,"[4] as he expressed himself, yet he hastened to intercede for him with the King in the most affectionate terms. "His impatience has not surprised me," said the Governor, "although I regret that he has been offended, for I love and esteem him much. He has served many years with great distinction, and I can certify that his character for purity and religion is something extraordinary."[5]

The first scene in the withdrawal of the troops had been the evacuation of the citadel of Antwerp, and it had been decided that the command of this most important fortress should be conferred upon the Duke of Aerschot,[6] his claims as commander-in-chief under the authority of the State Council, and as chief of the Catholic nobility, could hardly be passed over, yet he was a man whom neither party trusted. He was too visibly governed by interested motives. Arrogant where he felt secure of his own or doubtful as to another's position, he could be supple and cringing when the relations changed. He refused an interview with William of Orange before consulting with Don John, and solicited one afterwards when he found that every

[1] Letter of Escovedo to the King, April 6, 1577, in Discours Sommier, etc., p. 16, Appendix.
[2] Letter of Escovedo, April 9, 1577, Discours Sommier, p. 50.
[3] Mendoza, xvi. 336. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 233. Strada, ix. 422.
[4] Letter of Don John to the King, April 7, 1577, in Discours Sommier, p. 29, Appendix: "Y quexase tan a banderas desplegadas de mi."
[5] Ibid.
[6] Bor, x. 805. Cabrera, xi. 907. Meteren, vi 119.

effort was to be made to conciliate the Prince.[1] He was insolent to the Governor-General himself in February, and respectful in March. He usurped the first place in the church[2] before Don John had been acknowledged Governor, and was the first to go forth to welcome him after the matter had been arranged. He made a scene of virtuous indignation in the State Council[3] because he was accused of place-hunting, but was diligent to secure an office of the highest dignity which the Governor could bestow. Whatever may have been his merits, it is certain that he inspired confidence neither in the adherents of the King nor of the Prince; while he by turns professed the warmest regard both to the one party and the other. Spaniards and patriots, Protestants and Catholics suspected the man at the same moment, and ever attributed to his conduct a meaning which was the reverse of the apparent.[4] Such is often the judgment passed upon those who fish in troubled waters only to fill their own nets.

The Duke, however, was appointed Governor of the citadel. Sancho d'Avila, the former constable, refused, with Castilian haughtiness, to surrender the place to his successor, but appointed his lieutenant, Martin d'Oyo, to perform that ceremony.[5] Escovedo, standing upon the drawbridge with Aerschot, administered the oath: "I, Philip, Duke of Aerschot," said the new constable, "solemnly swear to hold this castle for the King, and for no others." To which Escovedo added, "God help you, with all His angels, if you keep your oath; if not, may the devil carry you away, body and soul." The few bystanders cried Amen; and with this hasty ceremony the keys were delivered, the prisoners, Egmont, Capres, Goignies, and others liberated, and the Spaniards ordered to march forth.[6]

CHAPTER II.

Triumphal entrance of Don John into Brussels—Reverse of the picture—Analysis of the secret correspondence of Don John and Escovedo with Antonio Perez—Plots against the Governor's liberty—His desponding language and gloomy anticipations—Recommendation of severe measures—Position and principles of Orange and his family—His private views on the question of peace and war—His toleration to Catholics and Anabaptists censured by his friends—Death of Viglius—New mission from the Governor to Orange—Details of the Gertruydenberg conferences—Nature and results of these negotiations—Papers exchanged between the envoys and Orange—Peter Panis executed for heresy—Three parties in the Netherlands—Dissimulation of Don John—His dread of capture.

As already narrated, the soldiery had retired definitely from the country at the end of April, after which Don John made his triumphal entrance into Brussels on the 1st of May. It was long since so festive a Mayday had gladdened the hearts of Brabant. So much holiday magnificence had not been seen in the Netherlands for years. A solemn procession of burghers, preceded by six thousand troops, and garnished by the free companies of archers and musketeers in their picturesque costumes, escorted the young prince along the streets of the capital. Don John was on horseback, wrapped in a long green cloak, riding between the Bishop of Liege and the Papal Nuncio.[7] He

[1] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. pref. lv. and note 1.
[2] Tassis, iii. 241. Compare Van d. Vynckt, ii. 228.
[3] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 66.
[4] Ibid., vi. 66, 67. Compare letter of Escovedo, Discours Sommier, p. 13, Appendix.
[5] Bor, x. 805. Meteren, vi. 119. Hoofd, xii. 494. Cabrera, xi. 907.
[6] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza, xvi. 325, 326. Cabrera, xi. 908.
[7] Bor, x. 811. Meteren, vi. 120. Hoofd, xii. 500, sqq. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 233. Strada, ix. 433. Lettre de Barthelemi Liebart (avocat et bailli General de Tournay), 3me Mai 1577: "Estant le Sr Dom Jean affublé d'un manteau de drap de couleur verd," etc. The Duke of Aerschot was magnificent as usual—"Vestu d'un collet de velours rouge cremoisy brodé d'or," etc., etc.—Ibid., apud Gachard, Documens Inédits concernant l'Histoire de la Belgique (Bruxelles, 1833), i. 362–364.

passed beneath countless triumphal arches. Banners waved before him, on which the battle of Lepanto and other striking scenes in his life were emblazoned. Minstrels sang verses, poets recited odes, Rhetoric clubs enacted fantastic dramas in his honour, as he rode along. Young virgins crowned him with laurels. Fair women innumerable were clustered at every window, roof, and balcony, their bright robes floating like summer clouds above him. "Softly from those lovely clouds," says a gallant chronicler, "descended the gentle rain of flowers."[1] Garlands were strewed before his feet, laurelled victory sat upon his brow. The same conventional enthusiasm and decoration which had characterised the holiday marches of a thousand conventional heroes were successfully produced. The proceedings began with the church, and ended with the banquet; the day was propitious, the populace pleased, and, after a brilliant festival, Don John of Austria saw himself Governor-General of the provinces.

Three days afterwards, the customary oaths, to be kept with the customary conscientiousness, were rendered at the townhouse,[2] and for a brief moment all seemed smiling and serene. There was a reverse to the picture. In truth, no language can describe the hatred which Don John entertained for the Netherlands and all the inhabitants. He had come to the country only as a stepping-stone to the English throne, and he never spoke, in his private letters, of the provinces or the people but in terms of abhorrence. He was in a "Babylon of disgust," in a "hell," surrounded by "drunkards," "wine-skins," "scoundrels," and the like. From the moment of his arrival he had strained every nerve to retain the Spanish troops, and to send them away by sea when it should be no longer feasible to keep them. Escovedo shared in the sentiments and entered fully into the schemes of his chief. The plot, the secret enterprise, was the great cause of the advent of Don John in the uncongenial clime of Flanders. It had been, therefore, highly important, in his estimation, to set, as soon as possible, about the accomplishment of this important business. He accordingly entered into correspondence with Antonio Perez, the King's most confidential Secretary of State at that period. That the Governor was plotting no treason is sufficiently obvious from the context of his letters. At the same time, with the expansiveness of his character, when he was dealing with one whom he deemed his close and trusty friend, he occasionally made use of expressions which might be made to seem equivocal. This was still more the case with poor Escovedo. Devoted to his master, and depending most implicitly upon the honour of Perez, he indulged in language which might be tortured into a still more suspicious shape, when the devilish arts of Perez and the universal distrust of Philip were tending steadily to that end. For Perez—on the whole, the boldest, deepest, and most unscrupulous villain in that pit of duplicity, the Spanish court—was engaged at that moment with Philip in a plot to draw from Don John and Escovedo, by means of this correspondence, the proofs of a treason which the King and minister both desired to find. The letters from Spain were written with this view—those from Flanders were interpreted to that end. Every confidential letter received by Perez was immediately laid by him before the King—every letter which the artful demon wrote was filled with hints as to the danger of the King's learning the existence of the correspondence, and with promises of profound secrecy upon his own part, and was then immediately placed in Philip's hands, to receive his comments and criticisms, before being copied and dispatched to the Netherlands.[3] The minister was

[1] "Een lieflyke reeghen uit zoo heldere wolken."—Hoofd, xii. 900.

[2] Bor, x. 812. Meteren, vi. 120.

[3] Many of these letters are contained in a very valuable MS. collection belonging to the royal library at the Hague, and entitled, "Cartas qu'el Señor Don Juan de Austria y el Secretario Juan de Escobedo, descifradas, escribieron à Su. Magt y Antonio Perez,

playing a bold, murderous, and treacherous game, and played it in a masterly manner. Escovedo was lured to his destruction, Don John was made to fret his heart away, and Philip—more deceived than all—was betrayed in what he considered his affections, and made the mere tool of a man as false as himself, and infinitely more accomplished.

Almost immediately after the arrival of Don John in the Netherlands, he had begun to express the greatest impatience for Escovedo, who had not been able to accompany his master upon his journey, but without whose assistance the Governor could accomplish none of his undertakings. "Being a man, not an angel, I cannot do all which I have to do," said he to Perez, "without a single person in whom I can confide."[1] He protested that he could do no more than he was then doing. He went to bed at twelve and rose at seven, without having an hour in the day in which to take his food regularly, in consequence of all which he had already had three fevers. He was plunged into a world of distrust. Every man suspected him, and he had himself no confidence in a single individual throughout that whole Babylon of disgusts. He observed to Perez that he was at liberty to show his letters to the King, or to read them in the Council, as he meant always to speak the truth in whatever he should write. He was sure that Perez would do all for the best; and there is something touching in these expressions of an honest purpose towards Philip, and of generous confidence in Perez, while the two were thus artfully attempting to inveigle him into damaging revelations. The Netherlanders certainly had small cause to love or trust their new Governor, who very sincerely detested and suspected them, but Philip had little reason to complain of his brother. "Tell me if my letters are read in Council, and what his Majesty says about them," he wrote; "and, above all, send money. I am driven to desperation at finding myself *sold to this people*, utterly unprovided as I am, and knowing the slow manner in which all affairs are conducted in Spain."[2]

He informed the King that there was but one man in the Netherlands, and that he was called the Prince of Orange. To him everything was communicated, with him everything was negotiated, opinions expressed by him were implicitly followed. The Governor vividly described the misgivings with which he had placed himself in the power of the States by going to Louvain, and the reluctance with which he had consented to send away the troops. After this concession, he complained that the insolence of the States had increased. "They think that they can do and undo what they like, now that I am at their mercy," he wrote to Philip. "Nevertheless, I do what you command without regarding *that I am sold*, and that I am in great danger of losing my liberty, a loss which I dread more than anything in the world, for I wish to remain justified before God and men."[3] He expressed, however, no hopes as to the result. Disrespect and rudeness could be pushed no further than it had already gone, while the Prince of Orange, the actual governor of the country, considered his own preservation dependent upon maintaining things as they then were. Don John, therefore, advised the King steadily to make preparations for "a rude and terrible war,"[4] which was not to be avoided save by a miracle, and which ought not to find him in this unprepared state. He protested that it was impossible to exaggerate the boldness which the people felt at seeing him thus defenceless. "They say publicly," he continued, "that your Majesty is not to be feared, not being capable of carrying on a war, and having consumed and exhausted every resource. One of the greatest injuries ever inflicted upon

desde Flandes." It is probable that these copies were made by the direction of Perez himself, when obliged to deposit the originals before the judges of Aragon. Vide Gachard, Notice sur un Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Royale de la Haye, etc., Bullet. Com. Roy. xiii.

[1] Cartas del Señor Don J. d'Austria y el Señor Escobedo, MS., f. 1–4, 21 Dic. 1576.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., f. 4–12, 2 Jan. 1577.
[4] "Una cruda y terible guerra."—Ibid.

us was by Marquis Havré, who, after his return from Spain, went about publishing everywhere the poverty of the royal exchequer. This has emboldened them to rise, for they believe that, whatever the disposition, there is no strength to chastise them. They see a proof of the correctness of their reasoning in the absence of new levies, and in the heavy arrearages due to the old troops."[1]

He protested that he desired at least to be equal to the enemy, without asking, as others had usually done, for double the amount of the hostile force. He gave a glance at the foreign complications of the Netherlands, telling Philip that the Estates were intriguing both with France and England. The English envoy had expressed much uneasiness at the possible departure of the Spanish troops from the Netherlands by sea, coupling it with a probable attempt to liberate the Queen of Scots. Don John, who had come to the provinces for no other purpose, and whose soul had been full of that romantic scheme, of course stoutly denied and ridiculed the idea. "Such notions," he had said to the envoy, "were subjects for laughter. If the troops were removed from the country, it was to strengthen his Majesty's force in the Levant."[2] Mr. Rogers, much comforted, had expressed the warm friendship which Elizabeth entertained both for his Majesty and his Majesty's representative—protestations which could hardly seem very sincere after the series of attempts at the Queen's life undertaken so recently by his Majesty and his Majesty's former representative. Nevertheless, Don John had responded with great cordiality, had begged for Elizabeth's portrait, and had expressed the intention, if affairs went as he hoped, to go privately to England for the purpose of kissing her royal hand.[3] Don John further informed the King, upon the envoy's authority, that Elizabeth had refused assistance to the Estates, saying, if she stirred, it would be to *render aid to Philip*, especially if France should meddle in the matter. As to France, the Governor advised Philip to hold out hopes to Alençon of espousing the Infanta, but by no means ever to fulfil such a promise, as the Duke, "besides being the shield of heretics, was unscrupulously addicted to infamous vices."[4]

A month later, Escovedo described the downfall of Don John's hopes and his own in dismal language. "You are aware," he wrote to Perez, "*that a throne*—a chair with a canopy—is our intention and our appetite, and all the rest is good for nothing. Having failed in our scheme, we are desperate and like madmen. All is now weariness and death."[5] Having expressed himself in such desponding accents, he continued, a few days afterwards, in the same lugubrious vein, "I am ready to hang myself," said he, "and I would have done it already, if it were not for keeping myself as executioner for those who have done us so much harm. Ah, Señor Antonio Perez!" he added, "what terrible pertinacity have those devils shown in making us give up our plot. It seems as though hell were opened, and had sent forth heaps of demons to oppose our schemes."[6] After these vigorous ejaculations, he proceeded to inform his friend that the English envoy and the Estates, governed by the Prince of Orange, in whose power were the much-coveted ships, had prevented

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[1] Cartas del S. Don Juan, etc., MS., f. 4–12, 2 Jan. 1577.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "—— Y yo compedirle su retrato y diciendo que si las cossas de aqui tomassen assiento come esperava hiria prividamente a besar la las *manos*."—Ibid. Upon this passage in his brother's letter Philip made the pithy annotation, "*Mucho decir fue esto*—that was saying a good deal."—Ibid.

[4] "Porque de mas de ser este el escudo de los hereges, se tiene entendido que no hace escrupulo del pecado nefando."—Ibid.

[5] Ibid., f. 12, 3 Feb. 1577: "Vin se prevenga y crea que silla y cortina es nuestro intento y apetito, y que todo lo demas es ymproprio y que abiendose caydo la traça de aquel amigo con loqual estamos desperados y como locos; todo a de ser cansancio y muerte."

[6] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7 Feb. 1577: "Estoy por aorcarme, ya lo habia hecho sino me guardase para verdugo de quien tanto mal nos hace. A, Señor Antonio Perez y que pertinacia y terribilidad a sido la desos demonios en quitarnos nuestra traça: el ynfierno parece que sea abierto y que enbian de allá gentes a montones à este efeto."

the departure of the troops by sea. "These devils complain of the expense," said he, "but we would willingly swallow the cost if we could only get the ships." He then described Don John as so cast down by his disappointment as to be fit for nothing, and most desirous of quitting the Netherlands as soon as possible. He had no disposition to govern these wine-skins.[1] Any one who ruled in the provinces was obliged to do exactly what they ordered him to do. Such rule was not to the taste of Don John. Without any comparison, a woman would answer the purpose better than any man, and Escovedo accordingly suggested the Empress Dowager, or Madame de Parma, or even Madame de Lorraine. He further recommended that the Spanish troops, thus forced to leave the Netherlands by land, should be employed against the heretics in France. This would be a salvo for the disgrace of removing them.[2] "It would be read in history," continued the secretary, "that the troops went to France in order to render assistance in a great religious necessity; while, at the same time, they will be on hand to chastise these drunkards, if necessary.[3] To have the troops in France is almost as well as to keep them here." He begged to be forgiven if he spoke incoherently. 'Twas no wonder that he should do so, for his reason had been disordered by the blow which had been received. As for Don John, he was dying to leave the country; and although the force was small for so great a general, yet it would be well for him to lead these troops to France in person. "It would sound well in history," said poor Escovedo, who always thought of posterity, without ever dreaming that his own private letters would be destined, after three centuries, to comment and earnest investigation; "it would sound well in history that Don John went to restore the French kingdom, and to extirpate heretics, with six thousand foot and two thousand horse. 'Tis a better employment, too, than to govern such vile creatures as these."[4]

If, however, all their plans should fail, the secretary suggested to his friend Antonio that he must see and make courtiers of them. He suggested that a strong administration might be formed in Spain with Don John, the Marquis de los Velez, and the Duke of Sesa. "With such chiefs, and with Antony and John[5] for acolytes," he was of opinion that much good work might be done, and that Don John might become "the staff for his Majesty's old age."[6] He implored Perez, in the most urgent language, to procure Philip's consent that his brother should leave the provinces. "Otherwise," said he, "we shall see the destruction of the friend whom we so much love! He will become seriously ill, and, if so, good night to him![7] His body is too delicate." Escovedo protested that he would rather die himself. "In the catastrophe of Don John's death," he continued, "adieu the court, adieu the world!" He would incontinently bury himself among the mountains of San Sebastian, "preferring to dwell among wild animals than among courtiers." Escovedo accordingly, not urged by the most disinterested motives certainly, but with as warm a friendship for his master as princes usually inspire, proceeded to urge upon Perez the necessity of aiding the man who was able to help them. The first step was to get him out of the Netherlands. That was his constant thought by day and night. As it would hardly be desirable for him to go alone, it seemed proper that Escovedo should, upon some pretext, be first sent to Spain. Such a pretext would be easily found, because, as Don John had accepted the Government, "it would be necessary for him to do

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1 "Y para gobiernar estos cueros realmente no lo quiere."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7 Feb. 1577.

2 Ibid.

3 "Y tambien servirá este de refrenar estos borrachos." Ibid.

4 "Se olgará mas de servir en esto que no en governo de tan ruin gente."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7 Feb. 1577.

5 Viz. John of Escovedo and Antony Perez.

6 "El baculo por su bexez."—Cartas, etc., ubi sup.

7 "Y es de cuerpo tan delicado que lo teme dexarnos hia a buenas noches."—Ibid.

all which the rascals bade him."[1] After these minute statements, the secretary warned his correspondent of the necessity of secrecy, adding that he especially feared "all the court ladies, great and small, but that he in *everything confided entirely in Perez.*"

Nearly at the same time, Don John wrote to Perez in a similar tone. "Ah, Señor Antonio," he exclaimed, "how certain is my disgrace and my misfortune! Ruined in our enterprise, after so much labour and such skilful management."[2] He was to have commenced the work with the very Spanish soldiers who were now to be sent off by land, and he had nothing for it but to let them go, or to come to an open rupture with the States. "The last, his conscience, his duty, and the time, alike forbade."[3] He was therefore obliged to submit to the ruin of his plans, and "could think of nothing save to turn hermit, a condition in which a man's labours, being spiritual, might not be entirely in vain."[4] He was so overwhelmed by the blow, he said, that he was constantly thinking of an anchorite's life. That which he had been leading had become intolerable. He was not fitted for the people of the Netherlands, nor they for him. Rather than stay longer than was necessary in order to appoint his successor, there was no resolution he might not take, even to leaving everything and coming upon them when they least expected him, although he were to receive a bloody punishment in consequence. He, too, suggested the Empress, who had all the qualities which he lacked himself, or Madame de Parma, or Madame de Lorraine, as each of them was more fit to govern the provinces than he pretended to be. "The people," said he plainly, "*are beginning to abhor me, and I abhor them already.*"[5] He entreated Perez to get him out of the country by fair means or foul, "*per fas aut per nefas.*"[6] His friends ought to procure his liberation, if they wished to save him from the sin of disobedience, and even of infamy. He expressed the most unbounded confidence in the honour of his correspondent, adding that if nothing else could procure his release, the letter might be shown to the King. In general, the Governor was always willing that Perez should make what changes he thought advisable in the letters for his Majesty, altering or softening whatever seemed crude or harsh, provided always the main point—that of procuring his recall—were steadily kept in view. In this, said the Governor, vehemently, my life, my honour, and my soul are all at stake; for as to the two first, I shall forfeit them both certainly, and, in my desperate condition, I shall run great risk of losing the last.[7]

On the other hand, Perez was profuse in his professions of friendship both to Don John and to Escovedo, dilating in all his letters upon the difficulty of approaching the King upon the subject of his brother's recall, but giving occasional information that an incidental hint had been ventured which might not remain without effect. All these letters were, however, laid before Philip for his approval before being dispatched, and the whole subject thoroughly and perpetually discussed between them, about which Perez pretended that he hardly dare breathe a syllable to his Majesty. He had done what he could, he said, while reading, piece by piece, to the King, during a fit of the gout, the official dispatches from the Netherlands, to insinuate such of the arguments used by the Governor and Escovedo as might seem admissible, but it

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[1] "Porque recebido el gobierno a de acer lo que le aconsejaren estos bellacos."—Cartas, etc., MS., 12–16, 7 Feb. 1577.

[2] Ibid., 16 Feb. 1577, f. 16–18: "A, Señor Antonio y cuan cierto es de mi desgracia y desdicha—la quiebra de nostro designio tras muy trabajado y bien guiado que se tenia."

[3] Ibid.

[4] "Pues no sé en que pensar sino en una hermita y donde no sera en vano lo que el hombre trabaja se con el espiritu."—Cartas, etc., MS., 16 Feb. 1577, f. 16–18.

[5] "Por lo que me enpieçan avorrecer y por lo que yo les aborresco."—Ibid.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Ibid., 1 Marzo, 1577, f. 18, 19: "Que en hacerle me va la vida y onra y alma, porque las dos primeras partes perdere cierto——y la tercera de puro desperado hira a gran riesgo."

was soon obvious that no impression could be made upon the royal mind. Perez did not urge the matter, therefore, "because," said he, "if the King should suspect that we had any other object than his interests, *we should all be lost.*" [1] Every effort should be made by Don John and all his friends to secure his Majesty's entire confidence, since by that course more progress would be made in their secret plans than by proceedings concerning which the Governor wrote "with such fury and anxiety of heart." [2] Perez warned his correspondent, therefore, most solemnly against the danger of "striking the blow without hitting the mark," and tried to persuade him that his best interests required him to protract his residence in the provinces for a longer period. He informed Don John that his disappointment as to the English scheme had met with the warmest sympathy of the King, who had wished his brother success. "I have sold to him, at as high a price as I could," said Perez, "the magnanimity with which your Highness had sacrificed on that occasion a private object to his service." [3]

The minister held the same language when writing, in a still more intimate and expansive style, to Escovedo. "We must avoid, by a thousand leagues, the possibility of the King's thinking us influenced by private motives," he observed; "for we know the King and the delicacy of these matters. The only way to gain the goodwill of the man is carefully to accommodate ourselves to his tastes, and to have the appearance of being occupied solely with his interests." [4] The letter, like all the rest, being submitted to "the man" in question before being sent, was underlined by him at this paragraph, and furnished with the following annotation:—"But you must enlarge upon the passage which I have marked—say more, even if you are obliged to copy the letter, in order that we may see the *nature of the reply.*" [5]

In another letter to Escovedo, Perez enlarged upon the impropriety, the impossibility of Don John's leaving the Netherlands at that time. The King was so resolute upon that point, he said, that 'twas out of the question to suggest the matter. "We should, by so doing, only lose all credit with him in other things. You know what *a terrible man* he is; if he should once suspect us of having a private end in view, we should entirely miss our mark." [6] Especially the secretary was made acquainted with the enormous error which would be committed by Don John in leaving his post. Perez "had ventured into the water" upon the subject, he said, by praising the Governor warmly to his Majesty. The King had responded by a hearty eulogium, adding that the greatest comfort in having such a brother was, that he might be where his Majesty could not be. Therefore it was out of the question for Don John to leave the provinces. The greatest tact was necessary, urged Perez, in dealing with the King. If he should once "suspect that we have a private purpose, we are lost, and no Demosthenes or Cicero would be able to influence him afterwards." [7] Perez begged that his ardent attachment to Don John might be represented in the strongest colours to that high personage, who was to be assured that every effort would be made to place him at the head of affairs in Spain, according to the suggestion of Escovedo. "It would never do, however," he continued, "*to let our man see* that we desire it, for then we should

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 20–24.

[2] Ibid.: "Con tanta furia y cuidado de coraçon."

[3] "Su Magd ha manifestado gran deseo de que se hubiera podido executar en esta occasion; y yo le he vendido quan caro he savido el aber pospuesto V. Aa su particular servicio."—Ibid.

[4] Ibid., f. 24–27: "Me parece que hemos de huir mil leguas de que piense el rey que tratamos tan de proposito de lo que toca al Señor Don Juan——pues conocemos al rey y cuan delicadas materias de estado son estas, pues por el mismo caso no nos fiara nada y el camino *para ganar este hombre la voluntad* no a de ser sino tratar solamente de su negocio y accomodalle los estados y los negocios a su gusto."

[5] "Mas os aviades de alargar en lo que yo rayo. Decid mas aunque se copie la carta, para ver el animo de la respuesta."—Cartas, etc., MS., 24–27.

[6] Ibid., 27–32: "Porque no perdemos el credito con el para otras cosas, que como Vm. sabe es terribile hombre," etc., etc.

[7] "Porque la ora que llegnemos a esto somos perdidos, y no abra Demosthenes ni Ciceron qui le persuada despues."—Ibid.

never succeed. The only way to conquer him is to make him believe that things are going on *as he wishes*, not as his Highness may desire, and that we have none of us any will but the King's."[1] Upon this passage the "terrible man" made a brief annotation: "This paragraph does admirably," he said, adding, with characteristic tautology, "*and what you say in it is also excellent.*"[2]

"Therefore," continued the minister, "God forbid, Master Escovedo, that you should come hither now; for we should all be lost. In the English matter, I assure you that his Majesty was extremely anxious that the plan should succeed, either through the Pope or otherwise. That puts me in mind," added Perez, "to say, Body of God! Señor Escovedo! how the devil came you to send that courier to Rome about the English plot without giving me warning?"[3] He then proceeded to state that the Papal nuncio in Spain had been much troubled in mind upon the subject, and had sent for him. "I went," said Perez, "and after he had closed the door, and looked through the keyhole to see that there were no listeners, he informed me that he had received intelligence from the Pope as to the demands made by Don John upon his Holiness for bulls, briefs, and money to assist him in his English scheme, and that eighty thousand ducats had already been sent to him in consequence." Perez added that the nuncio was very anxious to know how the affair should best be communicated to the King without prejudice to his Highness. He had given him the requisite advice, he continued, and had himself subsequently told the King that no doubt letters had been written by Don John to his Majesty, communicating these negotiations at Rome, but that probably the dispatches had been forgotten. Thus, giving himself the appearance of having smoothed the matter with the King, Perez concluded with a practical suggestion of much importance—the necessity, namely, of procuring the assassination of the Prince of Orange as soon as possible. "Let it never be absent from your mind," said he, "that a good occasion must be found *for finishing Orange*, since, besides the service which will thus be rendered *to our master* and to the States, it will be worth *something to ourselves.*"[4]

No apology is necessary for laying a somewhat extensive analysis of this secret correspondence before the reader. If there be any value in the examples of history, certainly few chronicles can furnish a more instructive moral. Here are a despotic king and his confidential minister laying their heads together in one cabinet; the viceroy of the most important provinces of the realm, with his secretary, deeply conferring in another, not as to the manner of advancing the great interests, moral or material, of the people over whom God has permitted them to rule, but as to the best means of arranging conspiracies against the throne and life of a neighbouring sovereign, with the connivance and subsidies of the Pope. In this scheme, and in this only, the high conspirators are agreed. In every other respect, mutual suspicion and profound deceit characterise the scene. The Governor is filled with inexpressible loathing for the whole nation of "drunkards and wine-skins," who are at the very moment strewing flowers in his path, and deafening his ears with shouts of welcome; the King, while expressing unbounded confidence in the viceroy, is doing his utmost, through the agency of the subtlest intriguer in the world, to inveigle him into confessions of treasonable schemes, and the minister is filling reams

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1 "Pero no lo mostremos a este ombre jamas que lo deseamos porque nunca lo veramos," etc.—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 27-32.

2 "Este capitulo va muy bien, y lo que decis en el tanbien."—Ibid.

3 "Cuerpo de Dios, Señor Escobedo, como diablos despacharon el correo a Roma sobre esto de Inglaterra," etc.—Ibid. Upon this passage the King has also noted with his own hand: "And this paragraph is even still more to the purpose ("Y este capitulo va aun mejor al proposito").—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 27-32.

4 "Ojo que no dexe Vm. de llevar en su pensamiento para si conviniesse y se pudiesse en ocasion pero compuesto todo de los estados a *acavar a Oranxe*, que demas del servicio que se ara a nuestro Señor y bien a esos estados *nos valdria algo*, y crea me que le digo la verdad y creame le digo otra vez."—Ibid

of paper with protestations of affection for the Governor and Secretary, with sneers at the character of the King, and with instructions as to the best method of deceiving him, and then laying the dispatches before his Majesty for correction and enlargement. To complete the picture, the monarch and his minister are seen urging the necessity of murdering the foremost man of the age upon the very dupe who, within a twelvemonth, was himself to be assassinated by the self-same pair; while the arch-plotter who controls the strings of all these complicated projects is equally false to King, Governor, and Secretary, and is engaging all the others in these blind and tortuous paths for the accomplishment of his own secret and most ignoble aims.

In reply to the letters of Perez, Don John constantly expressed the satisfaction and comfort which he derived from them in the midst of his annoyances. "He was very disconsolate," he said, "to be in that hell, and to be obliged to remain in it,"[1] now that the English plot had fallen to the ground; but he would nevertheless take patience, and wait for a more favourable conjuncture.

Escovedo expressed the opinion, however, notwithstanding all the suggestions of Perez, that the presence of Don John in the provinces had become entirely superfluous. "An old woman with her distaff," suggested the secretary, "would be more appropriate; for there would be nothing to do, if the States had their way, save to sign everything which they should command."[2] If there should be war, his Highness would, of course, not abandon his post, even if permitted to do so; but otherwise, nothing could be gained by a prolonged residence. As to the scheme of assassinating the Prince of Orange, Escovedo prayed Perez to believe him incapable of negligence on the subject. "You know that the *finishing of Orange* is very near my heart," wrote the poor dupe to the man by whom he was himself so soon to be finished. "You may believe that I have never forgotten it, and never will forget it, until it be done. Much, and very much artifice is, however, necessary to accomplish this object. A proper person to undertake a task fraught with such well-known danger is hard to find. Nevertheless, I will not withdraw my attention from the subject till such a person be procured and the deed be done."[3]

A month later, Escovedo wrote that he was about to visit Spain. He complained that he required rest in his old age, but that Perez could judge how much rest he could get in such a condition of affairs. He was, unfortunately, not aware, when he wrote, how soon his correspondent was to give him a long repose. He said, too, that the pleasure of visiting his home was counterbalanced by the necessity of travelling back to the Netherlands;[4] but he did not know that Perez was to spare him that trouble, and to send him forth upon a much longer journey.

The Governor-General had, in truth, not inspired the popular party or its leader with confidence, nor did he place the least reliance upon them. While at Louvain, he had complained that a conspiracy had been formed against his life and liberty. Two French gentlemen, Bonnivet and Bellangreville, had been arrested on suspicion of a conspiracy to secure his person, and to carry him off a prisoner to Rochelle. Nothing came of the examination which followed; the prisoners were released, and an apology was sent by the States-general to the Duke of Alençon, as well for the indignity which had been offered to two of his servants, as for the suspicion which had been cast

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[1] Cartas, etc., MS., 26 Màyo 1577, f. 32–34: "Tiene me muy desconsolado por que estar en estar ynfierno y aver destar."

[2] Ibid., 29 Màyo 1577, f. 33–37: "El Señor Don Juan no sera menester sino una dueña con su rueca que firme lo quellos quisieren."

[3] "Ya Vm. save cuanto que tengo en el pensamiento *el acavar a Oranxe* pues bien crera que no se me a *olvidado ni olvidara hasta acerlo;* que es menester mucho y muy mucho artificio y *persona tal que se encargue* del casso que como trae consigo tan conocido peligro no acavo de allarla aunque la he buscado. *No perdere al cuidado della asta ver lo hecho.*" Cartas, etc., MS., 29 Màyo 1577, f. 33–37.

[4] Ibid., 21 Jùnio 1577, f. 36–37.

upon himself.[1] Don John, however, was not satisfied. He persisted in asserting the existence of the conspiracy, and made no secret of his belief that the Prince of Orange was acquainted with the arrangement.[2] As may be supposed, nothing was discovered in the course of the investigation to implicate that astute politician. The Prince had indeed secretly recommended that the Governor should be taken into custody on his first arrival, not for the purpose of assassination or personal injury, but in order to extort better terms from Philip, through the affection or respect which he might be supposed to entertain for his brother. It will be remembered that unsuccessful attempts had also been made to capture the Duke of Alva and the Commander Requesens. Such achievements comported with the spirit of the age, and although it is doubtful whether any well-concerted plot existed against the liberty of the Governor, it is certain that he entertained no doubt on the subject himself.[3]

In addition to these real or suspected designs, there was an ever-present consciousness in the mind of Don John that the enthusiasm which greeted his presence was hollow, that no real attachment was felt for his person, that his fate was leading him into a false position, that the hearts of the people were fixed upon another, and that they were never to be won by himself. Instinctively he seemed to feel a multitude of invisible threads twining into a snare around him, and the courageous heart and the bounding strength became uneasily conscious of the act in which they were to be held captive till life should be wasted quite away.

The universal affection for the rebel Prince, and the hopeless abandonment of the people to that deadliest of sins, the liberty of conscience, were alike unquestionable. "They mean to remain free, sire," wrote Escovedo to Philip, "and to live as they please. To that end they would be willing that the Turk should come to be master of the country. By the road which they are travelling, however, it will be the Prince of Orange—which comes to quite the same thing."[4] At the same time, however, it was hoped that something might be made of this liberty of conscience. All were not equally sunk in the horrible superstition, and those who were yet faithful to Church and King might be set against their besotted brethren. Liberty of conscience might thus be turned to account. While two great parties were "by the ears, and pulling out each other's hair, all might perhaps be reduced together."[5] His Majesty was warned, nevertheless, to expect the worst, and to believe that the country could only be cured with fire and blood.[6] The position of the Governor was painful and perplexing. "Don John," said Escovedo, "*is thirty years old.* I promise your Majesty nothing, save that if he finds himself without requisite assistance, he will take himself off when your Majesty is least thinking of such a thing."[7]

Nothing could be more melancholy than the tone of the Governor's letters. He believed himself disliked, even in the midst of affectionate demonstrations. He felt compelled to use moderate counsels, although he considered moderation of no avail. He was chained to his post, even though the post could, in his opinion, be more advantageously filled by another. He would still endeavour to gain the affections of the people, although he believed them hopelessly alienated. If patience would cure the malady of the country, he

[1] Bor, x. 805. Hoofd, xi. 493.

[2] Cabrera asserts that Count Lalain, with other deputies of the Estates, had conspired ("por persuasion del Principe de Orange y orden del Duque de Alençon") to make the capture of Don John's person; adding that the confession would have been extorted from them upon the rack, there being sufficient proofs of their guilt, but the affair was hushed up (xi. 909a 909b).

[3] See the remarks of Groen van Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 42, 43.

[4] Letter of Escovedo to the King, March 27, 1577, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 4, Appendix.

[5] Letter of Escovedo, etc., Discours Sommier, etc., p. 16.

[6] "Este negocio no esta para curarse con buenas razones, sino con fuego y con sangre."—Ibid.

[7] Ibid., Appendix, p. 16.

professed himself capable of applying the remedy, although the medicine had so far done but little good, and although he had no very strong hopes as to its future effects.[1] "Thus far, however," said he, "I am but as one crying in the wilderness."[2] He took occasion to impress upon his Majesty, in very strong language, the necessity of money. Secret agents, spies, and spies upon spies, were more necessary than ever, and were very expensive portions of government machinery. Never was money more wanted. Nothing could be more important than to attend faithfully to the financial suggestions of Escovedo; and Don John therefore urged his Majesty, again and again, not to dishonour their drafts. "Money is the gruel," said he, "with which we must cure this sick man;"[3] and he therefore prayed all those who wished well to his efforts to see that his Majesty did not fail him in this important matter. Notwithstanding, however, the vigour of his efforts, and the earnestness of his intentions, he gave but little hope to his Majesty of any valuable fruit from the pacification just concluded. He saw the Prince of Orange strengthening himself "with great fury" in Holland and Zealand;[4] he knew that the Prince was backed by the Queen of England, who, notwithstanding her promises to Philip and himself, had offered her support to the rebels in case the proposed terms of peace were rejected in Holland, and he felt that "nearly the whole people was at the devotion of the Prince."[5]

Don John felt more and more convinced, too, that a conspiracy was on foot against his liberty. There were so many of the one party, and so few of the other, that if he were once fairly "trussed," he affirmed that not a man among the faithful would dare to budge an inch.[6] He therefore informed his Majesty that he was secretly meditating a retreat to some place of security; judging very properly that, if he were still his own master, he should be able to exert more influence over those who were still well disposed, than if he should suffer himself to be taken captive. A suppressed conviction that he could effect nothing, except with his sword, pierced through all his more prudent reflections. He maintained that, after all, there was no remedy for the body but to cut off the diseased parts at once,[7] and he therefore begged his Majesty for the means of performing the operation handsomely. The general expressions which he had previously used in favour of broths and mild treatment hardly tallied with the severe amputation thus recommended. There was, in truth, a constant struggle going on between the fierceness of his inclinations and the shackles which had been imposed upon him. He already felt entirely out of place, and although he scorned to fly from his post so long as it seemed the post of danger, he was most anxious that the King should grant him his dismissal so soon as his presence should no longer be imperiously required. He was sure that the people would never believe in his Majesty's forgiveness until the man concerning whom they entertained so much suspicion should be removed; for they saw in him only the "thunderbolt of his Majesty's wrath."[8] Orange and England confirmed their suspicions and sustained their malice. Should he be compelled, against his will, to remain, he gave warning that he might do something which would be matter of astonishment to everybody.[9]

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[1] Letter of Don John to the King, April 7, 1577, Discours Sommier, p. 27.

[2] "Pero veo que hasta agora es todo predicar en desierto."—Letter of Don John, April 7, 1577, Discours Sommier, etc., Appendix, p. 36.

[3] "—— En materia de dinero: porque este es el pisto con que a de bolver en si este enfermo," etc.—Letter of Don John to Perez, Discours Sommier, p. 44.

[4] "El Principe de Oranges continue el fortificar á gran fuia en Olanda y Zelanda."—Letter of Don John to the King, Discours Sommier, p. 35.

[5] "La mayor parte de las estados esta a su devocion y casi todo el pueblo," etc.—Letter of Don John to the King, Discours Sommier, p. 36.

[6] Ibid.

[7] "Pues no tiene este cuerpo otro remedio que el cortar lo dañado del: lo qual se a de hazer ajora haziendo la provision que suplico de nuevo," etc., etc.—Ibid., p. 38.

[8] Letter of Don John to Philip, Disc. Sommier, p. 44.

[9] "Seré forçado á hazer alguna cosa que de mucho que maravillar á todos," etc.—Letter to Perez, Discours Sommier. p. 45.

Meantime, the man in whose hands really lay the question of war and peace sat at Middelburg watching the deep current of events as it slowly flowed towards the precipice. The whole population of Holland and Zealand hung on his words. In approaching the realms of William the Silent, Don John felt that he had entered a charmed circle, where the talisman of his own illustrious name lost its power, where his valour was paralysed, and his sword rusted irrevocably in its sheath. "The people here," he wrote, "are *bewitched* by the Prince of Orange. They love him, they fear him, and wish to have him for their master. They inform him of everything, and take no resolution without consulting him." [1]

While William was thus directing and animating the whole nation with his spirit, his immediate friends became more and more anxious concerning the perils to which he was exposed. His mother, who had already seen her youngest-born, Henry, her Adolphus, her chivalrous Louis, laid in their bloody graves for the cause of conscience, was most solicitous for the welfare of her "heart's-beloved lord and son," the Prince of Orange. Nevertheless, the high-spirited old dame was even more alarmed at the possibility of a peace in which that religious liberty for which so much dear blood had been poured forth should be inadequately secured. "My heart longs for certain tidings from my lord," she wrote to William, "for methinks the peace now in prospect will prove but an oppression for soul and conscience. I trust my heart's dearly-beloved lord and son will be supported by Divine grace to do nothing against God and his own soul's salvation. 'Tis better to lose the temporal than the eternal." [2] Thus wrote the mother of William, and we can feel the sympathetic thrill which such tender and lofty words awoke in his breast. His son, ill-starred Philip, now for ten years long a compulsory sojourner in Spain, was not yet weaned from his affection for his noble parent, but sent messages of affection to him whenever occasion offered, while a less commendable proof of his filial affection he had lately afforded at the expense of the luckless captain of his Spanish guard. That officer, having dared in his presence to speak disrespectfully of his father, was suddenly seized about the waist by the enraged young Count, hurled out of the window, and killed stone-dead upon the spot.[3] After this exhibition of his natural feelings, the Spanish Government thought it necessary to take more subtle means to tame so turbulent a spirit. Unfortunately they proved successful.

Count John of Nassau, too, was sorely pressed for money. Six hundred thousand florins, at least, had been advanced by himself and brothers to aid the cause of Netherland freedom.[4] Louis and himself had, unhesitatingly and immediately, turned into that sacred fund the hundred thousand crowns which the King of France had presented them for their personal use;[5] for it was not the Prince of Orange alone who had consecrated his wealth and his life to the cause, but the members of his family, less immediately interested in the country, had thus furnished what may well be called an enormous subsidy, and one most disproportioned to their means. Not only had they given all the cash which they could command by mortgaging their lands and rents, their plate and furniture, but, in the words of Count John himself, "they had taken the chains and jewels from the necks of their wives, their children, and their mother, and had hawked them about, as if they had themselves been traders and hucksters." [6] And yet, even now, while stooping under this prodigious debt, Count John asked not for present repayment. He only wrote

1 "—— Los tiene encantados porque le aman y temen y quieren por Señor. Ellos le avisan de todo y sin el no resuelven cosa."—Extract of MS. letter in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ill. pref. lxiii., note 3.

2 Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 49, 50.

3 De la Pise, p. 603. Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 102.

4 Archives et Correspondance, vi. 95, sqq.

5 Ibid. 6 Ibid.

to the Prince to signify his extreme embarrassment, and to request some obligation or recognition from the cities of Holland and Zealand, whence hitherto no expression of gratitude or acknowledgment had proceeded.[1]

The Prince consoled and assured, as best he could, his mother, son, wife, and brother, even at the same moment that he comforted his people. He also received at this time a second and more solemn embassy from Don John.[2] No sooner had the Governor exchanged oaths at Brussels, and been acknowledged as the representative of his Majesty, than he hastened to make another effort to conciliate the Prince. Don John saw before him only a grand seignior of lofty birth and boundless influence, who had placed himself towards the crown in a false position, from which he might even yet be rescued; for to sacrifice the whims of a reforming and transitory religious fanaticism, which had spun itself for a moment about so clear a brain, would, he thought, prove but a trifling task for so experienced a politician as the Prince. William of Orange, on the other hand, looked upon his young antagonist as the most brilliant impersonation which had yet been seen of the foul spirit of persecution.

It will be necessary to follow, somewhat more in detail than is usually desirable, the interchange of conversations, letters, and protocols, out of which the brief but important administration of Don John was composed; for it was exactly in such manifestations that the great fight was really proceeding. Don John meant peace, wise William meant war, for he knew that no other issue was possible. Peace, in reality, was war in its worst shape. Peace would unchain every priestly tongue and unsheath every knightly sword in the fifteen provinces against little Holland and Zealand. He had been able to bind all the provinces together by the hastily forged chain of the Ghent treaty, and had done what he could to strengthen that union by the principle of mutual religious respect. By the arrival of Don John that work had been deranged. It had, however, been impossible for the Prince thoroughly to infuse his own ideas on the subject of toleration into the hearts of his nearest associates. He could not hope to inspire his deadly enemies with a deeper sympathy. Was he not himself the mark of obloquy among the Reformers because of his leniency to Catholics? Nay more, was not his intimate councillor, the accomplished St. Aldegonde, in despair because the Prince refused to exclude the Anabaptists of Holland from the rights of citizenship? At the very moment when William was straining every nerve to unite warring sects, and to persuade men's hearts into a system by which their consciences were to be laid open to God alone—at the moment when it was most necessary for the very existence of the fatherland that Catholic and Protestant should mingle their social and political relations, it was indeed a bitter disappointment for him to see wise statesmen of his own creed unable to rise to the idea of toleration. "The affair of the Anabaptists," wrote St. Aldegonde, "has been renewed. The Prince objects to exclude them from citizenship. He answered me sharply, that their yea was equal to our oath, and that we should not press this matter, unless we were *willing to confess that it was just for the Papists to compel us* to a Divine service which was against our conscience." It seems hardly credible that this sentence, containing so sublime a tribute to the character of the Prince, should have been indited as a bitter censure, and that, too, by an enlightened and accomplished Protestant. "In short," continued St. Aldegonde, with increasing vexation, "I don't see how we can accomplish our wish in this matter. The Prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over con-

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 95, sqq. [2] Bor, x. 814. Meteren, vii. 121.

sciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk who was not long ago here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that when the time came it would be black enough. In short, the Prince fears that, after a few centuries, the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing." [1]

Early in the month of May, Doctor Leoninus and Caspar Schetz, Seigneur de Grobbendonck, had been sent on a mission from the States-general to the Prince of Orange.[2] While their negotiations were still pending, four special envoys from Don John arrived at Middelburg. To this commission was informally adjoined Leoninus, who had succeeded to the general position of Viglius. Viglius was dead.[3] Since the memorable arrest of the State Council, he had not appeared on the scene of public affairs. The house-arrest, to which he had been compelled by a revolutionary committee, had been indefinitely prolonged by a higher power, and after a protracted illness he had noiselessly disappeared from the stage of life. There had been few more learned doctors of both laws than he. There had been few more adroit politicians, considered from his point of view. His punning device was "*Vita mortalium vigilia*," [4] and he acted accordingly, but with a narrow interpretation. His life had indeed been a vigil, but it must be confessed that the vigils had been for Viglius. The weather-beaten Palinurus, as he loved to call himself, had conducted his own argosy so warily that he had saved his whole cargo, and perished in port at last; while others, not sailing by his compass, were still tossed by the tempest.

The agents of Don John were the Duke of Aerschot, the Seigneur de Hierges, Seigneur de Willerval and Doctor Meetkercke, accompanied by Doctor Andrew Gaill, one of the imperial commissioners.[5] The two envoys from the States-general, Leoninus and Schetz, being present at Gertruydenberg, were added to the deputation.[6] An important conference took place, the details of which have been somewhat minutely preserved.[7] The Prince of Orange, accompanied by St. Aldegonde and four other councillors, encountered the seven champions from Brussels in a long debate, which was more like a passage of arms or a trial of skill than a friendly colloquy with a pacific result in prospect; for it must be remembered that the Prince of Orange did not mean peace. He had devised the Pacification of Ghent as a union of the other provinces with Holland and Zealand against Philip. He did not intend that it should be converted into a union of the other provinces with Philip against Holland and Zealand.

Meetkercke was the first to speak. He said that the Governor had dispatched them to the Prince to express his good intentions, to represent the fidelity with which his promises had thus far been executed, and to entreat the Prince, together with the provinces of Holland and Zealand, to unite with their sister provinces in common allegiance to his Majesty. His Highness also proposed to advise with them concerning the proper method of convoking the States-general.[8] As soon as Meetkercke had finished his observations, the Prince demanded that the points and articles should be communicated to him in writing. Now this was precisely what the envoys preferred to omit.

1 See the letter of St. Aldegonde in Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, i. b. xi. 588, 589.

2 Bor, x. 814. Hoofd, xii. 501.

3 He died May 8, 1577. Bor, x. 812. Hoofd, xii. 501.

4 Bor, x. 812. Meteren, vi. 120. Another motto of his was, "*En Groot Jurist en booser Christ*;" that is to say, A good lawyer is a bad Christian.—Meteren, vi. 120. Unfortunately his own character did not give the lie satisfactorily to the device.

5 Bor, x. 814. Hoofd, xii. 502.

6 Ibid., 816. Ibid.

7 By the learned and acute Gachard, to whom the history of the Netherlands is under such great obligations. Vide Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii pref. lxii, lxiii., and Appendix, pp. 447–459, where is to be found the "Vraye Narration des Propos da Costé et d'aeltre tenuz entre des Deputez d'Hollande et de Zelande à Gheertrudenbergh au mois de May 1577." "On reconnait," says M. Gachard, "en lisant cette curieuse relation, qu'elle fut l'ouvrage d'un des conseillers du Prince, peut-être l'auteur en est-il Philippe de Marnix (St. Aldegonde) lui-même."—Note to p. 447, Guillaume le Tacit., iii.

8 Vraye Narration, etc., 447, 448.

It was easier, and far more agreeable, to expatiate in a general field of controversy than to remain tethered to distinct points. It was particularly in these confused conferences, where neither party was entirely sincere, that the volatile word was thought preferable to the permanent letter. Already so many watery lines had been traced in the course of these fluctuating negotiations, that a few additional records would be, if necessary, as rapidly effaced as the rest.

The commissioners, after whispering in each other's ears for a few minutes, refused to put down anything in writing. Protocols, they said, only engendered confusion.

"No, no," said the Prince, in reply, "we will have nothing except in black and white. Otherwise, things will be said on both sides which will afterwards be interpreted in different ways. Nay, it will be denied that some important points have been discussed at all. We know that by experience. Witness the solemn treaty of Ghent, which ye have tried to make fruitless, under pretence that some points, arranged by word of mouth, and not stated particularly in writing, had been intended in a different sense from the obvious one. Governments given by royal commission, for example; what point could be clearer? Nevertheless, ye have hunted up glosses and cavils to obscure the intention of the contracting parties. Ye have denied my authority over Utrecht, because not mentioned expressly in the treaty of Ghent." [1]

"But," said one of the envoys, interrupting at this point, "neither the Council of State nor the court of Mechlin consider Utrecht as belonging to your Excellency's government." [2]

"Neither the Council of State," replied the Prince, "nor the court of Mechlin, have anything to do with the matter. 'Tis in my commission, and all the world knows it." [3] He added, that instead of affairs being thrown into confusion by being reduced to writing, he was of opinion, on the contrary, that it was by that means alone they could be made perfectly clear.

Leoninus replied, good naturedly, that there should be no difficulty upon that score, and that writings should be exchanged. In the meantime, however, he expressed the hope that the Prince would honour them with some preliminary information as to the points in which he felt aggrieved, as well as to the pledges which he and the States were inclined to demand.

"And what reason have we to hope," cried the Prince, "that your pledges, if made, will be redeemed? That which was promised so solemnly at Ghent, and ratified by Don John and his Majesty, has not been fulfilled." [4]

"Of what particular point do you complain?" asked Schetz. "Wherein has the Pacification been violated?"

Hereupon the Prince launched forth upon a flowing stream of invective. He spoke to them of his son detained in distant captivity—of his own property at Breda withheld—of a thousand confiscated estates—of garrisons of German mercenaries—of ancient constitutions annihilated—of the infamous edicts nominally suspended, but actually in full vigour. He complained bitterly that the citadels, those nests and dens of tyranny, were not yet demolished. "Ye accuse me of distrust," he cried; "but while the castles of Antwerp, Ghent, Namur, and so many more are standing, 'tis yourselves who show how utterly ye are without confidence in any permanent and peaceful arrangement." [5]

"And what," asked a deputy, smoothly, "is the point which touches you most nearly? What is it that your Excellency most desires? By what

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 449. 450.
[2] See details of conferences at Gertruydenberg, preserved by Bor, x. 819.
[3] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504.
[4] Vraye Narration, etc., Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 450.
[5] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504. Compare Cabrera, xi. 913, 914.

means will it be possible for the Government fully to give you contentment?"[1]

"I wish," he answered simply, "the full execution of the Ghent Pacification. If you regard the general welfare of the land, it is well, and I thank you. If not, 'tis idle to make propositions, for I regard my country's profit, not my own."[2] Afterwards, the Prince simply repeated his demand that the Ghent treaty should be executed; adding, that after the States-general should have been assembled, it would be time to propose the necessary articles for mutual security.

Hereupon Doctor Leoninus observed that the assembly of the States-general could hardly be without danger. He alluded to the vast number of persons who would thus be convoked, to the great discrepancy of humours which would thus be manifested. Many men would be present neither discreet nor experienced. He therefore somewhat coolly suggested that it might be better to obviate the necessity of holding any General Assembly at all. An amicable conference, for the sake of settling doubtful questions, would render the convocation superfluous, and save the country from the dangers by which the step would be attended. The Doctor concluded by referring to the recent assemblies of France, the only result of which had been fresh dissensions.[3] It thus appeared that the proposition on the part of Don John meant something very different from its apparent signification. To advise with the Prince as to the proper method of assembling the Estates really meant to advise with him as to the best means of preventing any such assembly. Here, certainly, was a good reason for the preference expressed by the deputies in favour of amicable discussions over formal protocols. It might not be so easy in a written document to make the Assembly, and the prevention of the Assembly, appear exactly the same thing.

The Prince replied that there was a wide difference between the condition of France and of the Netherlands. Here was one will and one intention. There were many factions, many partialities, many family intrigues. Since it had been agreed by the Ghent treaty that certain points should be provisionally maintained and others settled by a speedy convocation of the States-general, the plainest course was to maintain the provisional points, and to summon the States-general at once.[4] This certainly was concise and logical. It is doubtful, however, whether he were really as anxious for the Assembly General as he appeared to be. Both parties were fencing at each other without any real intention of carrying their points; for neither wished the convocation, while both affected an eagerness for that event. The conversation proceeded.

"At least," said an envoy, "you can tell beforehand in what you are aggrieved, and what you have to propose."

"We are aggrieved in nothing, and we have nothing to propose," answered the Prince, "so long as you maintain the Pacification. We demand no other pledge, and are willing to refer everything afterwards to the Assembly."

"But," asked Schetz, "what security do you offer us that you will yourselves maintain the Pacification?"

"We are not bound to give assurances," answered the Prince. "The Pacification is itself an assurance. 'Tis a provisional arrangement, to be maintained by both parties, until after the decision of the Assembly. The Pacification must, therefore, be maintained or disavowed. Choose between the two. Only, if you mean still to acknowledge it, you must keep its articles. This *we* mean to do, and if up to the present time you have any complaint

[1] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504.
[2] Ibid. Ibid.
[3] Vraye Narration, etc., 451.
[4] Ibid., 452.

to make of our conduct, as we trust you have not, we are ready to give you satisfaction."[1]

"In short," said an envoy, "you mean, after we shall have placed in your hands the government of Utrecht, Amsterdam, and other places, to deny us any pledges on your part to maintain the Pacification."

"But," replied the Prince, "if we are already accomplishing the Pacification, what more do you wish?"

"In this fashion," cried the others, "after having got all that you ask, and having thus fortified yourselves more than you were ever fortified before, you will make war upon us."

"War?" cried the Prince, "what are you afraid of? We are but a handful of people; a worm compared to the King of Spain. Moreover, ye are fifteen provinces to two. What have you to fear?"[2]

"Ah," said Meetkercke, "we have seen what you could do when you were masters of the sea. Don't make yourselves out quite so little."[3]

"But," said the Prince, "the Pacification of Ghent provides for all this. Your deputies were perfectly satisfied with the guarantees it furnished. As to making war upon you, 'tis a thing without foundation or appearance of probability. Had you believed then that you had anything to fear, you would not have forgotten to demand pledges enough. On the contrary, you saw how roundly we were dealing with you then, honestly disgarnishing the country, even before the peace had been concluded. For ourselves, although we felt the right to demand guarantees, we would not do it, for we were treating with you on terms of confidence. We declared expressly that had we been dealing with the King, we should have exacted stricter pledges. As to demanding them of us at the moment, 'tis nonsense. We have neither the means of assailing you, nor do we deem it expedient to do so."[4]

"To say the truth," replied Schetz, "we are really confident that you will not make war upon us. On the other hand, however, we see you spreading your religion daily, instead of keeping it confined within your provinces. What assurance do you give us that, after all your demand shall have been accorded, you will make no innovation in religion?"[5]

"The assurance which we give you," answered the Prince, "is that we will really accomplish the Pacification."

"But," persisted Schetz, "do you fairly promise to submit to all which the States-general shall ordain, as well on this point of religious exercise in Holland and Zealand, as on all the others?"[6]

This was a home thrust. The Prince parried it for a while. In his secret thoughts he had no expectation or desire that the States-general, summoned in a solemn manner by the Governor-General, on the basis of the memorable assembly before which was enacted the grand ceremony of the imperial abdication, would ever hold their session, and although he did not anticipate the prohibition by such assembly, should it take place, of the Reformed worship in Holland and Zealand, he did not intend to submit to it, even should it be made.

"I cannot tell," said he, accordingly, in reply to the last question, "for ye have yourselves already broken and violated the Pacification, having made an accord with Don John without our consent, and having already received him as Governor."

"So that you don't mean," replied Schetz, "to accept the decision of the States?"[7]

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[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 452, 453. [2] Ibid. [3] "—— et pourtant ne vous faites pas si petits comme vous faictes."—Ibid. [4] Vraye Narration, etc., 454. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid., 455. [7] Ibid., 456.

"I don't say that," returned the Prince, continuing to parry; "it is possible that we might accept it; it is possible that we might not. We are no longer in our entire rights, as we were at the time of our first submission at Ghent."

"But we will make you whole," said Schetz.

"That you cannot do," replied the Prince, "for you have broken the Pacification all to pieces. We have nothing, therefore, to expect from the States, but to be condemned off-hand."[1]

"You don't mean, then," repeated Schetz, "to submit to the Estates touching the exercise of religion?"

"No, we do not!" replied the Prince, driven into a corner at last, and striking out in his turn. "We certainly do not. To tell you the truth, we see that you intend our extirpation, and we don't mean to be extirpated."[2]

"Ho!" said the Duke of Aerschot, "there is nobody who wishes that."

"Indeed, but you do," said the Prince. "We have submitted ourselves to you in good faith, and you now would compel us and all the world to maintain exclusively the Catholic religion. This cannot be done except by extirpating us."

A long, learned, vehement discussion upon abstract points, between St. Aldegonde, Leoninus, and Doctor Gaill, then ensued, during which the Prince, who had satisfied himself as to the result of the conference, retired from the apartment. He afterwards had a private convention with Schetz and Leoninus, in which he reproached them with their inclination to reduce their fatherland to slavery.[3] He also took occasion to remark to Hierges, that it was a duty to content the people; that whatever might be accomplished for them was durable, whereas the will of kings was perishing. He told the Duke of Aerschot that if Utrecht were not restored he would take it by force. He warned the Duke that to trust the King was to risk his head. He, at least, would never repose confidence in him, having been deceived too often. The King cherished the maxim, *Hæreticis non est servanda fides;* as for himself, he was *calbo y calbanista*, and meant to die so.[4]

The formal interchange of documents soon afterwards took place. The conversation thus held between the different parties shows, however, the exact position of affairs. There was no change in the intentions of either Reformers or Royalists. Philip and his representatives still contended for two points, and claimed the praise of moderation that their demands were so few in number. They were willing to concede everything, save the unlimited authority of the King and the exclusive maintenance of the Catholic religion. The Prince of Orange, on his side, claimed two points also—the ancient constitutions of the country and religious freedom. It was obvious enough that the contest was the same, in reality, as it had ever been. No approximation had been made towards reconciling absolutism with national liberty—persecution with toleration. The Pacification of Ghent had been a step in advance. That treaty opened the door to civil and religious liberty;[5] but it was an agreement among the provinces, not a compact between the people and the monarch. By the casuists of Brussels and the licentiates of Louvain it had, to be sure, been dogmatically pronounced orthodox, and had been confirmed by royal edict. To believe, however, that his Catholic Majesty had faith in the dogmas propounded, was as absurd as to believe in the dogmas themselves. If the Ghent Pacification really had made no breach in royal and Roman infallibility,

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1 "Que d'estre condemnés à pur et à plain."—Vraye Narration, etc., 456.

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid., 459.

4 Extracts from the MS. letters (28th and 29th of May 1577) of Don John to the King, given by M. Gachard in the preface to the third vol. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., p. lxiii.

5 Even Tassis admits this fact, which is indeed indisputable. "Abhorrebat Austriacus," says he (liii. p. 245), "a confirmatione Pacis Gandavensis, quod per eam tacite introducebatur libertas Religionis."

then the efforts of Orange and the exultation of the Reformers had indeed been idle.

The envoys accordingly, in obedience to their instructions, made a formal statement to the Prince of Orange and the States of Holland and Zealand on the part of Don John.[1] They alluded to the departure of the Spaniards, as if that alone had fulfilled every duty and authorised every claim. They therefore demanded the immediate publication in Holland and Zealand of the Perpetual Edict. They insisted on the immediate discontinuance of all hostile attempts to reduce Amsterdam to the jurisdiction of Orange; required the Prince to abandon his pretensions to Utrecht, and denounced the efforts making by him and his partisans to diffuse their heretical doctrines through the other provinces. They observed, in conclusion, that the general question of religion was not to be handled, because reserved for the consideration of the States-general according to the treaty of Ghent.[2]

The reply, delivered on the following day by the Prince of Orange and the deputies, maintained that the Perpetual Edict was widely different from the Pacification of Ghent, which it affected to uphold; that the promises to abstain from all violation of the ancient constitutions had not been kept; that the German troops had not been dismissed; that the property of the Prince in the Netherlands and Burgundy had not been restored; that his son was detained in captivity; that the Government of Utrecht was withheld from him; that the charters and constitution of the country, instead of being extended, had been contracted; and that the Governor had claimed the right to convoke the States-general at his pleasure, in violation of the ancient right to assemble at their own. The document further complained that the adherents of the Reformed religion were not allowed to frequent the different provinces in freedom, according to the stipulations of Ghent; that Don John, notwithstanding all these shortcomings, had been acknowledged as Governor-General without the consent of the Prince; that he was surrounded with a train of Spaniards, Italians, and other foreigners—Gonzaga, Escovedo, and the like—as well as by renegade Netherlanders like Tassis, by whom he was unduly influenced against the country and the people, and by whom a "back-door was held constantly open" to the admission of evils innumerable.[3] Finally, it was asserted that by means of this last act of union a new form of inquisition had been introduced, and one which was much more cruel than the old system; inasmuch as the Spanish Inquisition did not take information against men except upon suspicion, whereas, by the new process, all the world would be examined as to their conscience and religion, under pretence of maintaining the union.[4]

Such was the result of this second mission to the Prince of Orange on the part of the Governor-General. Don John never sent another. The swords were now fairly measured between the antagonists, and the scabbard was soon to be thrown away. A few weeks afterwards, the Governor wrote to Philip that there was nothing in the world which William of Orange so much abhorred as his Majesty; adding, with Castillian exaggeration, that if the Prince could drink the King's blood, he would do so with great pleasure.[5]

Don John, being thus seated in the saddle, had a moment's leisure to look around him. It was but a moment, for he had small confidence in the aspect of affairs; but one of his first acts after assuming the government afforded a

[1] See it in Bor, x. 816, 817. Compare the letter of instruction published by Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 438–446.

[2] Bor, x. 816, 817. Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 438–446.

[3] "Dat Don Johan een achter deure open houd met de boven genoemde, en andere van gelijke stoffe," etc., etc.

[4] Reply of the States of Holland, Bor, x. 818b.

[5] Extract from MS. letter (28th of July 1577) of Don John to the King, apud Gachard, preface to Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. lxiv., notes, 11a.

proof of the interpretation which he had adopted of the Ghent Pacification. An edict was issued, addressed to all bishops, "heretic masters,"[1] and provincial councils, commanding the strict enforcement of the Canons of Trent and other ecclesiastical decrees. These authorities were summoned instantly to take increased heed of the flocks under their charge, "and to protect them from the ravening wolves which were seeking to devour them."

The measure bore instant fruit. A wretched tailor of Mechlin, Peter Panis by name, an honest man, but a heretic, was arrested upon the charge of having preached or exhorted at a meeting in that city. He confessed that he had been present at the meeting, but denied that he had preached. He was then required to denounce the others who had been present, and the men who had actually officiated. He refused, and was condemned to death. The Prince of Orange, while the process was pending, wrote an earnest letter to the Council of Mechlin, imploring them not now to rekindle the fires of religious persecution.[2] His appeal was in vain. The poor tailor was beheaded at Mechlin on the 15th of June, the conqueror of Lepanto being present at the execution,[3] and adding dignity to the scene. Thus, at the moment when William of Orange was protecting the Anabaptists of Middelburg in their rights of citizenship, even while they refused its obligations, the son of the Emperor was dipping his hands in the blood of a poor wretch who had done no harm but to listen to a prayer without denouncing the preacher. The most intimate friends of the Prince were offended with his liberality. The imperial shade of Don John's father might have risen to approve the son who had so dutifully revived his bloody edicts and his ruthless policy.

Three parties were now fairly in existence: the nobles, who hated the Spaniards, but who were disposed to hold themselves aloof from the people; the adherents of Don John, commonly called "Johanists;" and the partisans of the Prince of Orange—for William the Silent had always felt the necessity of leaning for support on something more substantial than the court party, a reed shaken by the wind, and failing always when most relied upon. His efforts were constant to elevate the middle class, to build up a strong third party which should unite much of the substantial wealth and intelligence of the land, drawing constantly from the people, and deriving strength from national enthusiasm—a party which should include nearly all the political capacity of the country; and his efforts were successful. No doubt the Governor and his secretary were right when they said the people of the Netherlands were inclined to brook the Turk as easily as the Spaniards for their master, and that their hearts were in reality devoted to the Prince of Orange.

As to the grandees, they were mostly of those who "sought to swim between two waters," according to the Prince's expression. There were but few unswerving supporters of the Spanish rule, like the Berlaymont and the Tassis families. The rest veered daily with the veering wind. Aerschot, the great chief of the Catholic party, was but a cringing courtier, false and fawning both to Don John and the Prince. He sought to play a leading part in a great epoch; he only distinguished himself by courting and betraying all parties, and being thrown away by all. His son and brother were hardly more respectable. The Prince knew how little dependence could be placed on such allies, ever although they had signed and sworn the Ghent Pacification. He was als aware how little it was the intention of the Governor to be bound by that famous treaty. The Spanish troops had been indeed disbanded, but there were still between ten and fifteen thousand German mercenaries in the service of the King; these were stationed in different important places, and held firm

1 "Ketter meesters."—See the edict, Bor, x. 819, 820

2 Bor, x. 820. Hoofd, xii. 507. Meteren, vii. 120a.
3 Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

possession of the citadels. The great keys of the country were still in the hands of the Spaniards. Aerschot, indeed, governed the castle of Antwerp, in room of Sancho d'Avila, but how much more friendly would Aerschot be than Avila when interest prompted him to sustain Don John against the Prince?

Meanwhile, the Estates, according to their contract, were straining every nerve to raise the requisite sum for the payment of the German troops. Equitable offers were made, by which the soldiers were to receive a certain portion of the arrears due to them in merchandise, and the remainder in cash.[1] The arrangement was rejected, at the secret instance of Don John.[2] While the Governor affected an ingenuous desire to aid the Estates in their efforts to free themsleves from the remaining portion of this incumbrance, he was secretly tampering with the leading German officers, in order to prevent their acceptance of any offered terms.[3] He persuaded these military chiefs that a conspiracy existed, by which they were not only to be deprived of their wages, but of their lives. He warned them to heed no promises, to accept no terms. Convincing them that he, and he only, was their friend, he arranged secret plans by which they should assist him in taking the fortresses of the country into still more secure possession,[4] for he was not more inclined to trust to the Aerschots and the Havrés than was the Prince himself.

The Governor lived in considerable danger, and in still greater dread of capture, if not of assassination. His imagination, excited by endless tales of ambush and half-discovered conspiracies, saw armed soldiers behind every bush, a pitfall in every street. Had not the redoubtable Alva been nearly made a captive? Did not Louis of Nassau nearly entrap the Grand Commander? No doubt the Prince of Orange was desirous of accomplishing a feat by which he would be placed in regard to Philip on the vantage ground which the King had obtained by his seizure of Count van Buren, nor did Don John need for warnings coming from sources far from obscure. In May, the Viscount de Gand had forced his way to his bedside in the dead of night, and wakening him from his sleep, had assured him, with great solemnity, that his life was not worth a pin's purchase if he remained in Brussels. He was aware, he said, of a conspiracy by which both his liberty and his life were endangered, and assured him that in immediate flight lay his only safety.[5]

The Governor fled to Mechlin, where the same warnings were soon afterwards renewed; for the solemn sacrifice of Peter Panis, the poor preaching tailor of that city, had not been enough to strike terror to the hearts of all the Netherlanders. One day, toward the end of June, the Duke of Aerschot, riding out with Don John,[6] gave him a circumstantial account of plots, old and new, whose existence he had discovered or invented, and he showed a copy of a secret letter, written by the Prince of Orange to the Estates, recommending the forcible seizure of his Highness. It is true that the Duke was, at that period and for long after, upon terms of the most "fraternal friendship" with the Prince, and was in the habit of signing himself "his very affectionate brother and cordial friend to serve him,"[7] yet this did not prevent him from accomplishing what he deemed his duty in secretly denouncing his plans. It is also true that he at the same time gave the Prince private information concerning the Government, and sent him intercepted letters from his enemies,[8] thus easing his conscience on both sides, and trimming his sails to every wind which might blow. The Duke now, however, reminded his Highness of the contumely with which he had been treated at Brussels, of the

[1] Bor, x. 820.
[2] Meteren, vii. 122. Bor, x. 820, sqq. Hoofd, xii. 505.
[3] Meteren, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.
[5] Vera et Simplex Narratio Eorum quæ ab Adventu D. Joannis Austriaci, etc., gesta sunt, p. 13, Luxembergi, 1578.
[6] Ibid., p. 17.
[7] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 141–143.
[8] See the letter last quoted, Archives, etc., vi. 143, 144.

insolent threats with which the citizens had pursued his servants and secretaries, even to the very door of his palace.[1] He assured him that the same feeling existed at Mechlin, and that neither himself nor family were much safer there than in the capital, a plot being fully organised for securing his person. The conspirators, he said, were openly supported by a large political party, who called themselves anti-Johanists, and who clothed themselves in symbolic costume, as had been done by the disaffected in the days of Cardinal Granvelle. He assured the Governor that nearly all the members of the States-general were implicated in these schemes. "And what becomes, then, of their promises?" asked Don John. "That for their promises!" cried the Duke, snapping his fingers;[2] no man in the land feels bound by engagements now." The Governor demanded the object of the States in thus seeking to deprive him of his liberty. The Duke informed him that it was to hold him in captivity until they had compelled him to sign every paper which they chose to lay before him. Such things had been done in the Netherlands in former days, the Duke observed, as he proceeded to narrate how a predecessor of his Highness and a prince of the land, after having been compelled to sign innumerable documents, had been, in conclusion, tossed out of the windows of his own palace, with all his retinue, to perish upon the pikes of an insurgent mob below.[3] The Governor protested that it did not become the son of Charles the Fifth and the representative of his Catholic Majesty to hear such intimations a second time. After his return, he brooded over what had been said to him for a few days, and he then broke up his establishment at Mechlin, selling off his superfluous furniture, and even the wine in his cellars.[4] Thus showing that his absence, both from Brussels and Mechlin, was to be a prolonged one, he took advantage of an unforeseen occurrence again to remove his residence.

CHAPTER III.

The city of Namur—Margaret of Valois—Her intrigues in Hainault in favour of Alençon—Her reception by Don John at Namur—Festivities in her honour—Seizure of Namur citadel by Don John—Plan for seizing that of Antwerp—Letter of the Estates to Philip sent by Escovedo—Fortunes and fate of Escovedo in Madrid—Repairing of dykes—The Prince's visit to Holland—His letter to the Estates-general on the subject of Namur citadel—His visit to Utrecht—Correspondence and commissioners between Don John and the Estates—Acrimonious and passionate character of these colloquies—Attempt of Treslong upon Antwerp citadel frustrated by De Bours—Fortunate panic of the German mercenaries—Antwerp evacuated by the foreign troops—Renewed correspondence—Audacity of the Governor's demands—Letters of Escovedo and others intercepted—Private schemes of Don John not understood by the Estates—His letter to the Empress Dowager—More correspondence with the Estates—Painful and false position of the Governor—Demolition, in part, of Antwerp citadel, and of other fortresses by the patriots—Statue of Alva—Letter of Estates-general to the King.

THERE were few cities of the Netherlands more picturesque in situation, more trimly built, and more opulent of aspect than the little city of Namur. Seated at the confluence of the Sombre with the Meuse, and throwing over each river a bridge of solid but graceful structure, it lay in the lap of a most fruitful valley. A broad, crescent-shaped plain, fringed by the rapid Meuse, and enclosed by gently rolling hills cultivated to their crests, or by abrupt precipices of limestone crowned with verdure, was divided by numerous hedgerows, and dotted all over with cornfields, vineyards, and flower-gardens. Many eyes

[1] Vera et Simplex Narratio, etc., p. 14. Compare the Mémoire de Grobbendonck, p. 172, Bull. Com. Roy., x.

[2] Ibid., p. 19. See also the letter of Don John to the States-general, dated August 24, 1577, in Bor, xi. 864, 865; "Daerop hy antwoorde klickende metten fingern," etc.

[3] Vera Narratio, etc., pp. 18, 19. Letter of Don John, ubi sup.

[4] Discours Sommier, etc., p. 20. Bor, x. 828.

have gazed with delight upon that well-known and most lovely valley, and many torrents of blood have mingled with those glancing waters since that long-buried and most sanguinary age which forms our theme; and still placid as ever is the valley, brightly as ever flows the stream. Even now, as in that vanished but never-forgotten time, nestles the little city in the angle of the two rivers; still directly over its head seems to hang in mid-air the massive and frowning fortress, like the gigantic helmet in the fiction, as if ready to crush the pigmy town below.

It was this famous citadel, crowning an abrupt precipice five hundred feet above the river's bed, and placed near the frontier of France, which made the city so important, and which had now attracted Don John's attention in this hour of his perplexity. The unexpected visit of a celebrated personage furnished him with the pretext which he desired. The beautiful Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, was proceeding to the baths of Spa to drink the waters.[1] Her health was as perfect as her beauty, but she was flying from a husband whom she hated, to advance the interest of a brother whom she loved with a more than sisterly fondness—for the worthless Duke of Alençon was one of the many competitors for the Netherland Government, the correspondence between himself and his brother with Orange and his agents being still continued. The hollow truce with the Huguenots in France had, however, been again succeeded by war. Henry of Valois had already commenced operations in Gascony against Henry of Navarre, whom he hated almost[2] as cordially as Margaret herself could do, and the Duke of Alençon was besieging Issoire.[3] Meantime the beautiful Queen came to mingle the golden thread of her feminine intrigues with the dark woof of the Netherland destinies.

Few spirits have been more subtle, few faces so fatal as hers. True child of the Medicean mother, worthy sister of Charles, Henry, and Francis—princes for ever infamous in the annals of France—she possessed more beauty and wit than Mary of Scotland, more learning and accomplishments than Elizabeth of England. In the blaze of her beauty, according to the inflated language of her most determined worshipper, the wings of all rivals were melted. Heaven required to be raised higher and earth made wider before a full sweep could be given to her own majestic flight.[4] We are further informed that she was a Minerva for eloquence, that she composed matchless poems, which she sang most exquisitely to the sound of her lute, and that her familiar letters were so full of genius, that "poor Cicero" was but a fool to her in the same branch of composition.[5] The world has shuddered for ages at the dark tragedy of her nuptials. Was it strange that hatred, incest, murder, should follow in the train of a wedding thus hideously solemnised?

Don John, as, in his Moorish disguise, he had looked upon her perfections, had felt in danger of becoming really the slave he personated—"her beauty is more divine than human," he had cried, "but fitter to destroy men's souls than to bless them;"[6]—and now the enchantress was on her way to his dominions. Her road led through Namur to Liege, and gallantry required that he should meet her as she passed. Attended by a select band of gentlemen and a few horsemen of his bodyguard, the Governor came to Namur.[7]

Meantime the Queen crossed the frontier, and was courteously received at Cambray. The bishop—of the royal house of Berlaymont—was a stanch supporter of the King, and although a Fleming, was Spanish to the core. On

[1] Bor, x. 828. Meteren, vii. 122. Cabrera, xi. 929. Hoofd, xii. 508, et al.

[2] Mémoires de Marg. de Valois, p. 123, Liege, 1714.

[3] De Thou, vii. 500, sqq., liv. 63.

[4] Eloge de Marguerite de Valois, Rayne de France et de Navarre, etc., par Brantôme, p. 2, usâ.

[5] "—— Ses belles lettres—les mieux couchées soit pour estre graves, que pour estre familières——il n'y a nul qui les voyant ne se mocque du pauvre Ciceron avec les siennes familières," etc.—Eloge, etc., p. 18.

[6] "Aunque la hermosura desta Reyna se mas divina que humana, es mas para perder y dañar los hombres que salvarlos."—Ibid., p. 4.

[7] Bor, x. 828. Hoofd, xi. 508. Cabrera, xi. 929.

him the cajolery of the beautiful Queen was first essayed, but was found powerless. The prelate gave her a magnificent ball, but resisted her blandishments. He retired with the appearance of the confections, but the governor of the citadel, the Seigneur d'Inchy, remained, with whom Margaret was more successful. She found him a cordial hater of Spain, a favourer of France, and very impatient under the authority of the bishop. He obtained permission to accompany the royal visitor a few stages of her journey, and returned to Cambray her willing slave, holding the castle in future neither for king nor bishop, but for Margaret's brother, Alençon, alone. At Mons she was received with great state by the Count Lalain, who was Governor of Hainault, while his Countess governed him. A week of festivities graced the advent of the Queen, during which period the hearts of both Lalain and his wife were completely subjugated. They agreed that Flanders had been too long separated from the parental France to which it of right belonged. The Count was a stanch Catholic, but he hated Spain. He was a relative of Egmont, and anxious to avenge his death, but he was no lover of the people, and was jealous of Orange. Moreover, his wife had become entirely fascinated by the designing Queen. So warm a friendship had sprung up between the two fair ladies as to make it indispensable that Flanders and Hainault should be annexed to France. The Count promised to hold his whole government at the service of Alençon, and recommended that an attempt should be made to gain over the incorruptible Governor of Cambray. Margaret did not inform him that she had already turned that functionary round her finger, but she urged Lalain and his wife to seduce him from his allegiance if possible.[1]

The Count, with a retinue of mounted men, then accompanied her on her way towards Namur, but turned as the distant tramp of Don John's cavalcade was heard approaching, for it was not desirable for Lalain, at that moment, to find himself face to face with the Governor. Don John stood a moment awaiting the arrival of the Queen. He did not dream of her political intrigues, nor see in the fair form approaching him one mortal enemy the more. Margaret travelled in a splendid litter with gilt pillars, lined with scarlet velvet, and entirely enclosed in glass,[2] which was followed by those of the Princess de la Roche sur Yon and of Madame de Tournon. After these came ten ladies of honour on horseback, and six chariots filled with female domestics. These, with the guards and other attendants, made up the retinue. On meeting the Queen's litter, Don John sprang from his horse and presented his greetings. The Queen returned his salutation, in the French fashion, by offering her cheek to his embrace, extending the same favour to the Duke of Aerschot and the Marquis of Havré.[3] The cavaliers then remounted and escorted the Queen to Namur, Don John riding by the side of the litter, and conversing with her all the way. It was late in the evening when the procession arrived in the city. The streets had, however, been brilliantly illuminated; houses and shops, although it was near midnight, being in a blaze of light. Don John, believing that no attentions could be so acceptable at that hour as to provide for the repose of his guest, conducted the Queen at once to the lodgings prepared for her. Margaret was astonished at the magnificence of the apartments into which she was ushered. A spacious and stately hall, most gorgeously furnished, opened into a series of chambers and cabinets, worthy, in their appointments, of a royal palace. The tent and bed coverings prepared for the Queen were exquisitely embroidered in needlework with scenes representing the battle of Lepanto.[4] The great hall was hung with

[1] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. pp. 125, 129–134, sqq.
[2] Ibid. 124. 131 sqq.
[3] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 135. Hoofd, xii. 508.
[4] Mémoires, etc., ii. 137.

gorgeous tapestry of satin and velvet, ornamented with columns of raised silver-work, and with many figures in antique costume, of the same massive embroidery. The rest of the furniture was also of satin, velvet, cloth of gold, and brocade. The Queen was dazzled with so much magnificence, and one of the courtiers could not help expressing astonishment at the splendour of the apartments and decorations, which, as he observed to the Duke of Aerschot, seemed more appropriate to the palace of a powerful monarch than to the apartments of a young bachelor prince.[1] The Duke replied by explaining that the expensive embroidery which they saw was the result, not of extravagance, but of valour and generosity. After the battle of Lepanto, Don John had restored, without ransom, the two sons, who had been taken prisoners, of a powerful Turkish bashaw. The father, in gratitude, had sent this magnificent tapestry as a present to the conqueror, and Don John had received it at Milan, in which city, celebrated for the taste of its upholsterers, it had been arranged for furniture.[2]

The next morning a grand mass with military music was performed, followed by a sumptuous banquet in the grand hall. Don John and the Queen sat at a table three feet apart from the rest, and Ottavio Gonzaga served them wine upon his knees.[3] After the banquet came, as usual, the ball, the festivities continuing till late in the night, and Don John scarcely quitting his fair guest for a moment. The next afternoon, a festival had been arranged upon an island in the river. The company embarked upon the Meuse in a fleet of gaily scarfed and painted vessels, many of which were filled with musicians.[4] Margaret reclined in her gilded barge, under a richly embroidered canopy. A fairer and falser Queen than "Egypt" had bewitched the famous youth who had triumphed, not lost the world, beneath the heights of Actium. The revellers landed on the island, where the banquet was already spread within a spacious bower of ivy, and beneath umbrageous elms. The dance upon the sward was protracted to a late hour, and the summer stars had been long in the sky when the company returned to their barges.

Don John, more than ever enthralled by the bride of St. Bartholomew, knew not that her sole purpose in visiting his dominion had been to corrupt his servants and to undermine his authority. His own purpose, however, had been less to pay court to the Queen than to make use of her presence to cover his own designs. That purpose he proceeded instantly to execute. The Queen next morning pursued her voyage by the river to Liege, and scarcely had she floated out of his sight than he sprang upon his horse, and, accompanied by a few trusty attendants, galloped out of the gate and across the bridge which led to the citadel.[5] He had already dispatched the loyal Berlaymont, with his four equally loyal sons, the Seigneurs de Meghen, Floyon, Hierges, and Haultepenne, to that fotress. These gentlemen had informed the castellan that the Governor was about to ride forth hunting, and that it would be proper to offer him the hospitalities of the castle as he passed on his way. A considerable number of armed men had been concealed in the woods and thickets of the neighbourhood. The Seigneur de Froymont, suspecting nothing, acceded to the propriety of the suggestion made by the Berlaymonts. Meantime, with a blast of his horn, Don John appeared at the castle gate. He entered the fortress with the castellan, while one of the gentlemen watched outside as the ambushed soldiers came toiling up the

[1] "Ces meubles me semblent plustost d'un grand Roy que d'un jeune Prince à marier tel qu'est le Sgr. Dom Jean," etc.—Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 136.

[2] Ibid. Compare Van der Hammen y Leon, D. J. d Austria, lib. ii.

[3] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 137. Hooft, xii. 508.

[4] Mémoires, etc., ii. 137, 138. Hooft, xii. 508.

[5] Mémoires, etc., ii. 145, who relates the occurrence on the authority of the Marchioness of Havré. Hooft, xii. 508.

precipice. When all was ready, the gentleman returned to the hall, and made a signal to Don John as he sat at breakfast with the constable. The Governor sprang from the table and drew his sword; Berlaymont and his four sons drew their pistols, while at the same instant the soldiers entered. Don John, exclaiming that this was the first day of his government, commanded the castellan to surrender. De Froymont, taken by surprise, and hardly understanding this very melodramatic attack upon a citadel by its own lawful governor, made not much difficulty in complying. He was then turned out of doors, along with his garrison, mostly feeble old men and invalids. The newly arrived soldiers took their places, at command of the Governor, and the stronghold of Namur was his own.[1]

There was little doubt that the representative of Philip had a perfect right to possess himself of any fortress within his government; there could be as little that the sudden stratagem by which he had thus made himself master of this citadel would prove offensive to the Estates, while it could hardly be agreeable to the King; and yet it is not certain that he could have accomplished his purpose in any other way. Moreover, the achievement was one of a projected series by which he meant to revindicate his dwindling authority. He was weary of playing the hypocrite, and convinced that he and his monarch were both abhorred by the Netherlanders. Peace was impossible—war was forbidden him. Reduced almost to a nullity by the Prince of Orange, it was time for him to make a stand, and in this impregnable fastness his position, at least, was a good one. Many months before, the Prince of Orange had expressed his anxious desire that this most important town and citadel should be secured for the Estates. "You know," he had written to Bossu in December, "the evil and the dismay which the loss of the city and fortress of Namur would occasion to us. Let me beseech you that all possible care be taken to preserve them."[2] Nevertheless, their preservation had been intrusted to a feeble-minded old constable at the head of a handful of cripples.

We know how intense had been the solicitude of the Prince, not only to secure but to destroy these citadels, "nests of tyranny," which had been built by despots to crush, not protect, the towns at their feet. These precautions had been neglected, and the consequences were displaying themselves, for the castle of Namur was not the only one of which Don John felt himself secure. Although the Duke of Aerschot seemed so very much his humble servant, the Governor did not trust him, and wished to see the citadel of Antwerp in more unquestionable keeping. He had therefore withdrawn not only the Duke, but his son, the Prince of Chimay, commander of the castle in his father's absence, from that important post, and insisted upon their accompanying him to Namur.[3] So gallant a courtier as Aerschot could hardly refuse to pay his homage to so illustrious a princess as Margaret of Valois, while during the absence of the Duke and Prince the keys of Antwerp citadel had been, at the command of Don John, placed in the keeping of Seigneur de Treslong,[4] an unscrupulous and devoted royalist. The celebrated Colonel Van Ende, whose participation, at the head of his German cavalry, in the terrible sack of that city, which he had been ordered to defend, has been narrated, was commanded to return to Antwerp. He was to present himself openly to the city authorities, but he was secretly directed by the Governor-General to act in co-operation with the Colonels Fugger, Frondsberger, and Polwiller, who

[1] Hoofd, xii. 509: "Stokouwde of verminkte soldaaten," etc. Bor, x. 832. Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, pp. 26, 27. Meteren, vii. 122. Bentivoglio, x. 194, 195.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 571.

[3] Bor, x. 828. Meteren, vii. 122b.

[4] Bor, ubi sup. Louis de Bloys, Seigneur de Treslong. Meteren, ubi sup. Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc., pp. 19, 20.

commanded the forces already stationed in the city.[1] These distinguished officers had been all summer in secret correspondence with Don John, for they were the instruments with which he meant by a bold stroke to recover his almost lost authority. While he had seemed to be seconding the efforts of the States-general to pay off and disband these mercenaries, nothing had in reality been farther from his thoughts, and the time had now come when his secret plans were to be executed, according to the agreement between himself and the German colonels. He wrote to them, accordingly, to delay no longer the accomplishment of the deed[2]—that deed being the seizure of Antwerp citadel, as he had already successfully mastered that of Namur. The Duke of Aerschot, his brother, and son, were in his power, and could do nothing to prevent the co-operation of the colonels in the city with Treslong in the castle, so that the Governor would thus be enabled, laying his head tranquilly upon "the pillow of the Antwerp citadel,"[3] according to the reproachful expression subsequently used by the Estates, to await the progress of events.

The current of his adventurous career was not, however, destined to run thus smoothly. It is true that the Estates had not yet entirely lost their confidence in his character, but the seizure of Namur and the attempt upon Antwerp, together with the contents of the intercepted letters written by himself and Escovedo to Philip, to Perez, to the Empress, to the Colonels Frondsberger and Fugger, were soon destined to open their eyes. In the meantime, almost exactly at the moment when Don John was executing his enterprise against Namur, Escovedo had taken an affectionate farewell of the Estates at Brussels,[4] for it had been thought necessary, as already intimated, both for the apparent interests and the secret projects of Don John, that the Secretary should make a visit to Spain. At the command of the Governor-General he had offered to take charge of any communication for his Majesty which the Estates might be disposed to intrust to him, and they had accordingly addressed a long epistle to the King, in which they gave ample expression to their indignation and their woe. They remonstrated with the King concerning the continued presence of the German mercenaries, whose knives were ever at their throats, whose plunder and insolence impoverished and tortured the people. They reminded him of the vast sums which the provinces had contributed in times past to the support of Government, and they begged assistance from his bounty now. They recalled to his vision the melancholy spectacle of Antwerp, but lately the "nurse of Europe, the fairest flower in his royal garland, the foremost and noblest city of the earth,[5] now quite desolate and forlorn;" and with additional instructions to Escovedo that he should not fail, in his verbal communications, to represent the evil consequences of the course hitherto pursued by his Majesty's governors in the Netherlands, they dismissed him with good wishes, and with "crowns for convoy" in his purse to the amount of a revenue of two thousand yearly. His secret correspondence was intercepted and made known a few weeks after his departure for that terrible Spain whence so few travellers returned.[6]

For a moment we follow him thither. With a single word in anticipation concerning the causes and the consummation of this celebrated murder,

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[1] Discours Sommier, etc., pp. 18, 19. See the original letters in the Appendix to Discours Sommier, etc., p. 56, sqq.; also in Bor, x. 848, sqq., translated.

[2] Letter of Don John, July 16, 1577, to the Colonels Frondsberger and Fugger, Discours Sommier, ubi sup. Bor, x. 843.

[3] "Et se reposant sur l'oreiller du chasteau d'Anvers duquel il se tenoit entièrement asseuri," etc.—Discours Sommier, etc., p. 35.

[4] Bor, x. 825. Hoofd, xii. 507. Discours Sommier, etc., p. 47.

[5] ——"Voodster van geheel Europa, d'edelste bloeme van uwe majesteits krone en de vornaemste en rijxste van de wereld," etc., etc.—Letter of the States, Bor, 826, 827.

[6] Bor, x. 825. Hoofd, xii. 508. Discours Sommier, p. 47. Meteren, vii. 121. Bor, x. 827–842.

which was delayed till the following year, the unfortunate Escovedo may be dismissed from these pages. It has been seen how artfully Antonio Perez, Secretary of State, paramour of Princess Eboli, and ruling councillor at that day of Philip, had fostered in the King's mind the most extravagant suspicions as to the schemes of Don John and of his confidential secretary.[1] He had represented it as their fixed and secret intention, after Don John should be finally established on the throne of England, to attack Philip himself in Spain, and to deprive him of his crown, Escovedo being represented as the prime instigator and controller of this astounding plot, which lunatics only could have engendered, and which probably never had existence.

No proof of the wild design was offered. The language which Escovedo was accused by Perez of having held previously to his departure for Flanders —that it was the intention of Don John and himself to fortify the rock of Mogro, with which, and with the command of the city of Santander, they could make themselves masters of Spain after having obtained possession of England[2]—is too absurd to have been uttered by a man of Escovedo's capacity. Certainly, had Perez been provided with the least scrap of writing from the hands of Don John or Escovedo which could be tortured into evidence upon this point, it would have been forthcoming, and would have rendered such fictitious hearsay superfluous. Perez, in connivance with Philip, had been systematically conducting his correspondence with Don John and Escovedo, in order to elicit some evidence of the imputed scheme. "'Twas the only way," said Perez to Philip, "to make them unbare their bosoms to the sword." "I am quite of the same opinion," replied Philip to Perez, "for, according to my theology, you would do your duty neither to God nor the world unless you did as you are doing."[3] Yet the excellent pair of conspirators at Madrid could wring no damning proofs from the lips of the supposititious conspirators in Flanders, save that Don John, after Escovedo's arrival in Madrid, wrote, impatiently and frequently, to demand that he should be sent back, together with the money which he had gone to Spain to procure. "Money, more money, and Escovedo,"[4] wrote the Governor, and Philip was quite willing to accept this most natural exclamation as evidence of his brother's designs against his crown. Out of these shreds and patches—the plot against England, the Pope's bull, the desire expressed by Don John to march into France as a simple adventurer, with a few thousand men at his back—Perez, according to his own statement, drew up a protocol, afterwards formally approved by Philip, which concluded with the necessity of taking Escovedo's life, instantly but privately, and by poison. The Marquis de los Velos, to whom the memorial was submitted for his advice, averred that if the death-bed wafer were in his own lips, he should vote for the death of the culprit.[5] Philip had already jumped to the same conclusion; Perez joyfully undertook the business, having received *carte blanche* from the King, and thus the unfortunate secretary was doomed. Immediately after the arrival of Escovedo in Madrid, he addressed a letter to the King. Philip filed it away among other dispatches, with this annotation: "The *avant courier* has arrived—it is necessary to make great haste, and to dispatch him before he murders us."[6]

The King, having been thus artfully inflamed against his brother and his

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[1] Mem. de Ant. Perez, passim, particularly pages 284–317, Obras y Relaciones, Geneva, 1644.

[2] Mem. de Ant. Perez, 313.

[3] "Es menester de escrivir y oyr de aquella manera ——porque assy se meten porla espada," etc.—Billet of Antonio Perez to the King. "Ysegun mi theologia yo entiendo lo mismo que vos——que no haviados para con Dios ni para con el mundo, sino lo hiziessedes assy," etc.—Annotation in Philip's hand on the billet, Mem. de Perez, pp. 310, 311.

[4] "Dinero, y mas dinero, y Escovedo."—Ibid., 314.

[5] "Que con el Sacremento en la boca——votara la (muerte) de Juan de Escovedo," etc., etc.—Mem. de Ant. Perez, 317.

[6] Cartas del S. D. Juan y del Sec. Escovedo, MS. of Royal Library, Hague.

unfortunate secretary, became clamorous for the blood of Escovedo. At the same time, that personage, soon after his return to Spain, was shocked by the discovery of the amour of Perez with the Princess Eboli.[1] He considered it his duty, both towards the deceased Prince and the living King, to protest against this perfidy. He threatened to denounce to the King, who seemed the only person about the court ignorant of the affair, this double treason of his mistress and his minister. Perez and Anna of Eboli, furious at Escovedo's insolence, and anxious lest he should execute his menace, determined to disembarrass themselves of so meddlesome a person.[2] Philip's rage against Don John was accordingly turned to account, and Perez received the King's secret orders to procure Escovedo's assassination.[3] Thus an imaginary conspiracy of Don John against the crown of Philip was the pretext, the fears and rage of Eboli and her paramour were the substantial reason, for the crime now projected.

The details of the murder were arranged and executed by Perez,[4] but it must be confessed, in justice to Philip, with much inferior nicety to that of his own performances in the same field. Many persons were privy to the plot. There was much blundering, there was great public scandal in Madrid, and no one ever had a reasonable doubt as to the instigators and the actual perpetrators of the crime. Two attempts to poison Escovedo were made by Perez at his own table, through the agency of Antonio Enriquez, a confidential servant or page. Both were unsuccessful. A third was equally so, but suspicions were aroused. A female slave in the household of Escovedo was in consequence arrested, and immediately hanged in the public square for a pretended attempt to murder her master.[5] A few days afterwards (on the 31st of March 1578) the deed was accomplished at nightfall in the streets of Madrid by six conspirators. They consisted of the majordomo of Perez, a page in his household, the page's brother from the country, an ex-scullion from the royal kitchens, Juan Rubio by name, who had been the unsuccessful agent in the poisoning scheme, together with two professional bravos, hired for the occasion. It was Insausti, one of this last-mentioned couple, who dispatched Escovedo with a single stab, the others aiding and abetting, or keeping watch in the neighbourhood.[6]

The murderers effected their escape, and made their report to Perez, who, or the sake of appearances, was upon a visit in the country. Suspicion soon racked the real culprits, who were above the reach of justice; nor, as to the notives which had prompted the murders, were many ignorant, save only the murderer himself. Philip had ordered the assassination, but he was profoundly deceived as to the causes of its accomplishment. He was the dupe of a subtler villain than himself, and thought himself sacrificing a conspirator against his crown, while he had really only crushed a poor creature who had been but too solicitous for what he thought his master's honour.

The assassins were, of course, protected from prosecution, and duly recompensed. Miguel Bosque, the country boy, received one hundred crowns in gold, paid by a clerk of Perez. Mesa, one of the bravos, was rewarded with

[1] Mignet, Perez et Philippe II., pp. 28–33. Compare Hoofd, xii. 512–515; Cabrera, xii. 972, who covers the name of the Princess with a veil which could have deceived no contemporary.

[2] Mignet, p. 32.

[3] Mem. de Ant. Perez, 314–317. Mignet, Ant. Perez, and Philippe II., pp. 32, 33. Hoofd, xii. 514. Compare Cabrera, xii. 972, who, seeking as usual to excuse the King, whose official panegyrist he is, narrates that Escovedo's death-warrant was filled out on one of those blanks with the King's signature, such as ambassadors and viceroys have. He does not state why Perez (being neither viceroy nor ambassador) came to be provided with such documents. He admits, too, "que no desplaria al Rey su muerte violenta" (p. 972).

[4] The narrative of this assassination, so remarkable in its character, and so important in its remote consequences, has been given in a masterly manner by Mignet (Antonio Perez et Philippe II.), p. 34, sqq., from the MS. copy of the famous process belonging to the Foreign Office of France.

[5] Mignet, from the MS. process, pp. 38, 39. Cabrera also narrates briefly the attempts at poisoning made by Perez at his own table, together with the execution of the slave (xii. 972).

[6] Mignet, p. 40

a gold chain, fifty doubloons of eight, and a silver cup, besides receiving from the fair hand of Princess Eboli herself a certificate as under-steward upon her estates.[1] The second bravo, Insausti, who had done the deed, the page Enriquez, and the scullion, were *all appointed ensigns in his Majesty's army*, with twenty gold crowns of annual pension besides.[2] Their commissions were signed by Philip on the 19th of April 1578. Such were the wages of murder at that day in Spain—gold chains, silver cups, doubloons, annuities, and commissions in the army! The reward of fidelity, as in poor Escovedo's case, was oftener the stiletto. Was it astonishing that murder was more common than fidelity?

With the subsequent career of Antonio Perez—his famous process, his banishment, his intrigues, his innuendos, his long exile, and his miserable death, this history has no concern. We return from our brief digression.

Before narrating the issue of the plot against Antwerp citadel, it is necessary to recur for a moment to the Prince of Orange. In the deeds and the written words of that one man are comprised nearly all the history of the Reformation in the Netherlands—nearly the whole progress of the infant Republic. The rest, during this period, is made up of the plottings and counter-plottings, the mutual wranglings and recriminations of Don John and the Estates.

In the brief breathing-space now afforded them, the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand had been employing themselves in the extensive repairs of their vast system of dykes. These barriers, which protected their country against the ocean, but which their own hands had destroyed to preserve themselves against tyranny, were now thoroughly reconstructed, at a great expense, the Prince everywhere encouraging the people with his presence, directing them by his experience, inspiring them with his energy.[3] The task accomplished was stupendous, and worthy, says a contemporary, of eternal memory.[4]

At the popular request, the Prince afterwards made a tour through the little provinces, honouring every city with a brief visit. The spontaneous homage which went up to him from every heart was pathetic and simple. There were no triumphal arches, no martial music, no banners, no theatrical pageantry—nothing but the choral anthem from thousands of grateful hearts. "Father William has come! Father William has come!" cried men, women, and children to each other, when the news of his arrival in town or village was announced.[5] He was a patriarch visiting his children, not a conqueror, not a vulgar potentate, displaying himself to his admirers. Happy were they who heard his voice, happier they who touched his hands, for his words were full of tenderness, his hand was offered to all. There were none so humble as to be forbidden to approach him, none so ignorant as not to know his deeds. All knew that to combat in their cause he had descended from princely station, from luxurious ease, to the position of a proscribed and almost beggared outlaw. For them he had impoverished himself and his family, mortgaged his estates, stripped himself of jewels, furniture, almost of food and raiment. Through his exertions the Spaniards had been banished from their little territory, the Inquisition crushed within their borders, nearly all the sister provinces but yesterday banded into a common cause.

He found time, notwithstanding congratulating crowds who thronged his footsteps, to direct the labours of the States-general, who still looked more than ever to his guidance, as their relations with Don John became more complicated and unsatisfactory. In a letter addressed to them on the 20th

[1] Mignet (from the MS. process), p. 41.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Bor, x. 819. Wagenaer, vii. 158. Hoofd, xii. 504.
[4] Bor, x. 819.
[5] Ibid., 830. Hoofd, xii. 520. Wagenaer, vii. 159, 160.

of June from Harlem, he warned them most eloquently to hold to the Ghent Pacification as to their anchor in the storm. He assured them, if it was torn from them, that their destruction was inevitable. He reminded them that hitherto they had got but the shadow, not the substance of the treaty; that they had been robbed of that which was to have been its chief fruit—union among themselves. He and his brothers, with their labour, their wealth, and their blood, had laid down the bridge over which the country had stepped to the Pacification of Ghent. It was for the nation to maintain what had been so painfully won; yet he proclaimed to them that the Government were not acting in good faith, that secret preparations were making to annihilate the authority of the States, to restore the edicts, to put strangers into high places, and to set up again the scaffold and the whole machinery of persecution.[1]

In consequence of the seizure of Namur castle, and the accusations made by Don John against Orange in order to justify that act, the Prince had already dispatched Taffin and St. Aldegonde to the States-general with a commission to declare his sentiments upon the subject. He addressed, moreover, to the same body, a letter full of sincere and simple eloquence. "The Seigneur Don John," said he, "has accused me of violating the peace, and of countenancing attempts against his life, and in endeavouring to persuade you into joining him in a declaration of war against me and against Holland and Zealand; but I pray you most affectionately to remember our mutual and solemn obligations to maintain the treaty of Ghent." He entreated the States, therefore, to beware of the artifices employed to seduce them from the only path which led to the tranquillity of their common country, and her true splendour and prosperity. "I believe there is not one of you," he continued, "who can doubt me, if he will weigh carefully all my actions, and consider closely the course which I am pursuing and have always pursued. Let all these be confronted with the conduct of Don John, and any man will perceive that all my views of happiness, both for my country and myself, imply a peaceable enjoyment of the union, joined with the legitimate restoration of our liberties, to which all good patriots aspire, and towards which all my designs have ever tended. As all the grandeur of Don John, on the contrary, consists in war, as there is nothing which he so much abhors as repose, as he has given ample proof of these inclinations in all his designs and enterprises, both before and after the treaty of Marche en Famine, both within the country and beyond its borders, as it is most manifest that his purpose is, and ever has been, to embroil us with our neighbours of England and Scotland in new dissensions, as it must be evident to every one of you that his pretended accusations against me are but colours and shadows to embellish and to shroud his own desire for war, his appetite for vengeance, and his hatred not only to me but to yourselves, and as his determination is, in the words of Escovedo, to chastise some of us by means of the rest, and to excite the jealousy of one portion of the country against the other—therefore, gentlemen, do I most affectionately exhort you to found your decision as to these matters not upon words but upon actions. Examine carefully my conduct in the points concerning which the charges are made; listen attentively to what my envoys will communicate to you in my behalf; and then, having compared it with all the proceedings of Seigneur Don John, you will be able to form a resolution worthy the rank which you occupy, and befitting your obligations to the whole people, of whom you have been chosen chiefs and protectors by God and by men. Put away all considerations which might

[1] See the letter in Bor, x. 829, 830.

obscure your clear eyesight; maintain with magnanimity and like men the safety of yourselves, your wives, your children, your estates, your liberties; see that this poor people, whose eyes are fixed upon you, does not perish; preserve them from the greediness of those who would grow great at your expense; guard them from the yoke of miserable servitude; let not all our posterity lament that, by our pusillanimity, they have lost the liberties which our ancestors had conquered for them, and bequeathed to them as well as to us, and that they have been subjugated by the proud tyranny of strangers.

"Trusting," said the Prince, in conclusion, "that you will accord faith and attention to my envoys, I will only add an expression of my sincere determination to employ myself incessantly in your service, and for the welfare of the whole people, without sparing any means in my power, nor my life itself."[1]

The vigilant Prince was, indeed, not slow to take advantage of the Governor's false move. While in reality intending peace, if it were possible, Don John had thrown down the gauntlet; while affecting to deal openly and manfully, like a warrior and an emperor's son, he had involved himself in petty stratagems and transparent intrigues, by all which he had gained nothing but the character of a plotter, whose word could not be trusted. St. Aldegonde expressed the hope[2] that the seizure of Namur castle would open the eyes of the people, and certainly the Prince did his best to sharpen their vision.

While in North Holland, William of Orange received an urgent invitation from the magistracy and community of Utrecht to visit that city. His authority, belonging to him under his ancient commission, had not yet been recognised over that province, but there was no doubt that the contemplated convention of "Satisfaction" was soon to be arranged, for his friends there were numerous and influential. His princess, Charlotte de Bourbon, who accompanied him on his tour, trembled at the danger to which her husband would expose himself by venturing thus boldly into a territory which might be full of his enemies, but the Prince determined to trust the loyalty of a province which he hoped would be soon his own. With anxious forebodings, the Princess followed her husband to the ancient episcopal city. As they entered its gates, where an immense concourse was waiting to receive him, a shot passed through the carriage window, and struck the Prince upon the breast. The affrighted lady threw her arms about his neck, shrieking that they were betrayed; but the Prince, perceiving that the supposed shot was but a wad from one of the cannon, which were still roaring their welcome to him, soon succeeded in calming her fears.[3] The carriage passed slowly through the streets, attended by the vociferous greetings of the multitude; for the whole population had come forth to do him honour. Women and children clustered upon every roof and balcony, but a painful incident again marred the tranquillity of the occasion. An apothecary's child, a little girl of ten years, leaning eagerly from a lofty balcony, lost her balance and fell to the ground directly before the horses of the Prince's carriage. She was killed stone dead by the fall. The procession stopped; the Prince alighted, lifted the little corpse in his arms, and delivered it, with gentle words and looks of consolation, to the unhappy parents.[4] The day seemed marked with evil omens, which were fortunately destined to prove fallacious. The citizens of Utrecht became more than ever inclined to accept the dominion of the Prince, whom they honoured, and whom they already regarded as their natural chief. They entertained him with banquets and festivities during his brief visit, and it was certain before

[1] This letter, of date August 1587, the original of which is in French, has never been published. It is in a collection of MSS. in the Hague Archives, entitled "Acta Statuum Belgii," tom. i. fol. 367, 368. Compare Bor. x. 830.

[2] St. Aldegonde to Count John of Nassau, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 116.

[3] Bor, x. 830. Hoofd, xii. 520.

[4] Bor. Hoofd, xii. 521.

he took his departure that the treaty of "Satisfaction" would not be long delayed. It was drawn up, accordingly, in the autumn of the same year, upon the basis of that accepted by Harlem and Amsterdam—a basis wide enough to support both religions, with a nominal supremacy to the ancient Church.[1]

Meantime, much fruitless correspondence had taken place between Don John and the States. Envoys dispatched by the two parties to each other had indulged in bitterness and recrimination. As soon as the Governor had taken possession of Namur castle, he had sent the Seigneur de Rassinghem to the States-general. That gentleman carried with him copies of two anonymous letters received by Don John upon the 19th and 21st of July 1577, in which a conspiracy against his life and liberty was revealed.[2] It was believed by the Governor that Count Lalain, who had secretly invited him to a conference, had laid an ambush for him. It was known that the country was full of disbanded soldiers, and the Governor asserted confidently that numbers of desperadoes were lying in wait for him in every village alehouse of Hainault and Flanders. He called on the States to ferret out these conspirators, and to inflict condign punishment upon their more guilty chiefs; he required that the soldiers as well as the citizens should be disarmed at Brussels and throughout Brabant, and he justified his seizure of Namur upon the general ground that his life was no longer safe except in a fortress.[3]

In reply to the letter of the Governor, which was dated the 24th of July, the States dispatched Marolles, Archdeacon of Ypres, and the Seigneur de Bresse, to Namur, with a special mission to enter into the whole subject of these grievances.[4] These gentlemen, professing the utmost devotion to the cause of his Majesty's authority and the Catholic religion, expressed doubts as to the existence of the supposed conspiracy. They demanded that Don John should denounce the culprits, if any such were known, in order that proper chastisement might be instantly inflicted. The conversation which ensued was certainly unsatisfactory. The Governor used lofty and somewhat threatening language, assuring Marolles that he was at that moment in possession, not only of Namur but of Antwerp citadel; and the deputies accordingly departed, having accomplished very little by their journey. Their backs were scarcely turned, when Don John, on his part, immediately appointed another commission, consisting of Rassinghem and Grobbendonck, to travel from Namur to Brussels.[5] These envoys carried a long letter of grievances, enclosing a short list of demands.[6] The letter reiterated his complaints about conspiracies, and his protestations of sincerity. It was full of censure upon the Prince of Orange; stigmatised his intrigues to obtain possession of Amsterdam without a proper "Satisfaction," and of Utrecht, to which he had no claim at all. It maintained that the Hollanders and Zealanders were bent upon utterly exterminating the Catholic religion, and that they avowed publicly their intention to refuse obedience to the Assembly-General, should it decree the maintenance of the ancient worship only. His chief demands were that the States should send him a list of persons qualified to be members of the General Assembly, that he might see whether there were not individuals among them whom he might choose to reject. He further required that, if the Prince of Orange did not instantly fulfil the treaty of Ghent, the States should cease to hold any communication with him. He also summoned the States to provide him forthwith with a suitable bodyguard.[7]

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[1] The articles of the "Satisfactie," dated October 9, 1577, are given in Bor, x. 893–896. Vera et Simplex Narratio, etc., p. 26.

[2] Bor, x. 832. Hoofd, xii. 500. Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc., 29.

[3] See the letter of Don John in Bor, x. 832.

[4] Bor, xi. 834.

[5] Ibid., 834, 835. Disc. Sommier, etc., pp. 29, 30.

[6] See the letter in Bor, xi. 836, 837.

[7] Letter of Don John, July 27, 1577. Bor, ubi sup.

To these demands and complaints the Estates replied by a string of resolutions.[1] They made their usual protestations of attachment to his Majesty and the Catholic faith, and they granted willingly a foot-guard of three hundred archers. They, however, stoutly denied the Governor's right to make eliminations in their lists of deputies, because, from time immemorial, these representatives had been chosen by the clergy, nobles, cities, and boroughs. The names might change daily, nor were there any suspicious ones among them, but it was a matter with which the Governor had no concern. They promised that every effort should be made to bring about the execution of the treaty by the Prince of Orange. They begged Don John, however, to abandon the citadel of Namur, and gave him to understand that his secret practices had been discovered, a large packet of letters having recently been intercepted in the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux and sent to the Prince of Orange.[2] Among them were some of the dispatches of Don John and Escovedo to his Majesty and to Antonio Perez, to which allusion has already been made.

Count Bossu, De Bresse, and Meetkercke were the envoys deputed to convey these resolutions to Namur. They had a long and bitter conversation with Don John, who complained more furiously than ever of the conspiracies against his person and of the intrigues of Orange. He insisted that this arch-traitor had been sowing the seed of his damnable doctrines broadcast through the Netherlands; that the earth was groaning with a daily ripening harvest of rebellion and heresy. It was time, he cried, for the States to abandon the Prince and rally round their King. Patience had been exhausted. He had himself done all, and more than could have been demanded. He had faithfully executed the Ghent Pacification, but his conduct had neither elicited gratitude nor inspired confidence.[3]

The deputies replied, that to the due execution of the Ghent treaty it was necessary that he should disband the German troops, assemble the States-general, and carry out their resolutions. Until these things, now undone, had been accomplished, he had no right to plead his faithful fulfilment of the Pacification. After much conversation—in which the same grievances were repeated, the same statements produced and contradicted, the same demands urged and evaded, and the same menaces exchanged as upon former occasions—the deputies returned to Brussels.[4]

Immediately after their departure, Don John learned the result of his project upon Antwerp castle. It will be remembered that he had withdrawn Aerschot, under pretext of requiring his company on the visit to Queen Margaret, and that he had substituted Treslong, an unscrupulous partisan of his own, in the government of the citadel. The temporary commander soon found, however, that he had undertaken more than he could perform. The troops under Van Ende were refused admittance into the town, although permission to quarter them there had been requested by the Governor-General.[5] The authorities had been assured that the troops were necessary for the protection of their city, but the magistrates had learned, but too recently, the nature of the protection which Van Ende, with his mercenaries, would afford. A detachment of States' troops under De Vers, Champagny's nephew, encountered the regiment of Van Ende, and put it to flight with considerable loss. At the same time, an officer in the garrison of the citadel itself, Captain De Bours, undertook secretly to carry the fortress for the Estates. His operations were secret and rapid. The Seigneur de Liede-

[1] Bor, xi 837, 838.

[2] They had fallen into the hands of Henry of Navarre, who had forwarded them to the Prince of Orange, by whom they were laid before the deputies of the States-general on the 28th of July. Meteren, vii. 121. Hoofd, xii. 516. Compare Discours Sommier, etc., pp. 32, 33.

[3] Bor, xi. 838, 839.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid., 85a. Hoofd, xii. 517.

kerke had succeeded Champagny in the government of the city. This appointment had been brought about by the agency of the Greffier Martini, a warm partisan of Orange. The new Governor was known to be very much the Prince's friend, and believed to be at heart a convert to the Reformed religion. With Martini and Liedekerke, De Bours arranged his plot. He was supplied with a large sum of money, readily furnished in secret by the leading mercantile houses of the city. These funds were successfully invested in gaining over the garrison, only one company holding firm for Treslong. The rest, as that officer himself informed Don John, were ready at any moment "to take him by the throat."[1]

On the 1st of August, the day fixed upon in concert with the Governor and Greffier, he was, in fact, taken by the throat. There was but a brief combat, the issue of which became accidentally doubtful in the city. The white-plumed hat of De Bours had been struck from his head in the struggle, and had fallen into the foss. Floating out into the river, it had been recognised by the scouts sent out by the personages most interested, and the information was quickly brought to Liedekerke, who was lying concealed in the house of Martini awaiting the result. Their dismay was great, but Martini, having more confidence than the Governor, sallied forth to learn the whole truth.[2] Scarcely had he got into the streets than he heard a welcome cry. "The Beggars have the castle! the Beggars have the castle!" shouted a hundred voices.[3] He soon met a lieutenant coming straight from the fortress, who related to him the whole affair. Learning that De Bours was completely victorious, and that Treslong was a prisoner, Martini hastened with the important intelligence to his own home, where Liedekerke lay concealed. That functionary now repaired to the citadel, whither the magistrates, the leading citizens, and the chief merchants were instantly summoned. The castle was carried, but the city was already trembling with apprehension lest the German mercenaries quartered within its walls should rise with indignation or panic and repeat the horrid tragedy of the Antwerp Fury.[4]

In truth, there seemed danger of such a catastrophe. The secret correspondence of Don John with the colonels was already discovered,[5] and it was seen how warmly he had impressed upon the men with whom he had been tampering "that the die was cast, and that all their art was necessary to make it turn up successfully."[6] The castle was carried, but what would become of the city? A brief and eager consultation terminated in an immediate offer of three hundred thousand crowns by the leading merchants. This money was to be employed in amicably satisfying, if possible, the German soldiers, who had meanwhile actually come to arms, and were assembled in the Place de Meer. Feeling unsafe, however, in this locality, their colonels had led them into the new town. Here, having barricaded themselves with gun-carriages, bales, and boxes, they awaited, instead of initiating, the events which the day might bring forth.[7] A deputation soon arrived with a white flag from the castle, and commissioners were appointed by the commanding officers of the soldiery. The offer was made to pay over the arrears of their wages, at least to a very large amount, on condition that the troops would forthwith and for ever evacuate the city. One hundred and fifty thousand crowns were offered on the nail. The merchants stood on the bridge leading from

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, vii. 122. Discours Sommier, etc., p. 36, sqq. Cabrera, xi. 933, sqq. Letter of Treslong to Don John, August 1, 1577, in Appendix to Discours Sommier, pp. 76, 77.

[2] Bor, xi. 854. Hoofd, xii. 8.

[3] "Het casteel is gies! het casteel is gies!"—Bor, xi. 854.

[4] Bor, xi. 854. Hoofd, xii. 518.

[5] It was discovered on the taking of the citadel by De Bours.—Bor, xi. 854. Hoofd, xii 518.

[6] "Y pues queda ya el dado fuera de la mano, es menester encaminarle a que corra buen."—Letter of Don John to Colonels Frondsberger and Fugger, July 23, 1577, Appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 60. Bor, xi. 849.

[7] Bor, xi. 854. Hoofd, xii. 518. Meter vii. 122.

the old town to the new, in full sight of the soldiers. They held in their hands their purses, filled with the glittering gold. The soldiers were frantic with the opportunity, and swore that they would have their officers' lives if the tempting and unexpected offer should be declined. Nevertheless, the commissioners went to and fro, ever finding something to alter or arrange. In truth, the merchants had agreed to furnish, if necessary, three hundred thousand crowns; but the thrifty negotiators were disposed, if diplomacy could do it, to save the moiety of that sum. Day began to sink ere the bargain was completed, when suddenly sails were descried in the distance, and presently a large fleet of war vessels, with banner and pennon flying before a favouring breeze, came sailing up the Scheld.[1] It was a squadron of the Prince's ships, under command of Admiral Haultain. He had been sent against Tholen, but having received secret intelligence, had, with happy audacity, seized the opportunity of striking a blow in the cause which he had served so faithfully. A shot or two fired from the vessels among the barricades had a quickening effect. A sudden and astounding panic seized the soldiers. "The Beggars are coming! the Beggars are coming!"[2] they yelled in dismay; for the deeds of the Ocean Beggars had not become less appalling since the memorable siege of Leyden. The merchants still stood on the bridge with their purses in their hands. The envoys from the castle still waved their white flags. It was too late. The horror inspired by the wild Zealanders overpowered the hope of wages, extinguished all confidence in the friendship of the citizens. The mercenaries, yielding to a violent paroxysm of fear, fled hither and thither, panting, doubling, skulking, "like wolves before the hounds."[3] Their flight was ludicrous. Without staying to accept the money which the merchants were actually offering, without packing up their own property, in many cases even throwing away their arms, they fled helter-skelter, some plunging into the Scheld, some skimming along the dykes, some rushing across the open fields.

A portion of them under Colonel Fugger afterwards shut themselves up in Bergen op Zoom, where they were at once besieged by Champagny, and were soon glad to compromise the matter by surrendering their colonel and laying down their arms.[4] The remainder retreated to Breda, where they held out for two months, and were at length overcome by a neat stratagem of Orange. A captain, being known to be in the employment of Don John, was arrested on his way to Breda. Carefully sewed up in his waistband was found a letter, of a finger's breadth, written in cipher, and sealed with the Governor-General's seal. Colonel Frondsberger, commanding in Breda, was in this missive earnestly solicited to hold out two months longer, within which time a certain relief was promised. In place of this letter, deciphered with much difficulty, a new one was substituted, which the celebrated printer, William Sylvius of Antwerp, prepared with great adroitness, adding the signature and seal of Don John.[5] In this counterfeit epistle, the Colonel was directed to do the best he could for himself, by reason that Don John was himself besieged and unable to render him assistance. The same captain who had brought the real letter was bribed to deliver the counterfeit. This task he faithfully performed, spreading the fictitious intelligence besides with such ardour through the town, that the troops rose upon their leader, and surrendered him with the city and their own arms into the custody of the Estates. Such was the result of the attempt by Don John to secure the citadel of Antwerp. Not

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1 Bor, xi. 855. Hoofd, xii. 519. Meteren, vii. 122.

2 "Die guesen, die guesen, daar zynze!"—Hoofd, xii. 519. Bor, xi. 855.

3 "Als wolven die nagejagt werden van de honden."—Bor, xi. 855a.

4 Bor, xi. 856. Hoofd, xii. 522.

5 Ibid. Ibid., xii. 522, 523.

only was the fortress carried for the Estates, but the city itself, for the first time in twelve years, was relieved from a foreign soldiery.[1]

The rage and disappointment of the Governor-General were excessive. He had boasted to Marolles a day too soon. The prize which he thought already in his grasp had slipped through his fingers, while an interminable list of demands which he dreamed not of, and which were likely to make him bankrupt, were brought to his door. To the States, not himself, the triumph seemed for the moment decreed. The "dice" had taken a run against him, notwithstanding his pains in loading and throwing. Nevertheless, he did not yet despair of revenge. "These rebels," he wrote to the Empress-dowager, his sister, "think that fortune is all smiles for them now, and that all is ruin for me. The wretches are growing proud enough, and forget that their chastisement, some fine morning, will yet arrive."[2]

On the 7th of August he addressed another long letter to the Estates. This document was accompanied, as usual, by certain demands, drawn up categorically in twenty-three articles.[3] The Estates considered his terms hard and strange, for in their opinion it was themselves, not the Governor, who were masters of the situation. Nevertheless, he seemed inclined to treat as if he had gained, not missed, the citadel of Antwerp; as if the troops with whom he had tampered were mustered in the field, not shut up in distant towns, and already at the mercy of the States party. The Governor demanded that all the forces of the country should be placed under his own immediate control; that Count Bossu, or some other person nominated by himself, should be appointed to the government of Friesland; that the people of Brabant and Flanders should set themselves instantly to hunting, catching, and chastising all vagrant heretics and preachers. He required, in particular, that St. Aldegonde and Theron, those most mischievous rebels, should be prohibited from setting their foot in any city of the Netherlands. He insisted that the community of Brussels should lay down their arms, and resume their ordinary handicrafts. He demanded that the Prince of Orange should be made to execute the Ghent treaty; to suppress the exercise of the Reformed religion in Harlem, Schoonhoven, and other places; to withdraw his armed vessels from their threatening stations, and to restore Nieuport, unjustly detained by him. Should the Prince persist in his obstinacy, Don John summoned them to take arms against him, and to support their lawful Governor. He, moreover, required the immediate restitution of Antwerp citadel, and the release of Treslong from prison.[4]

Although, regarded from the Spanish point of view, such demands might seem reasonable, it was also natural that their audacity should astonish the Estates. That the man who had violated so openly the Ghent treaty should rebuke the Prince for his default—that the man who had tampered with the German mercenaries until they were on the point of making another Antwerp Fury should now claim the command over them and all other troops—that the man who had attempted to gain Antwerp citadel by a base stratagem should now coolly demand its restoration, seemed to them the perfection of insolence. The baffled conspirator boldly claimed the prize which was to have rewarded a successful perfidy. At the very moment when the Escovedo letters and the correspondence with the German colonels had been laid before their eyes, it was a little too much that the double-dealing bastard of the double-dealing Emperor should read them a lecture upon sincerity. It was certain that the perplexed and outwitted warrior had placed himself at last in a very false position. The Prince of Orange, with his usual adroitness, made the

[1] Bor. xi. 856, 857. Hoofd, xii. 523.
[2] Don John's letter to the Empress, August 14, 1577, Appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 82.
[3] Bor, xi. 839, sqq.
[4] Letter of Don John, August 7, 1577, Bor, xi. 385, 840.

most of his adversary's false moves. Don John had only succeeded in digging a pitfall for himself. His stratagems against Namur and Antwerp had produced him no fruit, saving the character, which his antagonist now fully succeeded in establishing for him, of an unscrupulous and artful schemer. This reputation was enhanced by the discovery of the intercepted letters, and by the ingenuity and eagerness with which they were turned to account against him by the Prince, by St. Aldegonde, and all the anti-Catholic party. The true key to his reluctance against dispatching the troops by land the States had not obtained. They did not dream of his romantic designs upon England, and were therefore excusable in attributing a still deeper perfidy to his arrangements.

Even had he been sent to the Netherlands in the full possession of his faculties, he would have been no match in political combinations for his powerful antagonists. Hoodwinked and fettered, suspected by his master, baffled, bewildered, irritated by his adversary, what could he do but plunge from one difficulty to another, and oscillate between extravagant menace and desponding concession, until his hopes and life were wasted quite away? His instructions came from Philip through Perez, and that most profound dissembler, as we have seen, systematically deceived [1] the Governor, with the view of eliciting treasonable matters, Philip wishing, if possible, to obtain proofs of Don John's secret designs against his own crown. Thus every letter from Spain was filled with false information and with lying persuasions.[2] No doubt the Governor considered himself entitled to wear a crown, and meant to win it, if not in Africa, then in England, or wherever fate might look propitiously upon him. He was of the stuff of which crusaders and dynasty founders had been made at a somewhat earlier epoch. Who could have conquered the Holy Sepulchre, or wrested a crown from its lawful wearer, whether in Italy, Muscovy, the Orient, or in the British Ultima Thule, more bravely than this imperial bastard, this valiant and romantic adventurer? Unfortunately, he came a few centuries too late. The days when dynasties were founded and European thrones appropriated by a few foreign freebooters had passed, and had not yet returned. He had come to the Netherlands desirous of smoothing over difficulties and of making a peaceful termination to that rebellion a stepping-stone to his English throne. He was doomed to a profound disappointment, a broken heart, and a premature grave, instead of the glittering baubles which he pursued. Already he found himself bitterly deceived in his hopes. The obstinate Netherlanders would not love him, notwithstanding the good wishes he had manifested. They would not even love the King of Spain, notwithstanding the blessings which his Majesty was declared to have heaped upon them. On the contrary, they persisted in wasting their perverse affections upon the pestilent Prince of Orange. That heretic was leading them to destruction, for he was showing them the road to liberty, and nothing, in the eyes of the Governor, could be more pitiable than to behold an innocent people setting forth upon such a journey. "In truth," said he, bitterly, in his memorable letter to his sister the Empress, "they are willing to recognise neither God nor King. They pretend to liberty in all things: so that 'tis a great pity to see how they are going on; to see the impudence and disrespect with which they repay his Majesty for the favours which he has shown them, and me for the labours, indignities, and dangers which I have undergone for their sakes." [3]

[1] Memorial de Antonio Perez, Obras y Relaciones, p. 309.

[2] Memorial of Antonio Perez, passim. Compare Mignet, Antonio Perez et Philippe II., Bruxelles, 1845, pp. 16–21.

[3] "Porque estos aqui ni quieren conocer a su Dios ni obedeçer a su Rey como deven; antes pretenden libertad en todo. De manera que *es compassion grandissima ver como lo tratan* y las desverguenças y poco respeto con que pagan a su Majestad las

Nothing, indeed, in the Governor's opinion, could surpass the insolence of the Netherlanders, save their ingratitude. That was the serpent's tooth which was ever wounding the clement King and his indignant brother. It seemed so bitter to meet with thanklessness after seven years of Alva and three of Requesens; after the labours of the Blood Council, the massacres of Naarden, Zutphen, and Harlem, the siege of Leyden, and the Fury of Antwerp. "Little profit there has been," said the Governor to his sister, "or is like to be from all the good which we have done to these bad people. In short, they love and obey in all things the most perverse and heretic tyrant and rebel in the whole world, which *is this damned Prince of Orange*, while, on the contrary, without fear of God or shame before men, they abhor and dishonour the name and commandments of their natural sovereign."[1] Therefore, with a doubting spirit, and almost with a broken heart, had the warrior shut himself up in Namur castle to await the progress of events, and to escape from the snares of his enemies. "*God knows how much I desire to avoid extremities*," said he, "but I know not what to do with men who show themselves so obstinately rebellious."[2]

Thus pathetically Don John bewailed his fate. The nation had turned from God, from Philip, from himself; yet he still sat in his castle, determined to save them from destruction and his own hands from bloodshed, if such an issue were yet possible. Nor was he entirely deserted, for among the faithless a few were faithful still. Although the people were in open revolt, there was still a handful of nobles resolved to do their duty towards their God and King. "This little band," said the Governor, "has accompanied me hither, like gentlemen and chevaliers of honour."[3] Brave Berlaymont and his four sons were loyal to the last, but others of this limited number of gentlemen and chevaliers of honour were already deserting him. As soon as the result of the enterprise against Antwerp citadel was known, and the storm was gathering most darkly over the royal cause, Aerschot and Havré were first to spread their wings and flutter away in search of a more congenial atmosphere.[4] In September, the Duke was again as he had always professed himself to be, with some important intervals of exception—"the affectionate brother and cordial friend of the Prince of Orange."[5]

The letter addressed by Don John to the States upon the 7th of August had not yet been answered. Feeling, soon afterwards, more sensible of his position, and perhaps less inflamed with indignation, he addressed another communication to them upon the 13th of the same month. In this epistle he expressed an extreme desire for peace, and a hearty desire to be relieved, if possible, from his most painful situation. He protested, before God and man, that his intentions were most honest, and that he abhorred war more than anything else in the world. He averred that, if his person was as odious to them as it seemed, he was only too ready to leave the land, as soon as the King should appoint his successor. He reminded them that the question of peace or war lay not with himself, but with them; and that the world would denounce as guilty those with whom rested the responsibility. He concluded with an observation which, in its humility, seemed sufficiently ironical, that if they had quite finished the perusal of the dispatches from Madrid to his

mercedes que les ha hecho; y a mi los trabajos, indignidades y peligros que he passado por estas gentes."—Letter to the Empress, Appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 81.

[1] "Mire V. Magd quan poco que ha aprovechado in aprovecha para los malos el bien que se les haze. Al fin, ellos aman y obedecen de todo punto al mas perverso y tyranno hereje y rebelde de la tierra que *a este condenado del Principe de Oranges:* y aborrecen y desacatan el nombre y mandamientos de su principe y natural Señor: sin temor de Dios ni respeto o verguença de las gentes."—Letter to the Empress, Appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 81. [2] Ibid.

[3] "Como honradissimos cavalleros."—Ibid.

[4] Hoofd, xii. 520. Aerschot was in such a hurry to escape, that he rode off from the castle upon a horse without a saddle.—Gachard, Bull. Com. Roy., ii. 135.

[5] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 143, 144.

address, which they had intercepted, he should be thankful for an opportunity of reading them himself. He expressed a hope, therefore, that they would be forwarded to Namur.[1]

This letter was answered at considerable length upon the second day. The States made their customary protestations of attachment to his Majesty, their fidelity to the Catholic Church, their determination to maintain both the Ghent treaty, and the Perpetual Edict. They denied all responsibility for the present disastrous condition of the relations between themselves and Government, having disbanded nearly all their own troops, while the Governnor had been strengthening his forces up to the period of his retreat into Namur. He protested, indeed, friendship and a sincere desire for peace, but the intercepted letters of Escovedo and his own had revealed to them the evil counsels to which he had been listening, and the intrigues which he had been conducting. They left it to his conscience whether they could reasonably believe, after the perusal of these documents, that it was his intention to maintain the Ghent treaty, or any treaty; and whether they were not justified in their resort to the natural right of self-defence.[2]

Don John was already fully aware of the desperate error which he had committed. In seizing Namur and attempting Antwerp, he had thrown down the gauntlet. Wishing peace, he had, in a panic of rage and anxiety, declared and enacted war. The bridge was broken behind him, the ships burned, a gulf opened, a return to peace rendered almost impossible. Yet it is painful to observe the almost passionate longings which at times seemed to possess him for accommodating the quarrel, together with his absolute incapacity to appreciate his position. The Prince was triumphant, the Governor in a trap. Moreover, it was a trap which he had not only entered voluntarily, but which he had set himself; he had played into the Prince's hands, and was frantic to see his adversary tranquilly winning the game. It was almost melancholy to observe the gradation of his tone from haughty indignation to dismal concession. In an elaborate letter which he addressed "to the particular states, bishops, councillors, and cities of the Netherlands," he protested as to the innocence of his intentions, and complained bitterly of the calumnies circulated to his discredit by the Prince of Orange. He denied any intention of recalling the troops which he had dismissed, except in case of absolute necessity. He affirmed that his Majesty sincerely desired peace. He averred that the country was either against the King, against the Catholic religion, against himself, or against all three together. He bitterly asked what further concessions were required. Had he not done all he had ever promised? Had he not discharged the Spaniards, placed the castles in the hands of natives, restored the privileges, submitted to insults and indecencies? Yet, in spite of all which had passed, he declared his readiness to resign, if another prince or princess of the blood more acceptable to them could be appointed.[3] The letter to the States was followed by a proposition for a cessation of hostilities, and for the appointment of a commission to devise means for faithfully executing the Ghent treaty. This proposition was renewed a few days later, together with an offer for an exchange of hostages.[4]

It was not difficult for the Estates to answer the letters of the Governor. Indeed, there was but little lack of argument on either side throughout this unhappy controversy. It is dismal to contemplate the interminable exchange of protocols, declarations, demands, apostilles, replications, and rejoinders, which made up the substance of Don John's administration. Never was chivalrous crusader so out of place. It was not a soldier that was then

[1] See the letter in Bor, xi. 857.
[2] Bor, xi. 858.
[3] See the letter in Bor, xi 858–860.
[4] Bor. xi. 860–862.

required for Philip's exigency, but a scribe. Instead of the famous sword of Lepanto, the "barbarous pen" of Hopperus had been much more suitable for the work required. Scribbling Joachim in a war galley, yardarm and yardarm with the Turkish captain-pasha, could have hardly felt less at ease than did the brilliant warrior thus condemned to scrawl and dissemble. While marching from concession to concession, he found the States conceiving daily more distrust, and making daily deeper encroachments. Moreover, his deeds up to the time when he seemed desirous to retrace his steps had certainly been, at the least, equivocal. Therefore it was natural for the Estates, in reply to the questions in his letter, to observe that he had indeed dismissed the Spaniards, but that he had tampered with and retained the Germans; that he had indeed placed the citadels in the hands of natives, but that he had tried his best to wrest them away again; that he had indeed professed anxiety for peace, but that his intercepted letters proved his preparations for war.[1] Already there were rumours of Spanish troops returning in small detachments out of France. Already the Governor was known to be enrolling fresh mercenaries to supply the place of those whom he had unsuccessfully endeavoured to gain to his standard. As early as the 26th of July, in fact, the Marquis d'Ayamonte in Milan, and Don Juan de Idiaquez in Genoa, had received letters from Don John of Austria, stating that, as the provinces had proved false to their engagements, he would no longer be held by his own, and intimating his desire that the veteran troops which had but so recently been dismissed from Flanders should forthwith return.[2] Soon afterwards, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, received instructions from the King to superintend these movements, and to carry the aid of his own already distinguished military genius to his uncle in the Netherlands.[3]

On the other hand, the States felt their strength daily more sensibly. Guided, as usual, by Orange, they had already assumed a tone in their correspondence which must have seemed often disloyal, and sometimes positively insulting, to the Governor. They even answered his hints of resignation in favour of some other prince of the blood by expressing their hopes that his successor, if a member of the royal house at all, would at least be a legitimate one.[4] This was a severe thrust at the haughty chieftain, whose imperial airs rarely betrayed any consciousness of Barbara Blomberg and the bend sinister on his shield. He was made to understand, through the medium of Brabantine bluntness, that more importance was attached to the marriage ceremony in the Netherlands than he seemed to imagine. The categorical demands made by the Estates seemed even more indigestible than such collateral affronts, for they had now formally affirmed the views of Orange as to the constitutional government of the provinces. In their letter of 26th August, they expressed their willingness, notwithstanding the past delinquencies of the Governor, to yield him their confidence again; but at the same time they enumerated conditions which, with his education and views, could hardly seem to him admissible. They required him to disband all the soldiers in his service, to send the Germans instantly out of the country, to dismiss every foreigner from office, whether civil or military, and to renounce his secret league with the Duke of Guise. They insisted that he should thenceforth govern only with the advice and consent of the State Council; that he should execute that which should by a majority of votes be ordained there; that neither measures nor dispatches should be binding or authentic unless drawn up at that board.[5] These certainly were views of administration

[1] Bor, xi. 861, 862.
[2] Cabrera, xi. 937, 938.
[3] Ibid., 940.
[4] Bor, xi. 859. Compare Meteren, vi. 119; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 170, note 1.
[5] Letter of August 26, 1577, in Bor, xi. 861, 869.

which, even if consonant with a sound historical view of the Netherland constitutions, hardly tallied with his monarch's instructions, his own opinions, or the practice under Alva and Requesens; but the country was still in a state of revolution, and the party of the Prince was gaining the upper hand.

It was the determination of that great statesman, according to that which he considered the legitimate practice of the government, to restore the administration to the State Council, which executive body ought of right to be appointed by the States-general. In the States-general, as in the states particular, a constant care was to be taken towards strengthening the most popular element, the "community" of each city, the aggregate, that is to say, of its guild representatives and its admitted burghers. This was, in the opinion of the Prince, the true theory of the government—republican in all but form—under the hereditary protection, not the despotic authority, of a family whose rights were now nearly forfeited. It was a great step in advance that these views should come to be thus formally announced, not in Holland and Zealand only, but by the deputies of the States-general, although such a doctrine, to the proud stomach of Don John, seemed sufficiently repulsive. Not less so was the cool intimation with which the paper concluded, that if he should execute his threat of resigning, the country would bear his loss with fortitude, coupled as was that statement with a declaration that, until his successor should be appointed, the State Council would consider itself charged *ad interim* with the government. In the meantime, the Governor was requested not to calumniate the Estates to foreign Governments, as he had so recently done in his intercepted letter to the Empress-dowager.[1]

Upon receiving this letter, "Don John," says a faithful old chronicler, "found that the cranes had invited the fox to dinner."[2] In truth, the illustrious soldier was never very successful in his efforts, for which his enemies gave him credit, to piece out the skin of the lion with that of the fox.[3] He now felt himself exposed and outwitted, while he did not feel conscious of any very dark design. He answered the letter of the States by a long communication, dated from Namur castle, 28th of August.[4] In style, he was comparatively temperate, but the justification which he attempted of his past conduct was not very happy. He noticed the three different points which formed the leading articles of the accusation brought against him, the matter, namely, of the intercepted letters, of the intrigues with the German colonels, and the seizure of Namur. He did not deny the authorship of the letters, but contented himself with a reference to their date, as if its priority to his installation as Governor furnished a sufficient palliation of the bad faith which the letters revealed.[5] As to the dispatches of Escovedo, he denied responsibility for any statements or opinions which they might contain. As the secretary, however, was known to be his most confidential friend, this attempt to shuffle off his own complicity was held to be both lame and unhandsome. As for the correspondence with the colonels, his defence was hardly more successful, and rested upon a general recrimination upon the Prince of Orange. As that personage was agitating and turbulent, it was not possible, the Governor urged, that he should himself remain quiet. It was out of his power to execute the treaty and the edict in the face of a notorious omission on the part of his adversary to enforce the one or to publish the other. It comported neither with his dignity nor his safety to lay down his weapons while the Prince and his adherents were arming. He should have placed himself "in a very foolish position," had he allowed himself, unarmed,

[1] Letter of the States-general in Bor, xi. 861, 862.

[2] "—— en dat de Kraen, so de fabel seid, de Vos to gast genood hadde," etc.—Bor, xi. 863b.

[3] Résponse à un petit livret, intitulé, Déclaration de l'Intention du Seignr Don Jehan d'Austrice, p. 3, Anvers, 1578.

[4] Bor, xi. 862, 863.

[5] Ibid. Hoofd, xii. 521.

to be dictated to by the armed. In defence of himself on the third point, the seizure of Namur castle, he recounted the various circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted. He laid particular stress upon the dramatic manner in which the Vicomte de Gand had drawn his curtains at the dead of night; he narrated at great length the ominous warning which he had likewise received from the Duke of Aerschot in Brussels, and concluded with a circumstantial account of the ambush which he believed to have been laid for him by Count de Lalain.[1] The letter concluded with a hope for an arrangement of difficulties, not yet admitted by the Governor to be insurmountable, and with a request for a formal conference, accompanied by an exchange of hostages.[2]

While this correspondence was proceeding between Namur and Brussels, an event was occurring in Antwerp which gave much satisfaction to Orange. The Spanish Fury, and the recent unsuccessful attempt of Don John to master the famous citadel, had determined the authorities to take the counsel which the Prince had so often given in vain, and the fortress of Antwerp was at length razed to the ground on the side towards the city.[3] It would be more correct to say that it was not the authorities, but the city itself which rose at last and threw off the saddle by which it had so long been galled. More than ten thousand persons were constantly at work, morning, noon, and night, until the demolition was accomplished.[4] Grave magistrates, great nobles, fair ladies, citizens and their wives, beggars and their children, all wrought together pell-mell. All were anxious to have a hand in destroying the nest where so many murders had been hatched, whence so much desolation had flown. The task was not a long one for workmen so much in earnest, and the fortress was soon laid low in the quarter where it could be injurious to the inhabitants. As the work proceeded, the old statue of Alva was discovered in a forgotten crypt,[5] where it had lain since it had been thrown down by the order of Requesens. Amid the destruction of the fortress, the gigantic phantom of its founder seemed to start suddenly from the gloom, but the apparition added fresh fuel to the rage of the people. The image of the execrated governor was fastened upon with as much fierceness as if the bronze effigy could feel their blows or comprehend their wrath. It was brought forth from its dark hiding place into the daylight. Thousands of hands were ready to drag it through the streets for universal inspection and outrage. A thousand sledge-hammers were ready to dash it to pieces, with a slight portion, at least, of the satisfaction with which those who wielded them would have dealt the same blows upon the head of the tyrant himself. It was soon reduced to a shapeless mass. Small portions were carried away and preserved for generations in families as heirlooms of hatred. The bulk was melted again and reconverted, by a most natural metamorphosis, into the cannon from which it had originally sprung.[6]

The razing of the Antwerp citadel set an example which was followed in other places; the castle of Ghent, in particular, being immediately levelled, amid demonstrations of universal enthusiasm.[7] Meantime, the correspondence between Don John and the Estates at Brussels dragged its slow length along, while at the same time two elaborate letters were addressed to the King on the 24th of August and the 8th of September by the States-general of the Netherlands. These documents, which were long and able, gave a vigorous representation of past evils, and of the present complication of disorders under which the commonwealth was labouring. They asked, as usual,

[1] Letter of Don John, Aug. 24, 1577. Bor, xi. 864.
[2] Letter of Don John, August 24, 1577.
[3] Hoofd, xii. 323, 324. Bor, xi. 856
[4] Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup. Strada, ix. 443.
[5] Hoofd, xii. 523. Strada, ix. 443.
[6] Strada, ubi sup. Hoofd, xii. 524.
[7] Bor, xi. 856. Hoofd, xii. 524. Meteren, vii. 185.

for a royal remedy; and expressed their doubts whether there could be any sincere reconciliation so long as the present Governor, whose duplicity and insolence they represented in a very strong light, should remain in office. Should his Majesty, however, prefer to continue Don John in the government, they signified their willingness, in consideration of his natural good qualities, to make the best of the matter. Should, however, the estrangement between themselves and the Governor seem irremediable, they begged that another and a legitimate prince of the blood might be appointed in his place.[1]

CHAPTER IV.

Orange invited to visit Brussels—His correspondence upon the subject with the States-general Triumphant journey of the Prince to the capital—Stop put by him to the negotiations with Don John—New and stringent demands made upon the Governor—His indignation—Open rupture—Intrigue of Netherland grandees with Archduke Matthias—Policy of Orange—Attitude of Queen Elizabeth—Flight of Matthias from Vienna—Anxiety of Elizabeth—Adroitness of the Prince—The office of Ruward—Election of Orange to that dignity—His complaints against the great nobles—Aerschot Governor of Flanders—A storm brewing in Ghent—Ryhove and Imbize—Blood-Councillor Hessels—Arrogance of the aristocratic party in Flanders—Ryhove's secret interview with Orange—Outbreak at Ghent—Arrest of Aerschot, Hessels, and others of the reactionary party—The Duke liberated at demand of Orange—The Prince's visit to Ghent—"Rhetorical" demonstrations—The new Brussels Union characterised—Treaty with England—Articles by which Matthias is nominally constituted Governor-General—His inauguration at Brussels—Brilliant and fantastic ceremonies—Letter of Don John to the Emperor—His anger with England—An army collecting—Arrival of Alexander Farnese—Injudicious distribution of offices in the States' army—The States' army falls back upon Gembloux, followed by Don John—Tremendous overthrow of the patriots—Wonderful disparity in the respective losses of the two armies.

WHILE these matters were in progress, an important movement was made by the States-general. The Prince of Orange was formally and urgently invited to come to Brussels to aid them with his counsel and presence.[2] The condemned traitor had not set foot in the capital for eleven years. We have narrated the circumstance of his departure, while the advancing trumpets of Alva's army were almost heard in the distance. His memorable and warning interview with Egmont has been described. Since that period, although his spirit had always been manifesting itself in the capital like an actual presence; although he had been the magnet towards which the States, throughout all their oscillations, had involuntarily vibrated, yet he had been ever invisible. He had been summoned by the Blood Council to stand his trial, and had been condemned to death by default. He answered the summons by a defiance, and the condemnation by two campaigns, unsuccessful in appearance, but which had in reality prostrated the authority of the sovereign.

Since that period, the representative of royalty had sued the condemned traitor for forgiveness. The haughty brother of Philip had almost gone upon his knees that the Prince might name his terms, and accept the proffered hand of majesty. The Prince had refused, not from contumely, but from distrust. He had spurned the supplications, as he had defied the proscription of the King. There could be no friendship between the destroyer and the protector of a people. Had the Prince desired only the reversal of his death-sentence, and the infinite aggrandisement of his family, we have seen how completely he had held these issues in his power. Never had it been more easy, plausible, tempting, for a proscribed patriot to turn his back upon an almost sinking cause. We have seen how his brave and subtle Batavian pro-

[1] See the letters in Bor, xi 867, 868. Meteren, vii. 123.

[2] Bor, xi. 871. Meteren, vii. 125. Hoofd, xii. 508.

totype, Civilis,[1] dealt with the representative of Roman despotism. The possible or impossible Netherland Republic of the first century of our era had been reluctantly abandoned, but the modern Civilis had justly more confidence in his people.

And now again the scene was changed. The son of the Emperor, the King's brother, was virtually beleaguered; the proscribed rebel had arrived at victory through a long series of defeats. The nation everywhere acknowledged him master, and was in undisguised revolt against the anointed sovereign. The great nobles, who hated Philip on the one hand, and the Reformed religion on the other, were obliged, in obedience to the dictates of a people with whom they had little sympathy, to accept the ascendancy of the Calvinist Prince, of whom they were profoundly jealous. Even the fleeting and incapable Aerschot was obliged to simulate adhesion; even the brave Champagny, cordial hater of Spaniards, but most devotedly Catholic, "the chiefest man of wysedome and stomach at that tyme in Brussels," so Envoy Wilson wrote to Burghley,[2] had become "Brabantised," as his brother Granvelle expressed himself,[3] and was one of the commissioners to invite the great rebel to Brussels. The other envoys were the Abbot of St. Gertrude, Dr. Leoninus, and the Seigneur de Liesvelt.[4] These gentlemen, on arriving at Gertruydenberg, presented a brief but very important memorial to the Prince.[5] In that document they informed him that the States-general, knowing how efficacious would be his presence, by reason of his singular prudence, experience, and love for the welfare and repose of the country, had unanimously united in a supplication that he would incontinently transport himself to the city of Brussels, there to advise with them concerning the necessities of the land; but, as the principal calumny employed by their adversaries was that all the provinces and leading personages intended to change both sovereign and religion at the instigation of his Excellency, it was desirable to disprove such fictions. They therefore very earnestly requested the Prince to make some contrary demonstration, by which it might be manifest to all that his Excellency, together with the Estates of Holland and Zealand, intended faithfully to keep what they had promised. They prayed, therefore, that the Prince, permitting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in the places which had recently accepted his authority, would also allow its exercise in Holland and Zealand. They begged, further, that he would promise, by a new and authentic act, that the provinces of Holland and Zealand would not suffer the said exercises to be impugned, or any new worship to be introduced in the other provinces of the Netherlands.[6]

This letter might almost be regarded as a trap set by the Catholic nobles. Certainly the Ghent Pacification forbade the Reformed religion in form, and as certainly winked at its exercise in fact. The proof was, that the new worship was spreading everywhere, that the exiles for conscience' sake were returning in swarms, and that the synod of the Reformed churches lately held at Dort had been publicly attended by the ministers and deacons of numerous dissenting churches established in many different places throughout all the provinces.[7] The pressure of the edicts, the horror of the Inquisition being removed, the down-trodden religion had sprung from the earth more freshly than ever.

The Prince was not likely to fall into the trap, if a trap had really been intended. He answered the envoys loyally, but with distinct reservations.[8]

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[1] Historical Introduction.

[2] Elizabeth and her Times, a series of Original Letters, by Th. Wright, t. ii. 45, London, 1838.

[3] "On disoit qu'ils avoient brabantisé M. de Champagney, ce qui ne me pleut quand je l'entendis," etc., etc.—Granvelle to M. de Bellefontaine, March 31, 1578, Arch. de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 339.

[4] Bor, xi. 871. Hoofd, xii. 526. Meteren, vii. 125.

[5] In Bor, xi. 872. Compare Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[6] Memorial in Bor, xi. 872. It is also published by Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 155–157.

[7] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 148. 149. Languet, Ep. Sec., i. 2, 298.

[8] Answer of the Prince of Orange, in Bor, xi. 873a, also in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 157–161. Compare Meteren, vii. 125, 126. Hoofd, xii. 527.

He did not even accept the invitation, save on condition that his visit to Brussels should be expressly authorised by Holland and Zealand. Notwithstanding his desire once more to behold his dear country, and to enjoy the good company of his best friends and brothers, he felt it his duty to communicate beforehand with the States of those two provinces, between which and himself there had been such close and reciprocal obligations, such long-tried and faithful affection. He therefore begged to refer the question to the Assembly of the said provinces about to be held at Gouda, where, in point of fact, the permission for his journey was, not without considerable difficulty, a few days afterwards obtained.

With regard to the more difficult requests addressed to him in the memorial, he professed generally his intention to execute the treaty of Ghent. He observed, however, that the point of permitting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in Holland and Zealand regarded principally the Estates of these provinces, which had contracted for no innovation in this matter, at least till the assembling of the States-general. He therefore suggested that he neither could nor ought to permit any innovation, without the knowledge and consent of those Estates. As to promising by authentic act that neither he nor the two provinces would suffer the exercise of the Catholic religion to be in any wise impugned in the rest of the Netherlands, the Prince expressed himself content to promise that, according to the said Ghent Pacification, they would suffer no attempt to be made against the public repose or against the Catholic worship. He added, that as he had no intention of usurping any superiority over the States-general assembled at Brussels, he was content to leave the settlement of this point to their free-will and wisdom, engaging himself neither to offer nor permit any hindrance to their operations.[1]

With this answer the deputies are said to have been well pleased.[2] If they were so, it must be confessed that they were thankful for small favours. They had asked to have the Catholic religion introduced into Holland and Zealand. The Prince had simply referred them to the Estates of these provinces. They had asked him to guarantee that the exercise of the Reformed religion should not be "procured" in the rest of the country. He had merely promised that the Catholic worship should not be prevented. The difference between the terms of the request and the reply was sufficiently wide.

The consent to his journey was with difficulty accorded by the Estates of Holland and Zealand;[3] and his wife, with many tears and anxious forebodings, beheld him depart for a capital where the heads of his brave and powerful friends had fallen, and where still lurked so many of his deadly foes. During his absence, prayers were offered daily for his safety in all the churches of Holland and Zealand, by command of the Estates.[4]

He arrived at Antwerp on the 17th of September, and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. The Prince, who had gone forth alone, without even a bodyguard, had the whole population of the great city for his buckler. Here he spent five days, observing, with many a sigh, the melancholy changes which had taken place in the long interval of his absence. The recent traces of the horrible "Fury," the blackened walls of the Hôtel de Ville, the prostrate ruins of the marble streets, which he had known as the most imposing in Europe, could be hardly atoned for in his eyes even by the more grateful spectacle of the dismantled fortress.

On the 23d of September, he was attended by a vast concourse of citizens to the new canal which led to Brussels, where three barges were in waiting for

[1] Answer of the Prince of Orange to the Proposition of the States-general, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, xi. 878. Hoofd, xii. 526.

[3] Bor, xi. 873.—"Hoewel ongeyrne."—Hoofd, xii. 527.

[4] Bor, xi. 873.

himself and suite. In one a banquet was spread; in the second, adorned with emblematic devices and draped with the banners of the seventeen provinces, he was to perform the brief journey; while the third had been filled by the inevitable Rhetoric societies, with all the wonders of their dramatic and plastic ingenuity. Rarely had such a complication of vices and virtues, of crushed dragons, victorious archangels, broken fetters, and resurgent nationalities, been seen before within the limits of a single canal-boat. The affection was, however, sincere, and the spirit noble, even though the taste which presided at these demonstrations may have been somewhat pedantic.[1]

The Prince was met several miles before the gates of Brussels by a procession of nearly half the inhabitants of the city, and, thus escorted, he entered the capital in the afternoon of the 23d of September.[2] It was the proudest day of his life. The representatives of all the provinces, supported by the most undeniable fervour of the united Netherland people, greeted "Father William." Perplexed, discordant, hating, fearing, doubting, they could believe nothing, respect nothing, love nothing save the tranquil Prince. His presence at that moment in Brussels was the triumph of the people and of religious toleration. He meant to make use of the crisis to extend and to secure popular rights, and to establish the supremacy of the States-general under the nominal sovereignty of some prince, who was yet to be selected, while the executive body was to be a State Council, appointed by the States-general. So far as appears, he had not decided as to the future protector, but he had resolved that it should be neither himself nor Philip of Spain. The outlaw came to Brussels prepared at last to trample out a sovereignty which had worked its own forfeiture. So far as he had made any election within his breast, his choice inclined to the miserable Duke of Anjou, a prince whom he never came to know as posterity has known him, but whom he at least learned to despise. Thus far the worthless and paltry intriguer still wore the heroic mask, deceiving even such far-seeing politicians as St. Aldegonde and the Prince.

William's first act was to put a stop to the negotiations already on foot with Don John.[3] He intended that they should lead to war, because peace was impossible, except a peace for which civil and religious liberty would be bartered; for it was idle, in his opinion, to expect the maintenance by the Spanish Governor of the Ghent Pacification, whatever promises might be extorted from his fears. A deputation, in the name of the States, had already been sent with fresh propositions to Don John at Namur. The envoys were Caspar Schetz and the Bishop of Bruges.[4] They had nearly come to an amicable convention with the Governor, the terms of which had been sent to the States-general for approval at the very moment of the Prince's arrival in Brussels. Orange, with great promptness, prevented the ratification of these terms, which the Estates had in reality already voted to accept. New articles were added to those which had originally been laid before Don John.[5] It was now stipulated that the Ghent treaty and the Perpetual Edict should be maintained. The Governor was required forthwith to abandon Namur castle, and to dismiss the German troops. He was to give up the other citadels and strong places, and to disband all the soldiers in his service. He was to command the governors of every province to prohibit the entrance of all foreign levies. He was forthwith to release captives, restore confiscated

[1] Bor, xi. 873. Hoofd, xii. 527.
[2] Bor, xi. Hoofd, xii. 528. Meteren, vii. 126.
[3] Bor, xi. 874, sqq. Hoofd xii. 528.
[4] Bor, xi. 874. Remigius Drutius, Bishop of Bruges. Hoofd, xii. 528. Cabrera, xi. 942.
[5] Mémoire et Recueil de ce qu'est passé entre le Seigneur Don Jan d'Autriche, etc., depuis sa retraicte au chasteau de Namur—redigé par escript par le Seigneur de Grobbendonck, p. 220, sqq. This very curious memoir, by one of the diplomatists engaged, has been republished, according to the original sketch, in the Bulletins de la Com. Roy., x. 172–223. Compare Archives et Correspondance, vi. 166–170.

property, and reinstate officers who had been removed; leaving the details of such restorations to the Council of Mechlin and the other provincial tribunals. He was to engage that the Count van Buren should be set free within two months. He was himself, while waiting for the appointment of his successor, to take up his residence in Luxemburg, and while there, he was to be governed entirely by the decision of the State Council, expressed by a majority of its members. Furthermore, and as not the least stinging of these sharp requisitions, the Queen of England—she who had been the secret ally of Orange, and whose crown the Governor had secretly meant to appropriate—was to be included in the treaty.[1]

It could hardly excite surprise that Don John, receiving these insolent propositions at the very moment in which he heard of the triumphant entrance into Brussels of the Prince, should be filled with rage and mortification.[2] Never was champion of the Cross thus braved by infidels before. The Ghent treaty, according to the Orange interpretation—that is to say, heresy made legitimate—was to be the law of the land. His Majesty was to surrender—colours and cannon—to his revolted subjects. The royal authority was to be superseded by that of a State Council, appointed by the States-general at the dictation of the Prince. The Governor-General himself, brother of his Catholic Majesty, was to sit quietly with folded arms in Luxemburg, while the arch heretic and rebel reigned supreme in Brussels. It was too much to expect that the choleric soldier would be content with what he could not help regarding as a dishonourable capitulation. The arrangement seemed to him about as reasonable as it would have been to invite Sultan Selim to the Escorial, and to send Philip to reside at Bayonne. He could not but regard the whole proposition as an insolent declaration of war. He was right. It was a declaration of war; as much so as if proclaimed by trump of herald. How could Don John refuse the wager of battle thus haughtily proffered?

Smooth Schetz, Lord of Grobbendonck, and his episcopal colleague, in vain attempted to calm the Governor's wrath, which now flamed forth in defiance of all considerations.[3] They endeavoured, without success, to palliate the presence of Orange, and the circumstances of his reception, for it was not probable that their eloquence would bring the Governor to look at the subject with their eyes. Three days were agreed upon for the suspension of hostilities, and Don John was highly indignant that the Estates would grant no longer a truce. The refusal was, however, reasonable enough on their part, for they were aware that veteran Spaniards and Italians were constantly returning to him, and that he was daily strengthening his position. The envoys returned to Brussels to give an account of the Governor's rage, which they could not declare to be unnatural, and to assist in preparations for the war which was now deemed inevitable. Don John, leaving a strong garrison in the citadel of Namur, from which place he dispatched a final communication to the States-general, dated the 2d of October, retired to Luxemburg. In this

[1] These remarkable articles are to be found in Bor, xi. 874–876. A very meagre extract is given by Cabrera, xi. 942. Groen v. Prinst., vi. 166–170. Compare the "Mémoire et Recueil" of Grobbendonck, passim.

[2] Mémoire et Recueil, passim. According to Cabrera, xi. 944, a more cheerful view of the subject was taken by those who surrounded the Governor. The propositions only excited their laughter. The same historian, as well as all the Spanish writers, of course represent the Prince as influenced in his policy solely by self-interest, by his incapacity to pay his debts, and by his despair of obtaining a royal pardon should a peace ensue. Peace for the country, so his enemies thought, was death for him: "Doliendose un ministro de Orange, diziendo que ya se acabó e tratar de paxes aunque le fue nueva alegre, *con indignacion* respondio fuera *insigne par perder la vida el*; mostrando que su prosperidad no consistia en el bien publico, sino en la guerra: *que a esto le truxo la desesperacion del perdon de su pena no merecido*" (xi. 944.) The reader is already competent to appreciate the calumnious nature of such statements by a perusal of the correspondence and secret negotiations between Don John and Orange. The personal and unlimited offers of pardon and advancement made to the Prince by the Governor-General, on his first arrival in the country, are a sufficient answer to these stupid accusations.

[3] Mémoire et Recueil par le Seigneur Grobbendonck. Compare Bor. xi. 876; Hoofd, xii. 529.

letter, without exactly uttering defiance, he unequivocally accepted the hostilities which had been pressed upon him, and answered their hollow professions of attachment to the Catholic religion and his Majesty's authority by denouncing their obvious intentions to trample upon both. He gave them, in short, to understand that he perceived their intentions and meant them to comprehend his own.[1]

Thus the quarrel was brought to an issue, and Don John saw with grim complacency that the pen was at last to be superseded by the sword. A remarkable pamphlet was now published, in seven different languages, Latin, French, Flemish, German, Italian, Spanish, and English, containing a succinct account of the proceedings between the Governor and the Estates, together with copies of the intercepted letters of Don John and Escovedo to the King, to Perez, to the German colonels, and to the Empress. This work, composed and published by order of the States-general, was transmitted, with an accompanying address, to every potentate in Christendom.[2] It was soon afterwards followed by a counter-statement, prepared by order of Don John, and containing his account of the same matters, with his recriminations against the conduct of the Estates.[3]

Another important movement had, meanwhile, been made by the third party in this complicated game. The Catholic nobles, jealous of the growing influence of Orange, and indignant at the expanding power of the people, had opened secret negotiations with the Archduke Matthias, then a mild, easy-tempered youth of twenty, brother of the reigning emperor, Rudolph. After the matter had been discussed some time in secret, it was resolved, towards the end of September, to send a messenger to Vienna, privately inviting the young Prince to Brussels; but much to the surprise of these nobles, it was discovered that some fifteen or sixteen of the grandees of the land, among them Aerschot, Havré, Champagny, De Ville, Lalain, De Héze, and others, had already taken the initiative in the matter. On the 26th of August, the Seigneur de Maalsteede had set forth, by their appointment, for Vienna. There is no doubt that this step originated in jealousy felt towards Orange, but at the same time it is certain that several of the leaders in the enterprise were still his friends.[4] Some, like Champagny and De Héze, were honestly so; others, like Aerschot, Havré, and De Ville, always traitors in heart to the national cause, loyal to nothing but their own advancement, were still apparently upon the best terms with him. Moreover, it is certain that he had been made aware of the scheme, at least before the arrival of the Archduke in the Netherlands; for the Marquis Havré, on his way to England as special envoy from the Estates, had a conference with him at Gertruydenberg.[5] This was in the middle of September, and before his departure for Brussels. Naturally, the proposition seemed, at first, anything but agreeable; but the Marquis represented himself afterwards as having at last induced the Prince to look upon it with more favourable eyes.[6] Nevertheless, the step had been taken before the consultation was held; nor was it the first time that the advice of Orange had been asked concerning the adoption of a measure after the measure had been adopted.

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[1] Bor, xi. 876. Hoofd, xii. 529, 530.

[2] Bor, xi. 881. The quotations in the preceding pages from this pamphlet have been made from the original edition, published in 1577 at Antwerp, by Silvius, under the title "Discours Sommier des Justes Causes et Raisons qui ont contrainct les Estats Generaulx des Pais Bas de pourveoir à leur Deffence contre le Seigneur Don Jehan d'Austrice: avec plusieurs lettres interceptées en plus grand nombre," etc., etc. A Flemish translation is given in the Byvoegsel Auth. Stukh., i. 151 en 176 of Bor, under the title of "Kort Verhael van de rechte oorsaken en redenen," etc., etc.

[3] The edition of this pamphlet from which the citations in the text have been made is the Latin one of Marchant, published at Luxembourg, anno 1578, under the title "Vera et Simplex Narratio eorum quæ ab Adventu D. Joannis Austriaci Supremi in Belgio, etc., gesta sunt," etc., etc.

[4] Bor, xi. 898. Meteren, vii. 126. Hoofd, xii. 530. Cabrera, xi. 944, 945. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 191. [5] Hoofd, xii. 520. [6] Bor, xi. 900.

Whatever may have been his original sentiments upon the subject, however, he was always less apt to complain of irrevocable events than quick to reconcile them with his own combinations, and it was soon to be discovered that the new stumbling-block which his opponents had placed in his path could be converted into an additional stepping-stone towards his goal. Meanwhile, the secret invitation to the Archduke was regarded by the people and by foreign spectators as a plot devised by his enemies. Davison, envoy from Queen Elizabeth, was then in Brussels, and informed his royal mistress, whose sentiments and sympathies were unequivocally in favour of Orange, of the intrigues against the Prince.[1] The efforts of England were naturally to counteract the schemes of all who interfered with his policy, the Queen especially, with her customary sagacity, foreseeing the probable inclination of the Catholic nobles towards the protectorate of Alençon. She did not feel certain as to the precise plans of Orange, and there was no course better adapted to draw her from barren coquetry into positive engagements than to arouse her jealousy of the French influence in the provinces. At this moment she manifested the warmest friendship for the Prince.[2] Costly presents were transmitted by her to his wife; among others, an ornament of which a sculptured lizard formed a part. The Princess, in a graceful letter to her husband, desiring that her acknowledgments should be presented to her English Majesty, accepted the present as significative. "'Tis the fabled virtue of the lizard," she said, "to awaken sleepers whom a serpent is about to sting. You are the lizard, and the Netherlands the sleepers—pray heaven they may escape the serpent's bite!"[3] The Prince was well aware, therefore, of the plots which were weaving against him. He had small faith in the great nobles, whom he trusted "as he would adders fanged," and relied only upon the communities, upon the mass of burghers. They deserved his confidence, and watched over his safety with jealous care. On one occasion, when he was engaged at the State Council till a late hour, the citizens conceived so much alarm that a large number of them spontaneously armed themselves and repaired to the palace. The Prince, informed of the circumstance, threw open a window and addressed them, thanking them for their friendship and assuring them of his safety. They were not satisfied, however, to leave him alone, but remained under arms below till the session was terminated, when they escorted him with affectionate respect to his own hotel.[4]

The secret envoy arrived in Vienna, and excited the ambition of the youthful Matthias.[5] It must be confessed that the offer could hardly be a very tempting one, and it excites our surprise that the Archduke should have thought the adventure worth the seeking. A most anomalous position in the Netherlands was offered to him by a slender and irresponsible faction of Netherlanders. There was a triple prospect before him: that of a hopeless intrigue against the first politician in Europe, a mortal combat with the most renowned conqueror of the age, a deadly feud with the most powerful and revengeful monarch in the world. Into this threefold enterprise he was about to plunge without any adequate resources, for the Archduke possessed no experience, power, or wealth.[6] He brought, therefore, no strength to a cause which was itself feeble. He could hope for no protection, nor inspire any confidence. Nevertheless, he had courage, pliability, and a turn for political adventure. Visions of the discomfited Philip conferring the hand of his daughter, with the Netherlands as her dowry, upon the enterprising youth who, at this juncture, should succeed in overturning the Spanish authority in

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[1] Bor, xi. 899.
[2] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 190.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Languetii Epist. ad Aug. 125, Oct. 17, 1577, p. 324.
[5] Bor, xi. 898. Hoofd, xii. 531. Meteren, vii. 196.
[6] Bor, xi. 899.

that country, were conjured up by those who originated the plot,[1] and he was weak enough to consider such absurdities plausible, and to set forth at once to take possession of this castle in the air.

On the evening of 3d October 1577, he retired to rest at eight o'clock, feigning extreme drowsiness. After waiting till his brother Maximilian, who slept in another bed in the same chamber, was asleep, he slipped from his couch and from the room in his night apparel, without even putting on his slippers. He was soon after provided by the companions of his flight with the disguise of a servant, arrayed in which, with his face blackened, he made his escape by midnight from Vienna,[2] but it is doubtful whether Rudolph was as ignorant as he affected to be of the scheme.[3] The Archduke arrived at Cologne attended only by two gentlemen and a few servants. The Governor was beside himself with fury; the Queen of England was indignant; the Prince only, against whom the measure was mainly directed, preserved his usual tranquillity.[4]

Secretary Walsingham, as soon as the news reached England, sent for Meetkercke, colleague of Marquis Havré in the mission from the Estates.[5] He informed that functionary of the great perplexity and excitement which, according to information received from the English resident, Davison, were then prevailing in Brussels, on account of the approach of the Archduke. Some, he said, were for receiving him at one place, some at another; others were in favour of forbidding his entrance altogether. Things had been sufficiently complicated before, without this additional cause of confusion. Don John was strengthening himself daily, through the secret agency of the Duke of Guise and his party. His warlike genius was well known, as well as the experience of the soldiers who were fast rallying under his banner. On the other hand the Duke of Alençon had come to La Fére, and was also raising troops, while, to oppose this crowd of rival enemies, to deal with this host of impending disasters, there was but one man in the Netherlands. On the Prince of Orange alone could the distracted States rely. To his prudence and valour only could the Queen look with hopeful eyes. The Secretary proceeded to inform the envoy, therefore, that her Majesty would feel herself compelled to withdraw all succour from the States if the Prince of Orange were deprived of his leadership; for it was upon that leadership only that she had relied for obtaining a successful result. She was quite indisposed to encounter indefinite risk with an impossibility of profit.[6]

Meetkercke replied to the secretary by observing that the great nobles of the land had been unanimous in desiring a new Governor-General at this juncture. They had thought Matthias, with a strong Council of State, composed of native Netherlanders, to control him, likely to prove a serviceable candidate for the post. They had reason to believe that, after he should be received, the Emperor would be reconciled to the measure, and that by his intercession the King of Spain would be likewise induced to aquiesce.[7] He alluded, moreover, to the conference between the Marquis of Havré and Orange at Gertruydenberg, and quoted the opinion of the Prince that it would be unwise, after the invitation had been given, to insult the Archduke and his whole imperial house by treating him with indignity upon his arrival. It

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[1] Hoofd, xii. 530.

[2] Letter of Dr. Labbe to the Queen Mother of France, in Archives et Correspondance, vi. 202.

[3] It was the opinion of Languet that the Emperor affected ignorance of the plot at its commencement, that he afterwards affected an original connivance, and that he was equally disingenuous in both pretences. "Pulchre sane instructa fabula," quoth shrewd Herbert, "sed caveant aucupes se suis retibus involvant;" and again, six months later, "Jam profitetur se fuisse authorem Matthiæ fratri, ut in Belgium iret. Quam caute id faciat, nescio, cum id antea constanter negaverit."—Huberti Languetti Epistolæ ad illustrem et generosum Dominum Philippum Sydnæum, Francof., 1633, lxii. 224, lxvi. 138.

[4] Bor, xi. 900. Meteren, vii. 126.

[5] Bor, xi. 899, 900. [6] Ibid. [7] Ibid.

was inevitable, said the envoy, that differences of opinion should exist in large assemblies; but according to information which he had recently received from Marquis Havré, then in Brussels, affairs had already become smooth again. At the conclusion of the conference, Walsingham repeated emphatically that the only condition upon which the Queen would continue her succour to the Netherlands was, that the Prince should be forthwith appointed Lieutenant-General for the Archduke.[1]

The immediate result of this movement was that Matthias was received at Antwerp by Orange at the head of two thousand cavalry, and attended by a vast concourse of inhabitants.[2] Had the Prince chosen a contrary course, the Archduke might have been compelled to return, somewhat ridiculously, to Vienna; but, at the same time, the anger of the Emperor and of all Germany would have been aroused against Orange and the cause he served. Had the Prince, on the contrary, abandoned the field himself, and returned to Holland, he would have left the game in the hands of his adversaries. Ever since he had made what his brother John called that "dangerous gallows-journey" to Brussels,[3] his influence had been culminating daily, and the jealousy of the great nobles rising as rapidly. Had he now allowed himself to be driven from his post, he would have exactly fulfilled their object. By remaining, he counteracted their schemes. By taking Matthias wholly into his own possession, he obtained one piece the more in the great game which he was playing against his antagonist in the Escorial. By making adroit use of events as they arose, he made the very waves which were to sink him carry his great cause triumphantly onward.

The first result of the invitation to Matthias was the election of Orange as Ruward of Brabant.[4] This office was one of great historical dignity, but somewhat anomalous in its functions. The province of Brabant, having no special governor, was usually considered under the immediate superintendence of the Governor-General. As the capital of Brabant was the residence of that functionary, no inconvenience from this course had been felt since the accession of the house of Burgundy. At present, however, the condition of affairs was so peculiar—the seat of government being empty without having been permanently vacated—that a special opportunity was offered for conferring both honour and power on the Prince. A Ruward was not exactly dictator, although his authority was universal. He was not exactly protector, nor governor, nor stadholder. His functions were unlimited as to time—therefore superior to those of an ancient dictator; they were commonly conferred on the natural heir to the sovereignty—therefore more lofty than those of ordinary stadholders. The individuals who had previously held the office in the Netherlands had usually reigned afterwards in their own right. Duke Albert, of the Bavarian line, for example, had been Ruward of Hainault and Holland for thirty years, during the insanity of his brother, and on the death of Duke William had succeeded to his title.[5] Philip of Burgundy had declared himself Ruward of Brabant in 1425,[6] and had shortly afterwards deprived Jacqueline of all her titles and appropriated them to himself. In the one case the regent, in the second case the usurper, had become reigning prince. Thus the movement of the jealous nobles against the Prince had for its first effect his immediate appointment to an office whose chief characteristic was that it conducted to sovereignty.

The election was accomplished thus: The "members" or Estates of

1 Bor, xi. 900.

2 Ibid. Meteren, vii.

3 "—— Wie man's achten mocht, zwar galgreisen, so des Hern Printz abzureuten und gehn Brussel—thun mussen," etc., etc.—Archives et Correspond., vi. 215.

4 Hoofd, xii. 532. Wagenaer, vii. 171.

5 Wagenaer, iii. 304 (in 1387, A.D.).

6 Ibid., 465. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, vi. 208-210; Strada, ix. 440, 441; Wagenaer, vii. 171.

Brussels, together with the deans, guilds, and other of the principal citizens of Antwerp, addressed a request to the States of Brabant that William of Orange should be appointed Ruward, and after long deliberation the measure was carried. The unsolicited honour was then solemnly offered to him. He refused, and was only after repeated and urgent entreaties induced to accept the office. The matter was then referred to the States-general, who confirmed the dignity, after some demur, and with the condition that it might be superseded by the appointment of a Governor-General.[1] He was finally confirmed as Ruward on the 22d of October, to the boundless satisfaction of the people, who celebrated the event by a solemn holiday in Antwerp, Brussels, and other cities.[2] His friends, inspired by the intrigues of his enemies, had thus elevated the Prince to almost unlimited power; while a strong expression in favour of his government had been elicited from the most important ally of the Netherlands—England. It soon rested with himself only to assume the Government of Flanders, having been elected stadholder, not once only, but many times, by the four Estates of that important province, and having as constantly refused the dignity.[3] With Holland and Zealand devoted to him, Brabant and Flanders formally under his government, the Netherland capital lavishing testimonials of affection upon him, and the mass of the people almost worshipping him, it would not have been difficult for the Prince to play a game as selfish as it had hitherto been close and skilful. He might have proved to the grand seigniors that their suspicions were just by assuming a crown which they had been intriguing to push from his brows. Certainly the nobles deserved their defeat. They had done their best to circumvent Orange in all ways and at all times. They had paid their court to power when it was most powerful, and had sought to swim on the popular tide when it was rising. He avenged himself upon their perfidy only by serving his country more faithfully than ever, but it was natural that he should be indignant at the conduct of these gentlemen, "children of good houses" (in his own words), "issue of worthy sires," whose fathers, at least, he had ever loved and honoured.[4]

"They serve the Duke of Alva and the Grand Commander like varlets," he cried; "they make war upon me to the knife. Afterwards they treat with me, they reconcile themselves with me, they are sworn foes of the Spaniard. Don John arrives, and they follow him; they intrigue for my ruin. Don John fails in his enterprise upon Antwerp citadel; they quit him incontinently and call upon me. No sooner do I come than, against their oath, and without previous communication with the States or myself, they call upon the Archduke Matthias. Are the waves of the sea more inconstant—is Euripus more uncertain than the counsels of such men?"[5]

While these events were occurring at Brussels and Antwerp, a scene of a different nature was enacting at Ghent. The Duke of Aerschot had recently been appointed to the government of Flanders by the State Council,[6] but the choice was exceedingly distasteful to a large number of the inhabitants. Although, since the defeat of Don John's party in Antwerp, Aerschot had again become "the affectionate brother" of Orange, yet he was known to be the head of the cabal which had brought Matthias from Vienna. Flanders, moreover, swarmed with converts to the Reformed religion,[7] and the Duke's strict Romanism was well known. The people, therefore, who hated the Pope and adored the Prince, were furious at the appointment of the new Governor; but by dint of profuse promises regarding the instant restoration of privileges

[1] Groen v. Prinst., vi. 208, 209. Bondam, iii. 319, 599. (cited by Groen v. Prinst.). [2] Hoofd, xii. 528.
[3] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, pp. 108, 109.
[4] Ibid., pp. 106 107.
[5] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 107.
[6] Bor, xi. 903. Meteren, vii. 126. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 278.
[7] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 276. Hoofd, xii. 533.

and charters which had long lain dormant, the friends of Aerschot succeeded in preparing the way for his installation.[1]

On the 20th of October, attended by twenty-three companies of infantry and three hundred horse, he came to Ghent.[2] That famous place was still one of the most powerful and turbulent towns in Europe. Although diminished in importance since the commercial decline which had been the inevitable result of Philip's bloody government, it was still swarming with a vigorous and dangerous population,[3] and it had not forgotten the days when the iron tongue of Roland could call eighty thousand fighting men to the city banner.[4] Even now, twenty thousand were secretly pledged [5] to rise at the bidding of certain chieftains resident among them, noble by birth, warmly attached to the Reformed religion, and devoted to Orange. These gentlemen were perfectly conscious that a reaction was to be attempted in favour of Don John and of Catholicism, through the agency of the newly-appointed Governor of Flanders. Aerschot was trusted or respected by neither party. The only difference in the estimates formed of him was, that some considered him a deep and dangerous traitor; others, that he was rather foolish than malicious,[6] and more likely to ruin a good cause than to advance the interests of a bad one. The leaders of the popular party at Ghent believed him dangerous. They felt certain that it was the deeply laid design of the Catholic nobles—foiled as they had been in the objects with which they had brought Matthias from Vienna, and enraged as they were that the only result of that movement had been to establish the power of Orange upon a firmer basis—to set up an opposing influence in Ghent. Flanders, in the possession of the Catholics, was to weigh up Brabant, with its recent tendencies to toleration. Aerschot was to counteract the schemes of Orange. Matthias was to be withdrawn from the influence of the great heretic, and be yet compelled to play the part set down for him by those who had placed him upon the stage. A large portion, no doubt, of the schemes here suggested was in agitation, but the actors were hardly equal to the drama which they were attempting. The intrigue was, however, to be frustrated at once by the hand of Orange, acting as it often did from beneath a cloud.

Of all the chieftains possessing influence with the inhabitants of Ghent, two young nobles, named Ryhove and Imbize, were the most conspicuous.[7] Both were of ancient descent and broken fortunes, both were passionately attached to the Prince, both were inspired with an intense hatred for all that was Catholic or Spanish. They had travelled further on the reforming path than many had done in that day, and might even be called democratic in their notions. Their heads were filled with visions of Greece and Rome; the praise of republics was ever on their lips; and they avowed to their intimate associates that it was already feasible to compose a commonwealth like that of the Swiss Cantons out of the seventeen Netherlands.[8] They were regarded as dreamers by some, as desperadoes by others. Few had confidence in their capacity or their purity; but Orange, who knew mankind, recognised in them useful instruments for any hazardous enterprise. They delighted in stratagems and sudden feats of arms. Audacious and cruel by temperament, they were ever most happy in becoming a portion of the desolation which popular tumults engender.

There were several excited meetings of the four Estates of Flanders immediately after the arrival of the Duke of Aerschot in Ghent.[9] His coming had

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1 Meteren, vii. 126. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 279.
2 Meteren, Van d. Vynckt, ubi sup. Bor, xi. 903.
3 Van d. Vynckt, ii. 276, 277.
4 Guicciardini-Gandavum, pp. 343, 344; see Introduction to this work. Tassis, iv. 910.
5 Van d. Vynckt, ii. 277.
6 "Sed plerique existimant eum stultitiâ potius quam malitiâ peccasse."—Languet. Ep. Sec., i. ii. 307.
7 Van d. Vynckt, ii. 274, sqq. 8 Ibid., 284, 285.
9 Ibid., 276, sqq. Meteren, vii. 126.

been preceded by extensive promises, but it soon became obvious that their fulfilment was to be indefinitely deferred. There was a stormy session on the 27th of October, many of the clergy and nobility being present, and comparatively few members of the third Estate. Very violent speeches were made, and threats openly uttered, that the privileges, about which so much noise had been heard, would be rather curtailed than enlarged under the new administration. At the same session, the commission of Aerschot was formally presented by Champagny and Sweveghem, deputed by the State Council for that purpose.[1] Champagny was in a somewhat anomalous position. There was much doubt in men's minds concerning him. He had seemed lately the friend of Orange, but he was certainly the brother of Granvelle. His splendid but fruitless services during the Antwerp Fury had not been forgotten, but he was known to be a determined Catholic. He was a hater of Spaniards, but no lover of popular liberty. The nature of his sentiments towards Orange was perhaps unjustly suspected. At any rate, two or three days after the events which now occupy our attention, he wrote him a private letter in which he assured him of his attachment. In reference to the complaints of the Prince, that he had not been seconded as he ought to have been, he said, moreover, that he could solemnly swear never to have seen a single individual who did not hold the Prince in admiration, and who was not affectionately devoted to him, not only by public profession, but by private sentiment.[2] There was little doubt entertained as to the opinions held by the rest of the aristocratic party, then commencing their manœuvres in Ghent. Their sentiments were uttered with sufficient distinctness in this remarkable session.

Hessels, the old Blood Councillor, was then resident in Ghent, where he discharged high governmental functions. It was he, as it will be remembered, who habitually fell asleep at that horrible Council board, and could only start from his naps to shout "ad patibulum," while the other murderers had found their work less narcotic. A letter from Hessels to Count de Reux, late royal Governor of Flanders, was at the present juncture intercepted.[3] Perhaps it was invented, but genuine or fictitious, it was circulated extensively among the popular leaders, and had the effect of proving Madame de Hessels a true prophet. It precipitated the revolution in Flanders, and soon afterwards cost the Councillor his life. "We have already brought many notable magistrates of Flanders over to the side of his Highness Don John," wrote Hessels. "We hope, after the Duke of Aerschot is governor, that we shall fully carry out the intentions of his Majesty and the plans of his Highness. We shall also know *how to circumvent the scandalous heretic with all his adherents and followers.*"[4]

Certainly, if this letter were true, it was high time for the friends of the "scandalous heretic" to look about them. If it were a forgery,[5] which is highly probable, it was ingeniously imagined, and did the work of truth. The revolutionary party, being in a small minority in the Assembly, were advised by their leaders to bow before the storm. They did so, and the bluster of the reactionary party grew louder as they marked the apparent discomfiture of their foes. They openly asserted that the men who were clamouring for privileges should obtain nothing but halters. The buried charters should never be resuscitated; but the spirit of the dead Emperor, who had once put a rope around the necks of the insolent Ghenters, still lived in that of his son. There was no lack of denunciation. Don John and the Duke of Aerschot would soon bring the turbulent burghers to their senses, and there

[1] Meteren, vii. 126b. Hoofd, xii. 533.
[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 216.
[3] Bor, xi. 905a.
[4] Bor, xi. 905.
[5] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 220. Compare the remarks of Groen v. Prinst.; Bor, xi. 223.

would then be an end to this renewed clamour about musty parchments.[1] Much indignation was secretly excited in the Assembly by such menaces. Without doors the subterranean flames spread rapidly, but no tumult occurred that night. Before the session was over, Ryhove left the city, pretending a visit to Tournay. No sooner had he left the gates, however, than he turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and rode off post-haste to Antwerp. There he had a conference with William of Orange,[2] and painted in lively colours the alarming position of affairs. "And what do you mean to do in the matter?" asked the Prince, rather drily.[3] Ryhove was somewhat disconcerted. He had expected a violent explosion, well as he knew the tranquil personage whom he was addressing. "I know no better counsel," he replied at length, "than to take the Duke, with his bishops, councillors, lords, and the whole nest of them, by the throat, and thrust them all out together."[4]

"Rather a desperate undertaking, however?" said the Prince, carelessly, but interrogatively.

"I know no other remedy," answered Ryhove. "I would rather make the attempt, relying upon God alone, and die like a man, if needful, than live in eternal slavery. Like an ancient Roman," continued the young republican noble in somewhat bombastic vein, "I am ready to wager my life where my fatherland's welfare is at stake."

"Bold words!" said the Prince, looking gravely at Ryhove; "but upon what force do you rely for your undertaking?"

"If I can obtain no assistance from your Excellency," was the reply, "I shall throw myself on the mass of the citizens. I can arouse them in the name of their ancient liberties, which must be redeemed now or never."

The Prince, believing probably that the scheme, if scheme there were, was but a wild one, felt little inclination to compromise himself with the young conspirator. He told him he could do nothing at present, and saying that he must at least sleep upon the matter, dismissed him for the night. Next morning, at daybreak, Ryhove was again closeted with him. The Prince asked his sanguine partisan if he were still determined to carry out his project, with no more definite support than he had indicated? Ryhove assured him, in reply, that he meant to do so, or to die in the attempt. The Prince shrugged his shoulders, and soon afterwards seemed to fall into a reverie.[5] Ryhove continued talking, but it was soon obvious that his Highness was not listening, and he therefore took his leave somewhat abruptly. Hardly had he left the house, however, when the Prince dispatched St. Aldegonde in search of him. That gentleman, proceeding to his hotel, walked straight into the apartment of Ryhove, and commenced a conversation with a person whom he found there; but to his surprise, he soon discovered, experienced politician though he was, that he had made an egregious blunder. He had opened a dangerous secret to an entire stranger,[6] and Ryhove coming into the apartment a few minutes afterwards, was naturally surprised to find the Prince's chief councillor in close conversation about the plot with Van Rooyen, the burgomaster of Denremonde. The Flemish noble, however, always prompt in emergencies, drew his rapier, and assured the astonished burgomaster that he would either have his life on the instant, or his oath never to reveal a

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1 Meteren, vii. 126. Bor, xi. 903, 599.

2 Meteren, vi. 126b. Hoofd, xii. 533. Bor merely observes that it was *supposed* that Ryhove had visited Orange during his brief absence from Ghent. Meteren, however, gives a minute account of their interview, in which he is followed by Hoofd, who had additional sources of information. Compare Groen v. Prinst., vi. 217, 218; Wagenaer, vii. 177; Van d. Vynckt, ii. 279, 280, et al.

3 "Waer toe den Prince niet anders en wiste op te segghen dan vraeghde wat raedt?"—Meteren, vii. 126b. Hoofd, xii. 533.

4 "—— Met den geheele neste by den halse te vatten ende te verdrijven."—Meteren, vii. 126. Compare Hoofd.

5 "De Prince trok syn schouderen ende aenhoorde hem met dooven ooren," etc.—Meteren, ubi sup. Hoofd xii. 534.

6 Meteren, vii. 125. Hoofd, xii. 534.

syllable of what he had heard. That functionary, who, had neither desired the young noble's confidence, nor contemplated the honour of being run through the body as a consequence of receiving it, was somewhat aghast at the rapid manner in which these gentlemen transacted business. He willingly gave the required pledge, and was permitted to depart.

The effect of the conference between St. Aldegonde and Ryhove was to convince the young partisan that the Prince would neither openly countenance his project nor be extremely vexed should it prove successful. In short, while, as in the case of the arrest of the State Council, the subordinates were left to appear the principals in the transaction, the persons most intimate with William of Orange were allowed to form satisfactory opinions as to his wishes, and to serve as instruments to his ends.[1] "*Vive qui vince!*" cried St. Aldegonde, encouragingly, to Ryhove, shaking hands with him at parting. The conspirator immediately mounted, and rode off towards Ghent. During his absence there had been much turbulence, but no decided outbreak in that city. Imbize had accosted the Duke of Aerschot in the street, and demanded when and how he intended to proclaim the restoration of the ancient charters. The haughty Duke had endeavoured to shake off his importunate questioner, while Imbize persisted, with increasing audacity, till Aerschot lost his temper at last. "Charters, charters!" he cried in a rage; "ye shall learn soon, ye that are thus howling for charters, that we have still the old means of making you dumb, with a rope on your throats. I tell you this—were you ever so much hounded on by the Prince of Orange."[2]

The violence of the new Governor excited the wrath of Imbize. He broke from him abruptly, and rushed to a rendezvous of his confederates, every man of whom was ready for a desperate adventure. Groups of excited people were seen vociferating in different places. A drum was heard to rattle from time to time. Nevertheless, the rising tumult seemed to subside again after a season, owing partly to the exertions of the magistrates, partly to the absence of Ryhove. At four in the afternoon that gentleman entered the town, and riding directly to the headquarters of the conspiracy, was incensed to hear that the work, which had begun so bravely, had been allowed to cool. "'Tis a time," he cried, "for vigilance. If we sleep now, we shall be dead in our beds before morning. Better to fan the fire which has begun to blaze in the people's heart. Better to gather the fruit while it is ripe. Let us go forward, each with his followers, and I pledge myself to lead the way. Let us scuttle the old ship of slavery; let us hunt the Spanish Inquisition, once for all, to the hell from whence it came!"[3]

"There spoke the voice of a man!"[4] cried the Flemish captain, Mieghem, one of the chief conspirators; "lead on, Ryhove. I swear to follow you as far as our legs will carry us." Thus encouraged, Ryhove rushed about the city, calling upon the people everywhere to rise. They rose almost to a man. Arming and mustering at different points, according to previous arrangements, a vast number assembled by toll of bell after nightfall on the public square, whence, under command of Ryhove, they swept to the residence of Aerschot at St. Bavon. The guards, seeing the fierce mob approaching, brandishing spears and waving torches, had scarce time to close the gates, as the people loudly demanded entrance, and the delivery to them of the Governor. Both claims were refused. "Let us burn the birds in their nests," cried

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[1] "Ryhove, ziende dat den Prince conniveerde ofte d'ooghe luyckte om sijn voorneemen in 't werk te stellen," etc.—Meteren, vii. 127. "Ryhove hieruit scheppende dat zyn Doorluchtigkeit door de vingeren zagh," etc.—Hoofd, xii. 533. Compare Strada, ii. lib. i. p. 4; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 217, 218.

[2] Meteren, vii. 127. Hoofd, xii. 534. Van der Vynckt, ii. 280.

[3] Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Bor, xi. 903, 904.

[4] Daar (zeyde Mieghem hierop) hoor ik een' man spreeken," etc.—Ibid. Meteren, vii. 127.

Ryhove, without hesitation.[1] Pitch, light wood, and other combustibles were brought at his command, and in a few moments the palace would have been in flames, had not Aerschot, seeing that the insurgents were in earnest, capitulated. As soon as the gates were open, the foremost of the mob rushed upon him, and would have torn him limb from limb, had not Ryhove resolutely interfered, and twice protected the life of the Governor at the peril of his own.[2] The Duke was then made a prisoner, and, under a strong guard, was conveyed, still in his nightgown and bare-footed, to the mansion of Ryhove. All the other leading members of the Catholic party were captured, the arrests proceeding till a late hour in the night. Rassinghem, Sweveghem, Fisch, De la Porta, and other prominent members of the Flemish Estates or Council, were secured, but Champagny was allowed to make his escape.[3] The Bishops of Bruges and Ypres were less fortunate. Blood-Councillor Hessels, whose letter—genuine or counterfeited—had been so instrumental in hastening this outbreak, was most carefully guarded, and to him and to Senator Fisch the personal consequences of that night's work were to be very tragic.

Thus audaciously, successfully, and hitherto without bloodshed, was the anti-Catholic revolution commenced in Flanders. The event was the first of a long and most signal series. The deed was done. The provisional government was established, at the head of which was placed Ryhove, to whom oaths of allegiance were rendered, subject to the future arrangements of the States-general and Orange. On the 9th of November, the nobles, notables, and community of Ghent published an address, in which they elaborately defended the revolution which had been effected and the arrests which had taken place; while the Catholic party, with Aerschot at its head, was declared to be secretly in league with Don John to bring back the Spanish troops, to overthrow the Prince of Orange, to deprive him of the protectorate of Brabant, to set at nought the Ghent treaty, and to suppress the Reformed religion.[4]

The effect of this sudden rising of the popular party was prodigious throughout the Netherlands. At the same time, the audacity of such extreme proceedings could hardly be countenanced by any considerable party in the States-general. Champagny wrote to the Prince of Orange that, even if the letter of Hessels were genuine, it proved nothing against Aerschot,[5] and he urged the necessity of suppressing such scenes of licence immediately, through the influence of those who could command the passions of the mob. Otherwise, he affirmed that all legitimate forms of justice would disappear, and that it would be easy to set the bloodhounds upon any game whatever. St. Aldegonde wrote to the Prince that it would be a great point, but a very difficult one, to justify the Ghent transaction; for there was little doubt that the Hessels letter was a forgery.[6] It was therefore as well, no doubt, that the Prince had not decidedly committed himself to Ryhove's plot, and thus deprived himself of the right to interfere afterwards, according to what seemed the claims of justice and sound policy.

He now sent Arend van Dorp to Ghent to remonstrate with the leaders of the insurrection upon the violence of their measures, and to demand the liberation of the prisoners—a request which was only complied with in the case of Aerschot. That nobleman was liberated on the 14th of November, under the condition that he would solemnly pledge himself to forget and forgive the treatment which he had received; but the other prisoners were retained in custody for a much longer period. A few weeks afterwards, the

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1 Meteren, vii. 127. Hoofd, xii. 535. Bor, xi. 905.
2 Hoofd, xii. 535. Meteren, vii. 127. Van der Vynckt, ii. 282.
3 "Zoo dat hy verreyst, verborghen, oft door gunste, verschoont moet geweest zyn."—Hoofd, xii. 535.
4 Address of the Notables, in Bor, xi. 904, 905.
5 Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 224.
6 Ibid., 219, 220.

Prince of Orange visited Ghent, at the earnest request of the four Estates of Flanders, and it was hoped that his presence would contribute to the restoration of tranquillity.[1]

This visit was naturally honoured by a brilliant display of "Rhetorical" spectacles and *tableaux vivants;* for nothing could exceed the passion of the Netherlanders of that century for apologues and charades. In allegory they found an ever-present comforter in their deepest afflictions. The Prince was escorted from the town-gate to the Jacob's Church amid a blaze of tar-barrels and torches, although it was midday, where a splendid exhibition had been arranged by that sovereign guild of rhetoric, "Jesus with the Balsam Flower." The drama was called Judas Maccabæus, in compliment to the Prince. In the centre of the stage stood the Hebrew patriot, in full armour, symbolising the illustrious guest doing battle for his country. He was attended by the three Estates of the country, ingeniously personified by a single individual, who wore the velvet bonnet of a noble, the cassock of a priest, and the breeches of a burgher.[2] Groups of allegorical personages were drawn up on the right and left;—Courage, Patriotism, Freedom, Mercy, Diligence, and other estimable qualities upon one side, were balanced by Murder, Rapine, Treason, and the rest of the sisterhood of Crime, on the other. The Inquisition was represented as a lean and hungry hag. The "Ghent Pacification" was dressed in cramoisy satin, and wore a city on her head for a turban; while, tied to her apron-strings, were Catholicism and Protestantism, bound in a loving embrace by a chain of seventeen links, which she was forging upon an anvil. Under the anvil was an individual in complete harness, engaged in eating his heart; this was Discord. In front of the scene stood History and Rhetoric, attired as "triumphant maidens in white garments," each with a laurel crown and a burning torch. These personages, after holding a rhymed dialogue between themselves, filled with wonderful conceits and quibbles, addressed the Prince of Orange and Maccabæus, one after the other, in a great quantity of very detestable verses.

After much changing of scenes and groups, and an enormous quantity of Flemish-woven poetry, the "Ghent Peace" came forward leading a lion in one hand, and holding a heart of pure gold in the other. The heart, upon which was inscribed *Sinceritas*, was then presented to the real Prince, as he sat "reposing after the spectacle," and perhaps slightly yawning, the gift being accompanied by another tremendous discharge of complimentary verses.[3] After this, William of Orange was permitted to proceed towards the lodgings provided for him, but the magistrates and notables met him upon the threshold, and the pensionary made him a long oration. Even after the Prince was fairly housed, he had not escaped the fangs of allegory; for, while he sat at supper refreshing his exhausted frame after so much personification and metaphor, a symbolical personage, attired to represent the town corporation,[4] made his appearance, and poured upon him a long and particularly dull heroic poem. Fortunately this episode closed the labours of the day.

On the 7th of December 1577, the States-general formally declared that Don John was no longer Stadholder, Governor, nor Captain-general, but an infractor of the peace which he had sworn to maintain, and an enemy of the fatherland. All natives of the country who should show him favour or assistance were declared rebels and traitors; and by a separate edict, issued the

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[1] Bor, xi. 905, 916. The Prince came to the city on the 29th of December 1577.

[2] "Beschrijvinghe van het gene dat vertoocht wierd ter inkomste Van der Excellentie, des Prinzen van Orangien, binnen der Stad van Ghendt," Ghendt, 1582. For the history of art in Flanders and Europe, this little volume, filled not only with the poetry but with the designs and architectural embellishments employed upon this occasion, is worthy of attention. The pamphlet is very rare. The one used by the writer is in the Duncan Collection of the Royal Library, Hague. [3] Beschrijvinghe, etc. [4] Ibid.

same day, it was ordained that an inventory of the Estates of such persons should forthwith be taken.[1]

Thus the war, which had for a brief period been suspended during the angry, tortuous, and hopeless negotiations which succeeded the arrival of Don John, was once more to be let loose. To this point had tended all the policy of Orange—faithful as ever to the proverb with which he had broken off the Breda conferences, "that war was preferable to a doubtful peace." Even, however, as his policy had pointed to a war as the necessary forerunner of a solid peace with Spain, so had his efforts already advanced the cause of internal religious concord within the provinces themselves. On the 10th of December, a new act of union was signed at Brussels, by which those of the Roman Church and those who had retired from that communion bound themselves to respect and to protect each other with mutual guarantees against all enemies whatsoever.[2] Here was a step beyond the Ghent Pacification, and in the same direction. The first treaty tacitly introduced toleration by suppressing the right of persecution, but the new union placed the Reformed religion on a level with the old. This was the result of the Prince's efforts; and, in truth, there was no lack of eagerness among these professors of a faith which had been so long under ban to take advantage of his presence. Out of dark alleys, remote thickets, subterranean conventicles, where the dissenters had so long been trembling for their lives, the oppressed now came forth into the light of day. They indulged openly in those forms of worship which persecution had affected to regard with as much holy horror as the Badahuennan or Hercynian mysteries of Celtic ages could inspire, and they worshipped boldly the common God of Catholic and Puritan, in the words most consonant to their tastes, without dreading the gibbet as an inevitable result of their audacity.

In truth, the time had arrived for bringing the northern and southern, the Celtic and German, the Protestant and Catholic, hearts together, or else for acquiescing in their perpetual divorce. If the sentiment of nationality, the cause of a common fatherland, could now overcome the attachment to a particular form of worship—if a common danger and a common destiny could now teach the great lesson of mutual toleration, it might yet be possible to create a united Netherlands, and defy for ever the power of Spain. Since the Union of Brussels of January 1577, the internal cancer of religious discord had again begun to corrode the body politic. The Pacification of Ghent had found the door open to religious toleration. It had not opened, but had left it open. The Union of Brussels had closed the door again. Contrary to the hopes of the Prince of Orange and of the patriots who followed in his track, the sanction given to the Roman religion had animated the Catholics to fresh arrogance and fresh persecution. In the course of a few months, the only fruits of the new union, from which so much had been hoped, were to be seen in imprisonments, confiscations, banishments, executions.[3] The Perpetual Edict, by which the fifteen provinces had united in acknowledging Don John, while the Protestant stronghold of Holland and Zealand had been placed in a state of isolation by the wise distrust of Orange, had widened the breach between Catholics and Protestants. The subsequent

[1] Bor, xi. 916.

[2] Meteren, vii. 127d. Haraei Ann., iii. 268. 269. It is singular that Bor, Reyd, Bentivoglio, Van der Vynckt, Grotius, and even the constitutional historian Kluit, are all silent concerning this remarkable Act of Union. Hoofd alludes to it in exactly two lines; Strada, De Thou, and Wagenaer are equally concise. The Archivarius de Jonghe has, however, left nothing to be desired in his interesting monography ("Verhandelingen en Onuitgegevene Stukken," pp. 163–204), besides publishing the original French text of the important document. The contemporary historians above cited (Meteren and Haraeus) had already given its substance.

[3] "Die nieuwe oder nadere Unie van Brussell." Door J. C. Jonghe, Verhandelingen und Onuitg. Stukk., p. 184.

conduct of Don John had confirmed the suspicions and demonstrated the sagacity of the Prince. The seizure of Namur and the open hostility avowed by the Governor once more forced the provinces together. The suppressed flames of nationality burst forth again. Catholic and Protestant, Fleming and Hollander, instinctively approached each other, and felt the necessity of standing once more shoulder to shoulder in defence of their common rights. The Prince of Orange was called for by the unanimous cry of the whole country. He came to Brussels. His first step, as already narrated, was to break off negotiations which had been already ratified by the votes of the States-general. The measure was reconsidered, under pretence of adding certain amendments. Those amendments were the unconditional articles of surrender proposed for Don John's signature on the 25th of September—articles which could only elicit words of defiance from his lips.

Thus far the Prince's object was accomplished. A treacherous peace, which would have ensured destruction, was averted; but a new obstacle to the development of his broad and energetic schemes arose in the intrigue which brought the Archduke from Vienna. The cabals of Orange's secret enemies were again thwarted with the same adroitness to which his avowed antagonists were forced to succumb. Matthias was made the exponent of the new policy, the standard-bearer of the new union which the Prince now succeeded in establishing; for his next step was immediately to impress upon the provinces which had thus united in casting down the gauntlet to a common enemy the necessity of uniting in a permanent league. One province was already lost by the fall of Namur. The bonds of a permanent union for the other sixteen could be constructed of but one material—religious toleration, and for a moment the genius of Orange, always so far beyond his age, succeeded in raising the mass of his countrymen to the elevation upon which he had so long stood alone.

The "new or nearer Union of Brussels" was signed on the 10th of December, eleven months after the formation of the first union. This was the third and, unfortunately, the last confederation of all the Netherlands. The original records have been lost, but it is known that the measure was accepted unanimously in the Estates-general as soon as presented.[1] The leading Catholic nobles were with the army, but a deputation, sent to the camp, returned with their signatures and hearty approval—with the signatures and approval of such determined Catholics as the Lalains, Meluns, Egmont, and La Motte.[2] If such men could unite for the sake of the fatherland in an act of religious toleration, what lofty hopes for the future was not the Prince justified in forming; for it was the Prince alone[3] who accomplished this victory of reason over passion. As a monument, not only of his genius, but of the elevated aspirations of a whole people in an age of intolerance, the "closer Union of Brussels" deserves especial place in the history of human progress. Unfortunately, it was destined to a brief existence. The battle of Gemblours was its death-blow, and before the end of a month the union thus hopefully constructed was shattered for ever. The Netherland people was never united again. By the Union of Utrecht, seven states subsequently rescued their existence, and lived to construct a powerful republic. The rest were destined to remain for centuries in the condition of provinces to a distant metropolis, to be shifted about as makeweights in political balances, and only in our own age to come into the honourable rank of independent constitutional states.

The Prince had, moreover, strengthened himself for the coming struggle by an alliance with England. The thrifty but politic Queen, fearing the

[1] De Jonghe, p. 188.
[2] Ibid., pp. 188–190.
[3] Jonghe, p. 185, sqq. Meerbeck, Chronyk., p 488.

result of the secret practices of Alençon—whom Orange, as she suspected, still kept in reserve to be played off, in case of need, against Matthias and Don John—had at last consented to a treaty of alliance and subsidy. On the 7th of January 1578, the Marquis Havré, envoy from the Estates, concluded an arrangement in London, by which the Queen was to lend them her credit—in other words, to endorse their obligations—to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The money was to be raised whereever the States might be able to negotiate the bills, and her liability was to cease within a year. She was likewise to be collaterally secured by pledges from certain cities in the Netherlands.[1] This amount was certainly not colossal, while the conditions were sufficiently parsimonious. At the same time a beginning was made, and the principle of subsidy was established. The Queen, furthermore, agreed to send five thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry to the provinces, under the command of an officer of high rank, who was to have a seat and vote in the Netherland Council of State.[2] These troops were to be paid by the provinces, but furnished by the Queen. The Estates were to form no treaty without her knowledge, nor undertake any movement of importance without her consent. In case she should be herself attacked by any foreign power, the provinces were to assist her to the same extent as the amount of aid now afforded to themselves; and in case of a naval war, with a fleet of at least forty ships. It had already been arranged that the appointment of the Prince of Orange as Lieutenant-General for Matthias was a *sine qua non* in any treaty of assistance with England. Soon after the conclusion of this convention, Sir Thomas Wilkes was dispatched on a special mission to Spain, and Mr. Leyton sent to confer privately with Don John.[3] It was not probable, however, that the diplomatic skill of either would make this new arrangement palatable to Philip or his Governor.

Within a few days after their signature of this important treaty, the Prince had, at length, wholly succeeded in conquering the conflicting passions in the States-general, and in reconciling them, to a certain extent, with each other. The closer union had been accepted, and now thirty articles, which had been prepared under his superintendence, and had already on the 17th of December been accepted by Matthias, were established as the fundamental terms according to which the Archduke was to be received as Governor-General.[4] No power whatever was accorded to the young man, who had come so far with eager and ambitious views. As the Prince had neither solicited nor desired a visit, which had, on the contrary, been the result of hostile machinations, the Archduke could hardly complain that the power accorded him was but shadowy, and that his presence was rendered superfluous. It was not surprising that the common people gave him the name of *Greffier*, or registering clerk to the Prince;[5] for his functions were almost limited to the signing of acts which were countersigned by Orange. According to the stipulations of the Queen of England and the views of the whole popular party, the Prince remained Ruward of Brabant, notwithstanding the appointment of a nominal Governor-General, by whom his own duties were to be superseded.

The articles which were laid down as the basis upon which the Archduke was to be accepted composed an ample representative constitution, by which all the legislative and many of the executive powers of government were bestowed upon the States-general or upon the council by them to be elected. To avoid remaining in the condition of a people thus left without a head, the States declared themselves willing to accept Matthias as Governor-General,

1 Meteren, vii. 127, 128. Bor, xi. 902, 903.
2 Bor, xi. 902, 903. Meteren, vii. 128.
3 Ibid. Ibid., ubi sup.
4 See the articles at full in Bor, xi. 727–929. In the notes of De Reiffenberg to Van d. Vynckt, ii. 368–383; and in Meteren, vii. 129, they are given with much less exactness. Compare the remarks of Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 259, 260.
5 Tassis, iv. 290.

on condition of the King's subsequent approbation, and upon the general basis of the Ghent Treaty. The Archduke, moreover, was to take an oath of allegiance to the King *and to the States-general* at the same time. He was to govern the land by the advice of a State Council, the members of which were to be appointed by the States-general, and were "to be native Netherlanders, true patriots, and neither ambitious nor greedy."[1] In all matters discussed before the State Council, a majority of votes was to decide. The Governor-General, with his Council of State, should conclude nothing concerning the common affairs of the nation—such as requests, loans, treaties of peace or declarations of war, alliances or confederacies with foreign nations—without the consent of the States-general. He was to issue no edict or ordinance, and introduce no law, without the consent of the same body duly assembled, and representing each individual province.[2] A majority of the members was declared necessary to a *quorum* of the Council. All acts and dispatches were to be drawn up by a member of the board. The States-general were to assemble *when, where, and as often as*, and remain in session as long as they *might think it expedient*.[3] At the request of any individual province, concerning matters about which a convention of the generality was customary, the other States should be bound to assemble without waiting for directions from the Governor-General.[4] The Estates of each particular province were to assemble at their pleasure. The Governor and Council, with advice of the States-general, were to appoint all the principal military officers. Troops were to be enrolled and garrisons established by and with the consent of the Estates. Governors of provinces were to be appointed by the Governor-General, with advice of his Council, and with the consent of the Estates of the province interested. All military affairs were to be conducted during war by the Governor, with advice of his Council, while the Estates were to have absolute control over the levying and expenditure of the common funds of the country.[5]

It is sufficiently plain from this brief summary that the powers thus conferred upon Matthias alone were absolutely null, while those which he might exercise in conjunction with the State Council were not much more extensive. The actual force of the Government—legislative, executive, and administrative—was lodged in the General Assembly, while no authority was left to the King except the nominal right to approve these revolutionary proceedings, according to the statement in the preamble. Such a reservation in favour of his Majesty seemed a superfluous sarcasm. It was furthermore resolved that the Prince of Orange should be appointed Lieutenant-General for Matthias, and be continued in his office of Ruward.[6] This constitution, drawn up under the superintendence of the Prince, had been already accepted by Matthias while still at Antwerp, and upon the 18th of January 1578 the ceremony of his inauguration took place.

It was the third triumphal procession which Brussels had witnessed within nine months. It was also the most brilliant of all; for the burghers, as if to make amends to the Archduke for the actual nullity to which he had been reduced, seemed resolved to raise him to the seventh heaven of allegory. By the Rhetorical guilds he was regarded as the most brilliant constellation of virtues which had yet shone above the Flemish horizon. A brilliant cavalcade, headed by Orange, accompanied by Count John of Nassau, the

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[1] "Getrouvre en goede patriotten niet wesende ambitieus of gierig."—Art. 4.

[2] Art. 8. [3] Art. 13. [4] Art. 14.

[5] Art. 21. "Le hizieron jurar," says Cabrera, "treinta i una condiciones" (one article more, by the way, than the actual number, which was thirty—Bor, xi. 927-929), "instituyendo el gobierno popular a la traça que Julio Cesar escrive de los antiguos Flamencos, que el pueblo tenia el mismo mando sobre el Rey, que el sobre pueblo: i el *Archiduque les servivia de estatua*."—xii. 959b.

[6] Bor, xi. 927.

Prince de Chimay, and other notables, met him at Vilvoorde, and escorted him to the city gate. On an open field outside the town, Count Bossu had arranged a review of troops, concluding with a sham fight, which, in the words of a classical contemporary, seemed as "bloody a rencontre as that between Duke Miltiades of Athens and King Darius upon the plains of Attica."[1] The procession entered the Louvain Gate through a splendid triumphal arch filled with a band of invisible musicians. "I believe that Orpheus had never played so melodiously on his harp," says the same authority, "nor Apollo on his lyre, nor Pan on his lute, as the city waits then performed."[2] On entering the gates, Matthias was at once delivered over to the hands of Mythology, the burghers and rhetoricians taking possession of their illustrious captive, and being determined to outdo themselves in demonstrations of welcome. The representatives of the "nine nations" of Brussels met him in the Ritter Street, followed by a gorgeous retinue. Although it was midday, all bore flaming torches. Although it was January, the streets were strewed with flowers. The houses were festooned with garlands, and hung with brilliant silks and velvets. The streets were thronged with spectators, and encumbered with triumphal arches. On the Grande Place, always the central scene in Brussels, whether for comedies, or tournaments, or executions, the principal dramatic effects had been accumulated. The splendid front of the Hôtel de Ville was wreathed with scarfs and banners; its windows and balconies, as well as those of the picturesque houses which formed the square, were crowded with gaily-dressed women. Upon the area of the place twenty-four theatres had been erected, where a series of magnificent living pictures were represented by the most beautiful young females that could be found in the city. All were attired in brocades, embroideries, and cloth of gold. The subjects of the *tableaux vivants* were, of course, most classic, for the Netherlanders were nothing if not allegorical; yet, as spectacles provided by burghers and artisans for the amusement of their fellow-citizens, they certainly proved a considerable culture in the people who could thus be amused. All the groups were artistically arranged. Upon one theatre stood Juno with her peacock, presenting Matthias with the city of Brussels, which she held, beautifully modelled, in her hand. Upon another, Cybele gave him the keys, Reason handed him a bridle, Hebe a basket of flowers, Wisdom a looking-glass and two law-books, Diligence a pair of spurs; while Constancy, Magnanimity, Prudence, and other virtues, furnished him with a helmet, corslet, spear, and shield. Upon other theatres, Bellona presented him with several men-at-arms tied in a bundle; Fame gave him her trumpet, and Glory her crown. Upon one stage Quintus Curtius, on horseback, was seen plunging into the yawning abyss; upon six others Scipio Africanus was exhibited, as he appeared in the most picturesque moments of his career.[3] The beardless Archduke had never achieved anything save his nocturnal escape from Vienna in his nightgown; but the honest Flemings chose to regard him as a reincarnation of those two eminent Romans. Carried away by their own learning, they already looked upon him as a myth; and such indeed he was destined to remain throughout his Netherland career. After surveying all these wonders, Matthias was led up the hill again to the ducal palace, where, after hearing speeches and odes till he was exhausted, he was at last allowed to eat his supper and go to bed.

Meantime the citizens feasted in the streets. Bonfires were blazing every-

[1] Bor, xi. 927.

[2] "Sommare Beschryvinghe van den triumphelijcke Incomst van den door luchtigen Aertshoge Matthias binnen die Princelijcke Stadt van Brussele," 't Antwerpen, Plantin, 1579. This little contemporary publication, drawn up by J. B. Houwaert, contains a detailed account of the festivities upon this occasion, together with all the poems sung and spoken, and well-executed engravings of the decorations, temples, theatres, and triumphal arches. For the literary and artistic history of Flanders and Brabant it is important. The copy used by the writer is in the "Collectio Duncaniana" of the Royal Library at the Hague.

[3] Sommare Beschryvinghe, etc.

where, at which the people roasted "geese, pigs, capons, partridges, and chickens," while upon all sides were the merriest piping and dancing. Of a sudden, a fiery dragon was seen flying through the air. It poised for a while over the heads of the revelling crowd in the Grande Place, and then burst with a prodigious explosion, sending forth rockets and other fireworks in every direction. This exhibition, then a new one, so frightened the people, that they all took to their heels "as if a thousand soldiers had assaulted them," tumbling over each other in great confusion, and so dispersing to their homes.[1]

The next day Matthias took the oaths as Governor-General to support the new constitution, while the Prince of Orange was sworn in as Lieutenant-General and Governor of Brabant. Upon the next, a splendid banquet was given them in the grand hall of the Hôtel de Ville by the States-general, and when the cloth was removed, Rhetoric made her last and most ingenious demonstration through the famous guild of "Mary with the Flower Garland."

Two individuals—the one attired as a respectable burgher, the other as a clerical personage in gown and bands—made their appearance upon a stage opposite the seats of their Highnesses, and pronounced a long dialogue in rhyme. One of the speakers rejoiced in the appellation of the "Desiring Heart," the other was called "Common Comfort." Common Sense might have been more to the purpose, but appeared to have no part in the play. Desiring Heart, being of an inquisitive disposition, propounded a series of puzzling questions, mythological in their nature, which seemed like classical conundrums, having reference mainly to the proceedings of Venus, Neptune, Juno, and other divinities.[2] They appeared to have little to do with Matthias or the matter in hand, but Common Comfort knew better. That clerical personage, accordingly, in a handsome allowance of rhymes, informed his despairing colleague that everything would end well; that Jupiter, Diana, Venus, and the rest of them would all do their duty, and that Belgica would be relieved from all her woes at the advent of a certain individual. Whereupon cried Desiring Heart—

> O Common Comfort! who is he?
> His name, and of what family?

To which[3] Comfort responded by mentioning the Archduke in a poetical and highly complimentary strain, with handsome allusions to the inevitable Quintus Curtius and Scipio Africanus. The concluding words of the speech were not spoken, but were taken as the cue for a splendid charade; the long-suffering Scipio again making his appearance, in company with Alexander and Hannibal; the group typifying the future government of Matthias. After each of these heroic individuals had spouted a hundred lines or so, the play was terminated, and Rhetoric took her departure. The company had remained at table during this long representation, and now the dessert was served, consisting of a "richly triumphant banquet of confectionary, marmalade, and all kinds of genteelnesses in sugar."[4]

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[1] Sommare Beschryvinghe, etc.

[2] As, for example—

"Wanneer sal Jupiter Saturnum verdrijven?
Wanneer sal Neptunus Phaethon verdrijncken,
Wanneer sal Hercules Hydram ontlijven,
Wanneer sal Vulcanus laten sijn hincken," etc., etc.
Som. Beschryv.

Or, in the vernacular—

When shall Jove his father follow,
Or briny Neptune Phaethon swallow,
Or Herc'les leave off Hydra crimping,
Or honest Vulcan give up limping,
Or Brontes cease to forge his thunder?
All these are wonders upon wonder, etc., etc.

[3] "Hy is van Keyserlicken stamme gheboren,
Aartshertoge Matthias is sijnen name,
Die generale staten habben hem ghecoren,
Voor Gouverneur, door sijne goete fame
Hy is als Julius Cesar eersame," etc., etc.
Som. Beschryv.

He is formed of fine material,
And is sprung of race imperial.
He is brave as Julius Cæsar,
Archduke Matthias is his name;
He is chosen Governor-General
By the States, for his great fame, etc., etc.

[4] Sommare Beschryvinghe, etc.

Meanwhile, Don John sat chafing and almost frenzied with rage at Namur. Certainly he had reasons enough for losing his temper. Never since the days of Maximilian had king's brother been so bearded by rebels. The Cross was humbled in the dust, the royal authority openly derided, his Majesty's representative locked up in a fortress, while "the accursed Prince of Orange" reigned supreme in Brussels, with an imperial Archduke for his private secretary.

The Governor addressed a long, private, and most bitter letter to the Emperor, for the purpose of setting himself right in the opinion of that potentate, and of giving him certain hints as to what was expected of the imperial court by Philip and himself. He expressed confidence that the imperial commissioners would have some effect in bringing about the pacification of the Netherlands, and protested his own strong desire for such a result, provided always that the two great points of the Catholic religion and his Majesty's authority were preserved intact. "In the hope that those articles would be maintained," said he, "I have emptied cities and important places of their garrisons, when I might easily have kept the soldiers, and with the soldiers the places, against all the world, instead of consigning them to the care of men who at this hour have arms in their hand against their natural prince." He declared vehemently that in all his conduct, since his arrival in the provinces, he had been governed exclusively by the interests of Philip, an object which he should steadily pursue to the end. He urged, too, that the Emperor, being of the same house as Philip, and therefore more obliged than all others to sustain his quarrel, would do well to espouse his cause with all the warmth possible. "The forgetfulness by vassals," said Don John, "of the obedience due to their sovereign is so dangerous, that all princes and potentates, even those at the moment exempt from trouble, should assist in preparing the remedy, in order that their subjects also may not take it into their heads to do the like, *liberty being a contagious disease, which goes on infecting one neighbour after another, if the cure be not promptly applied.*"[1] It was, he averred, a desperate state of things for monarchs, when subjects, having obtained such concessions as the Netherlanders had obtained, nevertheless loved him and obeyed him so little. They showed but too clearly that the causes alleged by them had been but pretexts in order to effect designs long ago conceived to overthrow the ancient constitution of the country, and to live thenceforward in unbridled liberty. So many indecent acts had been committed prejudicial to religion and to his Majesty's grandeur, that the Governor avowed his determination to have no further communication with the provinces without fresh commands to that effect. He begged the Emperor to pay no heed to what the States *said*, but to observe what they *did*. He assured him that nothing could be more senseless than the reports that Philip and his Governor-General in the Netherlands were negotiating with France for the purpose of alienating the provinces from the Austrian crown. Philip, being chief of the family, and sovereign of the Netherlands, could not commit the absurdity of giving away his own property to other people, nor would Don John choose to be an instrument in so foolish a transaction.[2] The Governor entreated the Emperor, therefore, to consider such fables as the invention of malcontents and traitors, of whom there were no lack at his court, and to remember that nothing was more necessary for the

[1] "—— Obéissance de leur Prince souverain, obly de laquelle est si dangereulx que tous princes et potentats voires ceulx qui présentement sont exempts de troubles en dérvoient soigner le remède affin que, a l'exemple de ceulx ci les leurs ne prennent quelque jour envye de ire le semblable, etant la liberté qu'ils cherchent comme ung mal contagieulx qui vast infectant au voisin si en temps et promptement ny est remèdié."

[2] "—— Car estant icelle chef de la dite maison et Sgr. des Pays Bas seroit chose absurde de lui attribuer une imprudence si grande que de donner le sien à autrui et à moi qu'en vouldrais estre l'instrument."

preservation of the greatness of his family than to cultivate the best relations with all its members. "Therefore," said he, with an absurd affectation of candour, "although I make no doubt whatever that the expedition hitherwards of the Archduke Matthias has been made with the best intentions, nevertheless many are of opinion that it would have been better altogether omitted. If the Archduke," he continued, with hardly dissembled irony, "be desirous of taking charge of his Majesty's affairs, it would be preferable to employ himself in the customary manner. Your Majesty would do a laudable action by recalling him from this place, according to your Majesty's promise to me to that effect." In conclusion, Don John complained that difficulties had been placed in his way for making levies of troops in the Empire, while every facility had been afforded to the rebels. He therefore urgently insisted that so unnatural and unjust a condition of affairs should be remedied.[1]

Don John was not sorry in his heart that the crisis was at last come. His chain was broken. His wrath exploded in his first interview with Leyton, the English envoy, whom Queen Elizabeth had dispatched to calm, if possible, his inevitable anger at her recent treaty with the States.[2] He knew nothing of England, he said, nor of France, nor of the Emperor. His Catholic Majesty had commissioned him now to make war upon these rebellious provinces. He would do it with all his heart. As for the Emperor, he would unchain the Turks upon him for his perfidy. As for the burghers of Brussels, they would soon feel his vengeance.[3]

It was very obvious that these were not idle threats. War had again broken loose throughout these doomed provinces. A small but well-appointed army had been rapidly collecting under the banner of Don John at Luxemburg. Peter Ernest Mansfeld had brought many well-trained troops from France, and Prince Alexander of Parma had arrived with several choice and veteran regiments of Italy and Spain.[4] The old schoolfellow, playmate, and comrade of Don John was shocked, on his arrival, to witness the attenuated frame and careworn features of his uncle.[5] The son of Charles the Fifth, the hero of Lepanto, seemed even to have lost the air of majesty which was so natural to him, for petty insults, perpetual crosses, seemed to have left their squalid traces upon his features. Nevertheless, the crusader was alive again at the notes of warlike preparations which now resounded throughout the land.

On the 25th of January he issued a proclamation couched in three languages —French, German, and Flemish. He declared in this document that he had not come to enslave the provinces, but to protect them. At the same time he meant to re-establish his Majesty's authority and the downtrodden religion of Rome. He summoned all citizens and all soldiers throughout the provinces to join his banners, offering them pardon for their past offences, and protection against heretics and rebels.[6] This declaration was the natural consequence of the exchange of defiances which had already taken place, and it was evident also that the angry manifesto was soon to be followed up by vigorous blows. The army of Don John already numbered more than twenty thousand well-seasoned and disciplined veterans.[7] He was himself the most illustrious chieftain in Europe. He was surrounded by lieutenants of the most brilliant repu-

[1] This letter, which has never been published, is in French, in the handwriting of John Baptist de Tassis, and signed by Don John. It is dated Luxembourg, 11th of January 1578, and is in the collection of MSS. in the Brussels Archives, entitled, "Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones," t. i. 44–54.

[2] Bor, xi. 931. [3] Ibid. Hoofd, xiii. 546.

[4] Bor, xii. 932, 933. Hoofd, xiii. 546. Strada, ix. 460.

[5] "Attenuata non magis valetudine quam specie illa majestateque fortunatissimi imperatoris."—Ibid.

[6] Proclamation in Bor, xii. 932, 933. Compare Cabrera, xii. 966.

[7] Bor, xii. 932. Hoofd, xiii. 546, 547, says 22,300, viz.—4000 Spanish, 4000 French, 5000 Germans, 6800 Walloons, 2500 cavalry; total, 22,300; about 20,000 according to Strada, ix. 462. Cabrera asserts that there were but 10,000 in Don John's army, while the forces of the enemy amounted to double that number (xii. 967c).

tation. Alexander of Parma, who had fought with distinction at Lepanto, was already recognised as possessing that signal military genius which was soon to stamp him as the first soldier of his age; while Mansfeld, Mondragon, Mendoza, and other distinguished officers, who had already won so much fame in the Netherlands, had now returned to the scene of their former achievements.[1]

On the other hand, the military affairs of the States were in confusion. Troops in nearly equal numbers to those of the royal army had been assembled, but the chief offices had been bestowed, by a mistaken policy, upon the great nobles. Already the jealousy of Orange entertained by their whole order was painfully apparent. Notwithstanding the signal popularity which had made his appointment as Lieutenant-General inevitable, it was not easy for him always to vindicate his authority over captious and rival magnates.[2] He had every wish to conciliate the affections of men whom he could not in his heart respect, and he went as far in gratifying their ambition as comported with his own dignity; perhaps further than was consistent with the national interests. He was still willing to trust Lalain, of whose good affection to the country he felt sure. He had even been desirous of declining the office of Lieutenant-General, in order to avoid giving that nobleman the least occasion to think "that he would do him, or any other gentleman of the army, prejudice in any single matter in the world."[3] This magnanimity had not been repaid with corresponding confidence. We have already seen that Lalain had been secretly in the interest of Anjou ever since his wife and himself had lost their hearts to Margaret of Navarre; yet the Count was chief commander of the infantry in the States' army then assembled. Robert Melun, Vicomte de Gand, was commander of the cavalry,[4] but he had recently been private envoy from Don John to the English Queen.[5] Both these gentlemen, together with Pardieu de la Motte, general of the artillery, were voluntarily absent from the forces, under pretext of celebrating the wedding of the Seigneur de Bersel with the niece and heiress of the unfortunate Marquis of Bergen.[6] The ghost of that ill-starred noble might almost have seemed to rise at the nuptial banquet of his heiress to warn the traitors of the signal and bloody massacre which their treachery was soon to occasion. Philip Egmont, eldest son of the famous Lamoral, was with the army, as was the Seigneur de Héze, hero of the State Council's arrest, and the unstable Havré. But little was to be hoped from such leaders. Indeed, the affairs of the States continued to be in as perplexed a condition as that which honest John of Nassau had described some weeks before. "There were very few patriots," he had said, "but plenty of priests, with no lack of inexperienced lads—some looking for distinction, and others for pelf."[7]

The two armies had been mustered in the latter days of January. The Pope had issued a bull for the benefit of Don John, precisely similar to those formerly employed in the crusades against the Saracens.[8] Authority was given him to levy contributions upon ecclesiastical property, while full absolution at the hour of death, for all crimes committed during a whole lifetime, was proclaimed to those who should now join the standard of the Cross. There was at least no concealment. The crescent-wearing Zealanders had been taken at their word, and the whole nation of Netherlanders were formally banned as unbelievers. The forces of Don John were mustered at Marche in Luxemburg, those of the States in a plain within a few miles of Namur.[9] Both

[1] Strada, ix. 467.
[2] Ibid., 464.
[3] Letter of Prince of Orange, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 279.
[4] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 279
[5] Strada, ix. 463.
[6] Strada, ix. 464, 465. Hoofd, xiii. 548.
[7] Letter to the Landgrave W. de Hesse, Archive de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 227.
[8] See it in Bor, xii. 935b.
[9] Bor, xii. 932, sqq. Hoofd, xiii. 548

armies were nearly equal in number, amounting to nearly twenty thousand each, including a force of two thousand cavalry on each side.[1] It had been the original intention of the patriots to attack Don John in Namur. Having learned, however, that he purposed marching forth himself to offer battle, they decided to fall back upon Gembloux, which was nine miles distant from that city.[2] On the last day of January, they accordingly broke up their camp at St. Martius before dawn, and marched towards Gembloux. The chief commander was De Goignies, an old soldier of Charles the Fifth, who had also fought at St. Quentin. The States' army was disposed in three divisions. The van consisted of the infantry regiments of De Héze and Montigny, flanked by a protective body of light horse. The centre, composed of the Walloon and German regiments, with a few companies of French, and thirteen companies of Scotch and English under Colonel Balfour, was commanded by two most distinguished officers, Bossu and Champagny. The rear, which, of course, was the post of responsibility and honour, comprised all the heavy cavalry, and was commanded by Philip Egmont and Lumey de la Marck. The Marquis Havré and the general-in-chief, Goignies, rode to and fro as the army proceeded, each attended by his staff.[3]

The troops of Don John broke up from before Namur with the earliest dawn, and marched in pursuit of the retiring foe. In front was nearly the whole of the cavalry—carabineers, lancers, and heavy dragoons. The centre, arranged in two squares, consisted chiefly of Spanish infantry with a lesser number of Germans. In the rear came the Walloons, marching also in a square, and protecting the baggage and ammunition. Charles Mansfeld had been left behind with a reserved force stationed on the Meuse; Ottavio Gonzaga commanded in front, Ernest Mansfeld brought up the rear; while in the centre rode Don John himself, attended by the Prince of Parma. Over his head streamed the crucifix-emblazoned banner, with its memorable inscription —*In hoc signo vici Turcos, in hoc Hæreticos vincam.*[4]

Small detachments of cavalry had been sent forward under Olivera and Acosta to scour the roads and forests, and to disturb all ambuscades which might have been prepared. From some stragglers captured by these officers the plans of the retreating generals were learned. The winter's day was not far advanced when the rearward columns of the States' army were descried in the distance. Don John, making a selection of some six hundred cavalry, all picked men, with a thousand infantry, divided the whole into two bodies, which he placed under command of Gonzaga and the famous old Christopher Mondragon.[5] These officers received orders to hang on the rear of the enemy, to harass him, and to do him all possible damage consistent with the possibility of avoiding a general engagement, until the main army under Parma and Don John should arrive. The orders were at first strictly obeyed. As the skirmishing grew hotter, however, Gonzaga observed that a spirited cavalry officer, named Perotti, had already advanced, with a handful of men, much further within the reach of the hostile forces than was deemed expedient. He sent hastily to recall the too eager chieftain. The order, delivered in a tone more peremptory than agreeable, was flatly disobeyed. "Tell Ottavio Gonzaga," said Perotti, "that I never yet turned my back on the enemy, nor shall I now begin. Moreover, were I ever so much inclined to do so, retreat is impossible."[6] The retiring army was then proceeding along the borders of a deep ravine, filled with mire and water, and as broad and more dangerous

[1] All the authorities agree as to the estimates of the forces of the States. Hoofd. xiii. 547. Cabrera, xii. 969. Strada, ix. 463, et mult. al.

[2] Bor, xii. 933. Hoofd, xiii. 547. Strada, ix. 464.

[3] Bor, xii. 933, 934. Strada, ix. 464. Hoofd, xiii. 549.

[4] Bor, xii. 933. Hoofd, xiii. 549. Strada, ix. 465.

[5] Strada, ix. 465, 466. Hoofd, xiii. 549. Bor, xii 933, sqq

[6] Strada, ix. 466.

than a river.[1] In the midst of the skirmishing, Alexander of Parma rode up to reconnoitre. He saw at once that the columns of the enemy were marching unsteadily to avoid being precipitated into this creek. He observed the waving of their spears, the general confusion of their ranks, and was quick to take advantage of the fortunate moment. Pointing out to the officers about him the opportunity thus offered of attacking the retiring army unawares in flank, he assembled, with great rapidity, the foremost companies of cavalry already detached from the main body. Mounting a fresh and powerful horse which Camillo Monte held in readiness for him, he signified his intention of dashing through the dangerous ravine, and dealing a stroke where it was least expected. "Tell Don John of Austria," he cried to an officer whom he sent back to the commander-in-chief, "that Alexander of Parma has plunged into the abyss, to perish there, or to come forth again victorious." [2]

The sudden thought was executed with lightning-like celerity. In an instant the bold rider was already struggling through the dangerous swamp; in another, his powerful charger had carried him across. Halting for a few minutes, lance in rest,[3] till his troops had also forced their passage, gained the level ground unperceived, and sufficiently breathed their horses, he drew up his little force in a compact column. Then, with a few words of encouragement, he launched them at the foe. The violent and entirely unexpected shock was even more successful than the Prince had anticipated. The hostile cavalry reeled and fell into hopeless confusion, Egmont in vain striving to rally them to resistance, That name had lost its magic. Goignies also attempted, without success, to restore order among the panicstruck ranks. The sudden conception of Parma, executed as suddenly and in so brilliant a manner, had been decisive. Assaulted in flank and rear at the same moment, and already in temporary confusion, the cavalry of the enemy turned their backs and fled. The centre of the States' army, thus left exposed, was now warmly attacked by Parma. It had, moreover, been already thrown into disorder by the retreat of its own horse, as they charged through them in rapid and disgraceful panic. The whole army broke to pieces at once,[4] and so great was the trepidation, that the conquered troops had hardly courage to run away. They were utterly incapable of combat. Not a blow was struck by the fugitives. Hardly a man in the Spanish ranks was wounded; while, in the course of an hour and a half, the whole force of the enemy was exterminated. It is impossible to state with accuracy the exact numbers slain. Some accounts spoke of ten thousand killed, or captive, with absolutely no loss on the royal side.[5] Moreover, this slaughter was effected, not by the army under Don John, but by so small a fragment of it, that some historians have even set down the whole number of royalists engaged at the commencement of the action at six hundred, increased afterwards to twelve hundred. By this calculation, each Spaniard engaged must have killed ten enemies with his own hand, and that within an hour and a half's space![6] Other historians more wisely omit the exact statistics of the massacre, and allow that a very few—ten or eleven, at most—were slain within the Spanish ranks. This, however, is the utmost that is claimed by even the Netherland historians, and it is, at any rate, certain that the whole

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1 Strada, ubi sup. Bor, xii. 934. Hoofd, xiii. 459.

2 Strada, ix. 466, 467. Hoofd, xiii. 549.

3 "Con gran valor, la lança en puño," etc., etc.—Cabrera, xii. 968.

4 Strada, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup. Compare Cabrera, xii. 968, 969; Meteren, viii. 133; Haraei Ann., iii. 273, 274; Tassis, iv. 293, 294, et mult. alt.

5 "Dei vincitori *non morì quasi soldato alcuno*," says Bentivoglio, "pochi restaron feriti."—Guerra di Fiandra, x. 206. He however has the modesty to claim but three thousand killed on the States' side, with a large number of prisoners.

6 "Siquidem à sexcentis equitibus (tot enim incepere aucti dein ad mille ac ducentos, confecere pugnam) peditum *millia omnino decem*, partim coesa, partim capta, ac reliquus exercitus non minor octo bellatorum millibus *sesquihoræ spatio* (!!); desideratis ex Regiis *tantum modo novem*, profligatus est."—Strada, ix. 468. Rather too warm work even for the 31st of January.

States' army was annihilated.[1] Rarely had a more brilliant exploit been performed by a handful of cavalry. To the distinguished Alexander of Parma, who improvised so striking and complete a victory out of a fortuitous circumstance, belonged the whole credit of the day, for his quick eye detected a passing weakness of the enemy, and turned it to terrible account with the promptness which comes from genius alone. A whole army was overthrown. Everything belonging to the enemy fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Thirty-four standards, many field-pieces, much camp equipage and ammunition, besides some seven or eight thousand dead bodies, and six hundred living prisoners, were the spoils of that winter's day.[2] Of the captives, some were soon afterwards hurled off the bridge at Namur, and drowned like dogs in the Meuse,[3] while the rest were all hanged,[4] none escaping with life. Don John's clemency was not superior to that of his sanguinary predecessors.

And so another proof was added—if proofs were still necessary—of Spanish prowess. The Netherlanders may be pardoned if their foes seemed to them supernatural, and almost invulnerable. How else could these enormous successes be accounted for? How else could thousands fall before the Spanish swords, while hardly a single Spanish corpse told of effectual resistance? At Jemmingen, Alva had lost seven soldiers and slain seven thousand; in the Antwerp Fury, two hundred Spaniards, at most, had fallen, while eight thousand burghers and States' troops had been butchered; and now at Gemblours, six, seven, eight, ten—Heaven knew how many—thousand had been exterminated, and hardly a single Spaniard had been slain! Undoubtedly, the first reason for this result was the superiority of the Spanish soldiers. They were the boldest, the best disciplined, the most experienced in the world. Their audacity, promptness, and ferocity made them almost invincible. In this particular action, at least half the army of Don John was composed of Spanish or Spanish-Italian veterans. Moreover, they were commanded by the most renowned captains of the age—by Don John himself, and Alexander of Parma, sustained by such veterans as Mondragon, the hero of the memorable submarine expedition; Mendoza, the accomplished cavalry officer, diplomatist, and historian; and Mansfeld, of whom Don John had himself written to the King that his Majesty had not another officer of such account in all the Netherlands.[5] Such officers as these, besides Gonzaga, Camillo Monte, Mucio Pagano, at the head of such troops as fought that day under the banner of the Cross, might go far in accounting for this last and most tremendous victory of the Inquisition. On the other hand, although Bossu

[1] According to Tassis (iv. 294), seven thousand of the States' army were killed or captured (the prisoners afterwards having been drowned), while only ten royalists were killed or wounded. According to Haraeus (iii. 274), eight thousand of the States' army were slain by *two thousand* royalist troops (being four men apiece for each royalist). He does not state that any of the King's soldiers were slain or even wounded. According to Cabrera (xii. 968), there were more than seven thousand of the Netherland army killed or taken (the number of the prisoners being nowhere stated at more than six hundred, *all* of whom were afterwards drowned or hanged), while of the Spanish troops two were killed and five were wounded. According to Bor, thirty companies were slain, and six hundred men taken prisoners on the States' side, while Don John lost but ten or twelve men. Hoofd accepts the absurd statistics of Strada; repeating, after that historian, that "twelve hundred Spaniards killed six, eight, nay even ten thousand of the States' army, within one hour and a half, with a loss of but ten men on their own side" (xiii. 550). Van Meteren alone, in the teeth of all the evidence, doggedly maintains that it was not *much of a victory after all*, and that there were not many States' soldiers slain in the action: "Het gethal der verslagenen war niet seer groot" (viii. 133). A contemporary, and living near the spot, he certainly manifests his patriotism by so hardy an assertion; but we have often noticed the pertinacity of the distinguished chronicler upon such points.

[2] Bor, Strada, Hoofd, Haraeus, Meteren, Cabrera, ubi sup, et mult. al. [3] Tassis, iv. 294.

[4] Bor, xii. 934. Hoofd, xiii. 555. The latter historian states that six hundred prisoners were hanged at Namur. Cabrera, on the contrary, asserts that Don John liberated the Scotch prisoners: "a Seiscientos Escoseses presos dio libertad Don Juan, mostrando su clemencia." To this very gratuitous assertion it is a sufficient answer that Tassis, who was on the spot, a leading privy councillor of Don John, expressly states that of the captives the greater part, *who were Scotch*, were thrown off Namur bridge into the river. "Ac capti, quorum magna pars, qui Schoti erant, ex ponte Namuriensi in fluvium postea præcipitati" (iv. 294). Compare Haraei Ann., iii. 274, where it is stated that all the prisoners were hanged—"extemplo suspendio necantur."

[5] "Y que no tiene aqui otro hombre de su estado."—Letter of Don John to Philip, Discours Sommier p. 37, Appendix.

and Champagny were with the States' army, yet their hearts were hardly with the cause. Both had long been loyal, and had earned many laurels against the rebels, while Champagny was still devoutly a Papist, and wavered painfully between his hatred to heresy and to Spain. Egmont and De Héze were raw, unpractised lads, in whom genius did not come to supply the place of experience. The commander, De Goignies, was a veteran, but a veteran who had never gained much glory; and the chiefs of the cavalry, infantry, and artillery were absent at the Brussels wedding. The news of this additional massacre, inflicted upon a nation for which Berghen and Montigny had laid down their lives, was the nuptial benediction for Berghen's heiress; for it was to the chief wedding-guests upon that occasion that the disaster was justly attributed. The rank and file of the States' army were mainly mercenaries, with whom the hope of plunder was the prevailing motive; the chief commanders were absent; while those officers who were with the troops were neither heartily friendly to their own flag, nor sufficiently experienced to make it respected.

CHAPTER V.

Towns taken by Don John—Wrath excited against the aristocratic party by the recent defeat—Attempts upon Amsterdam—"Satisfaction" of Amsterdam and its effects—De Selles sent with royal letters from Spain—Terms offered by Philip—Proclamation of Don John—Correspondence between De Selles and the States-general—Between the King and the Governor-General—New forces raised by the States—St. Aldegonde at the Diet—Municipal revolution in Amsterdam—The Prince's letter on the subject of the Anabaptists of Middelburg—The two armies inactive—De la Noue—Action at Rijnemants—John Casimir—Perverse politics of Queen Elizabeth—Alençon in the Netherlands—Portrait of the Duke—Orange's position in regard to him—Avowed and supposed policy of the French court—Anger of Elizabeth—Terms arranged between Alençon and the Estates—Renewed negotiations with Don John—Severe terms offered him—Interview of the English envoys with the Governor—Despondency of Don John—Orange's attempts to enforce a religious peace—His isolation in sentiment—The malcontent party—Count John Governor of Gelderland—Proposed form of religious peace—Proclamation to that effect by Orange in Antwerp—A petition in favour of the Roman Church presented by Champagny and other Catholic nobles to the States-general—Consequent commotion in Brussels—Champagny and others imprisoned—Indolence and poverty of the two armies—Illness and melancholy of Don John—His letters to Doria, to Mendoza, and to the King—Death of Don John—Suspicions of poison—Pompous burial—Removal of his body to Spain—Concluding remarks upon his character.

DON JOHN having thus vindicated his own military fame and the amazing superiority of the Spanish arms, followed up his victory by the rapid reduction of many towns of second-rate importance. Louvain, Judoigne, Tirlemont, Aerschot, Bouvignes, Sichem, Nivelle, Roeux, Soignies, Binch, Beaumont, Walcourt, Maubeuge, and Chimay, either submitted to their conqueror or were taken after short sieges. The usual atrocities were inflicted upon the unfortunate inhabitants of towns where resistance was attempted. The commandant of Sichem was hanged out of his own window, along with several chief burghers and officers, while the garrison was put to the sword, and the bodies cast into the Demer. The only crime committed by these unfortunates was to have ventured a blow or two in behalf of the firesides which they were employed to protect.[1]

In Brussels, on the other hand, there was less consternation excited by these events than boundless rage against the aristocratic party; for the defeat of Gembloux was attributed, with justice, to the intrigues and the incapacity of the Catholic magnates. It was with difficulty that Orange, going about

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[1] Bor, xii. 934, sqq. Hoofd, xiii. 551. Meteren, viii. 133. Strada, ix. 473. "Alexander *omissa interfestiva benignitate*," says the professed panegyrist of the Farnese family—"ex ipsa arce decem palam suspendi, reliquos (centum circiter ac septuaginta) noctu jugulatos in subjectum amnem projici jubet."

by night from house to house, from street to street, succeeded in calming the indignation of the people, and in preventing them from sweeping in a mass to the residence of the leading nobles, in order to inflict summary vengeance on the traitors. All looked to the Prince as their only saviour, not a thought nor a word being wasted upon Matthias. Not a voice was raised in the assembly to vindicate the secret proceedings of the Catholic party, nor to oppose the measures which the Prince might suggest.[1] The terrible disaster had taught the necessity of union. All parties heartily joined in the necessary steps to place the capital in a state of complete defence, and to assemble forthwith new troops to take the place of the army just annihilated. The victor gained nothing by his victory in comparison with the profit acquired by the States through their common misfortune. Nor were all the towns which had recently fallen into the hands of Don John at all comparable in importance to the city of Amsterdam, which now, by a most timely arrangement, furnished a rich compensation to the national party for the disaster of Gemblours.

Since the conclusion of the Ghent Pacification, it had been the most earnest wish of the Prince, and of Holland and Zealand, to recover possession of this most important city. The wish was naturally shared by every true patriot in the States-general. It had, however, been extremely difficult to arrange the terms of the "Satisfaction." Every fresh attempt at an amicable compromise was wrecked upon the obstinate bigotry of the leading civic authorities. They would make no agreement to accept the authority of Orange, except, as St. Aldegonde expressed himself, upon terms which would enable them "to govern their governor."[2] The influence of the monks, who were resident in large numbers within the city, and of the magistrates, who were all stanch Catholics, had been hitherto sufficient to outweigh the efforts made by the large masses of the Reformed religionists composing the bulk of the population. It was, however, impossible to allow Amsterdam to remain in this isolated and hostile attitude to the rest of Holland. The Prince, having promised to use no coercion, and loyally adhering to his pledge, had only with extreme difficulty restrained the violence of the Hollanders and Zealanders, who were determined, by fair means or foul, to restore the capital city to its natural place within his stadholderate. He had been obliged, on various occasions, particularly on the 21st of October of the preceding year, to address a most decided and peremptory letter to the Estates of Holland and Zealand, forbidding the employment of hostile measures against Amsterdam.[3] His commands had been reluctantly, partially, and only temporarily obeyed. The States desisted from their scheme of reducing the city by famine, but they did not the less encourage the secret and unofficial expeditions which were daily set on foot to accomplish the annexation by a sudden enterprise.

Late in November, a desperate attempt[4] had been made by Colonel Helling, in conjunction with Governor Sonoy, to carry the city by surprise. The force which the adventurer collected for the purpose was inadequate, and his plans were unskilfully arranged. He was himself slain in the streets at the very commencement of the action; whereupon, in the quaint language of the contemporary chronicler, "the hearts of the soldiers sank in their shoes," and they evacuated the city with much greater rapidity than they had entered it.[5] The Prince was indignant at these violent measures, which retarded rather than advanced the desired consummation. At the same time it was an evil

[1] Reidani Ann., ii. 22. "Ne quidem habuisse rationem Archiducis Matthiæ sed Orangius eum (populum) subtraxit periculo."—Languet. Ep. Secr. i., ii. p. 347. Bor, xii. 935. Languet ad Sydn., p. 314, 317, 329.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 117.

[3] Bor, xi. 897, 898.

[4] Ibid., 906–908.

[5] "En het hert sonk de soldaarden in de schoen, so men seid," etc.—Bor. xi. 908a. Hoofd, xii. 537 538.

of immense magnitude, this anomalous condition of his capital. Ceaseless schemes were concerted by the municipal and clerical conspirators within its walls, and various attempts were known, at different times, to have been contemplated by Don John to inflict a home-thrust upon the provinces of Holland and Zealand at the most vulnerable and vital point. The "Satisfaction," accepted by Utrecht[1] in the autumn of 1577, had, however, paved the way for the recovery of Amsterdam; so that upon the 8th February 1578, certain deputies from Utrecht succeeded at last in arranging terms which were accepted by the sister city.[2] The basis of the treaty was, as usual, the nominal supremacy of the Catholic religion, with toleration for the Reformed worship. The necessary effect would be, as in Harlem, Utrecht, and other places, to establish the new religion upon an entire equality with the old. It was arranged that no congregations were to be disturbed in their religious exercises in the places respectively assigned to them. Those of the Reformed faith were to celebrate their worship without the walls. They were, however, to enjoy the right of burying their dead within these precincts; and it is singular how much importance was attached at that day to a custom at which the common sentiment and the common sense of modern times revolt. "To bury our dead within our own cities is a right hardly to be denied to a dog," said the Prince of Orange;[3] and accordingly this right was amply secured by the new Satisfaction of Amsterdam. It was, however, stipulated that the funerals should be modest, and attended by no more than twenty-four persons at once.[4] The treaty was hailed with boundless joy in Holland and Zealand, while countless benedictions were invoked upon the "blessed peacemakers" as the Utrecht deputies walked through the streets of Amsterdam.[5] There is no doubt that the triumph thus achieved by the national party far counterbalanced the Governor-General's victory at Gemblours.

Meantime, the Seigneur de Selles, brother of the deceased Noircarmes, had arrived from Spain.[6] He was the special bearer of a letter from the King to the States-general, written in reply to their communications of the 24th of August and 8th of September of the previous year. The tone of the royal dispatch[7] was very affectionate, the substance such as entirely to justify the whole policy of Orange. It was obvious that the penetrating and steadfast statesman had been correct in refusing to be moved to the right or the left by the specious language of Philip's former letters, or by the apparent frankness of Don John. No doubt the Governor had been sincere in his desire for peace, but the Prince knew very well his incapacity to confer that blessing. The Prince knew—what no man else appeared fully to comprehend at that epoch—that the mortal combat between the Inquisition and the Reformation was already fully engaged. The great battle between divine reason and right divine, on which the interests of unborn generations were hanging, was to be fought out before the eyes of all Christendom on the plain of the Netherlands.

Orange was willing to lay down his arms if he could receive security for the Reformed worship. He had no desire to exterminate the ancient religion, but he meant also to protect the new against extermination. Such security, he felt, would never be granted, and he had therefore resolutely refused to hearken to Don John, for he was sure that peace with him was impossible. The letters now produced by De Selles confirmed his position completely. The King said not a word concerning the appointment of a new Governor-General, but boldly insisted upon the necessity of maintaining the two cardinal

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1 Bor, xi. 893–896.

2 The twenty-four articles of the "Satisfactie" are given at length in Bor, xi. 924–926.

3 Bor, xi. 810a: "—— Die men schier den honden niet en soude konnen ont eggen," etc. etc.

4 Satisfactie, in Bor, xii. 924, 926, Art. 1; also Hoofd, xiii. 554–558.

5 Bor, xii. 926.

6 Ibid., 938. Hoofd, xiii. 558.

7 See the letter in Bor, xii. 938.

points—his royal supremacy, and the Catholic religion *upon the basis adopted by his father*, the Emperor Charles the Fifth.[1]

This was the whole substance of his communication—the supremacy of royalty and of papacy as in the time of Charles the Fifth. These cabalistic words were repeated twice in the brief letter to the Estates. They were repeated five times in the instructions furnished by his Majesty to De Selles.[2] The letter and the instructions indeed contained nothing else. Two simples were offered for the cure of the body politic, racked by the fever and convulsion of ten horrible years—two simples which the patient could hardly be so unreasonable as to reject—unlimited despotism and religious persecution. The whole matter lay in a nutshell, but it was a nutshell which enclosed the flaming edicts of Charles the Fifth, with their scaffolds, gibbets, racks, and funeral piles. The Prince and the States-general spurned such pacific overtures, and preferred rather to gird themselves for the combat.

That there might be no mistake about the matter, Don John, immediately after receiving the letter, issued a proclamation to enforce the King's command. He mentioned it as an acknowledged fact that the States-general had long ago sworn the maintenance of the two points of royal and Catholic supremacy, according to the practice under the Emperor Charles.[3] The States instantly published an indignant rejoinder, affirming the indisputable truth that they had sworn to the maintenance of the Ghent Pacification, and proclaiming the assertion of Don John an infamous falsehood. It was an outrage upon common sense, they said, that the Ghent treaty could be tortured into sanctioning the placards and the Inquisition, evils which that sacred instrument had been expressly intended to crush.[4]

A letter was then formally addressed to his Majesty, in the name of the Archduke Matthias and of the Estates, demanding the recall of Don John and the maintenance of the Ghent Pacification.[5] De Selles, in reply, sent a brief deprecatory paper, enclosing a note from Don John, which the envoy acknowledged might seem somewhat harsh in its expressions. The letter contained, indeed, a sufficiently fierce and peremptory summons to the States to obey the King's commands with regard to the system of Charles the Fifth, according to their previous agreement, together with a violent declaration of the Governor's displeasure that they had dared to solicit the aid of foreign princes.[6] On the 18th of February came a proposition from De Selles that the Prince of Orange should place himself in the hands of Don John, while the Prince of Parma, alone and without arms, would come before the Assembly to negotiate with them upon these matters.[7] The reply returned by the States-general to this absurd suggestion expressed their regret that the son of the Duchess Margaret should have taken part with the enemy of the Netherlanders, complained of the bull by which the Pope had invited war against them as if they had been Saracens, repeated their most unanswerable argument—that the Ghent Pacification had established a system directly the reverse of that which existed under Charles the Fifth—and affirmed their resolution never more to submit to Spanish armies, executioners, edicts, or inquisitions, and never more to return to the principles of the Emperor and of Alva.[8] To this diplomatic correspondence succeeded a war of words and of pamphlets, some of them very inflammatory and very eloquent. Meantime, the preparations for active hostilities were proceeding daily. The Prince of Orange, through his envoys in England, had arranged for subsidies in the coming campaign, and for troops which were to be led to the Netherlands under Duke Casimir of the Palatinate.

[1] Letter of the King, December 18, 1577, in Bor, xii. 938.
[2] The instructions are likewise in Bor, xii. 939.
[3] Proclamation, or letters patent, in Bor, xii. 940.
[4] Bor, xii. 939, 940.
[5] Ibid., 940.
[6] Ibid., 940, 941.
[7] Ibid., 942.
[8] Letter of States-general, Feb. 28, 1578, in Bor xii. 942, sqq.

He sent commissioners through the provinces to raise the respective contributions agreed upon, besides an extraordinary quota of four hundred thousand guilders monthly. He also negotiated a loan of a hundred and twenty thousand guilders from the citizens of Antwerp. Many new taxes were imposed by his direction, both upon income and upon consumption. By his advice, however, and with the consent of the States-general, the provinces of Holland and Zealand held no community of burthens with the other provinces, but of their own free will contributed more than the sums for which they would have been assessed. Mr. Leyton, who was about to return from his unsuccessful mission from Elizabeth to Don John, was requested by the States-general to convey to her Majesty a faithful report of the recent correspondence, and especially of the language held by the Governor-General. He was also urged to use his influence with the Queen, to the end that her promises of assistance might be speedily fulfilled.[1]

Troops were rapidly enrolled, and again, by the same honest but mistaken policy, the chief offices were conferred upon the great nobles—Aerschot, Champagny, Bossu, Egmont, Lalain, the Viscount of Ghent, Baron de Ville, and many others, most of whom were to desert the cause in the hour of its need. On the other hand, Don John was proceeding with his military preparations upon an extensive scale. The King had recently furnished him with one million nine hundred thousand dollars, and had promised to provide him with two hundred thousand more, monthly. With these funds his Majesty estimated that an army of thirty thousand foot, sixteen thousand cavalry, and thirty pieces of artillery, could be levied and kept on foot. If more remittances should prove to be necessary, it was promised that they should be forthcoming.[2]

This was the result of many earnest remonstrances made by the Governor concerning the dilatory policy of the King. Wearied with being constantly ordered "to blow hot and cold with the same breath,"[3] he had insisted that his Majesty should select the hot or the cold, and furnish him with the means of enforcing the choice. For himself, Don John assured his brother that the hottest measures were most to his taste, and most suitable to the occasion. Fire and sword could alone save the royal authority, for all the provinces had "abandoned themselves, body and soul, to the greatest heretic and tyrant that prince ever had for vassal."[4] Unceasing had been the complaints and entreaties of the Captain-General, called forth by the apathy or irresolution of Philip. It was only by assuring him that the Netherlands actually belonged to Orange that the monarch could be aroused. "His they are, and none other's,"[5] said the Governor, dolefully. The King had accordingly sent back De Billy, Don John's envoy, with decided injunctions to use force and energy to put down the revolt at once, and with an intimation that funds might be thenceforth more regularly depended upon, as the Indian fleets were expected in July. Philip also advised his brother to employ a portion of his money in purchasing the governors and principal persons who controlled the cities and other strong places belonging to the States.[6]

Meantime Don John thundered forth a manifesto which had been recently prepared in Madrid, by which the Estates, both general and particular, were ordered forthwith to separate, and forbidden to assemble again except by especial licence. All commissions, civil or military, granted by States' authority, were morever annulled, together with a general prohibition of any

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[1] Bor, xii. 948, 949.

[2] Letter of Philip, in Cabrera, xii. 978.

[3] "Sin encargar me que soplo frio y caliente, porque no lo comporta el negocio, sino que bien lo uno ó lo otro," etc., etc.—Carta del S. D. Juan al Rey, mano propria, MS. Bib. de Bourg., No. xvii. 385.

[4] "Estas gentes sean dado y entregado ya de todo punto a la obediencia y sucesion del mayor herese y tiranno que truvo nunca principe por vasallo."—Carta del S. D. Juan al Rey, etc., No. xvii. 385.

[5] "—— Solamente del P. de Oranxes, que suyas son y no de otro," etc.—Ibid.

[6] Letter of Don John, MS. Bib. de Bourg. Compare Cabrera, xii. 978.

act of obedience to such functionaries, and of contribution to any imposts which might be levied by their authority.[1] Such thunders were now comparatively harmless, for the States had taken their course, and were busily engaged, both at home and abroad, in arming for the conflict. St. Aldegonde was deputed to attend the imperial diet, then in session at Worms, where he delivered an oration which was very celebrated in its day as a composition, but which can hardly be said to have produced much practical effect. The current was setting hard in Germany against the Reformed religion and against the Netherland cause, the Augsburg Confessionists showing hardly more sympathy with Dutch Calvinists than with Spanish Papists.[2]

Envoys from Don John also attended the diet, and requested St. Aldegonde to furnish them with a copy of his oration. This he declined to do. While in Germany St. Aldegonde was informed by John Casimir that Duke Charles of Sweden had been solicited to furnish certain ships of war for a contemplated operation against Amsterdam.[3] The Duke had himself given information of this plot to the Prince Palatine. It was therefore natural that St. Aldegonde should forthwith dispatch the intelligence to his friends in the Netherlands, warning them of the dangers still to be apprehended from the machinations of the Catholic agents and functionaries in Amsterdam; for although the Reformation had made rapid progress in that important city since the conclusion of the Satisfaction, yet the magistracy remained Catholic.[4]

William Bardez, son of a former high sheriff, a warm partisan of Orange and of the "religion," had already determined to overthrow that magistracy and to expel the friars who infested the city. The recent information dispatched by St. Aldegonde confirmed him in his purpose. There had been much wrangling between the Popish functionaries and those of the Reformed religion concerning the constitution of the burgher guard. The Calvinists could feel no security for their own lives, or the repose of the commonwealth of Holland, unless they were themselves allowed a full participation in the government of those important bands. They were, moreover, dissatisfied with the assignment which had been made of the churchyards to the members of their communion. These causes of discord had maintained a general irritation among the body of the inhabitants, and were now used as pretexts by Bardez for his design. He knew the city to be ripe for the overthrow of the magistracy, and he had arranged with Governor Sonoy to be furnished with a sufficient number of well-tried soldiers, who were to be concealed in the houses of the confederates. A large number of citizens were also ready to appear at his bidding with arms in their hands.[5]

On the 24th of May he wrote to Sonoy, begging him to hold himself in readiness, as all was prepared within the city. At the same time he requested the Governor to send him forthwith a "morion and a buckler of proof," for he intended to see the matter fairly through.[6] Sonoy answered encouragingly, and sent him the armour as directed. On the 28th of May, Bardez, with four confederates, went to the council-room, to remonstrate with the senate concerning the grievances which had been so often discussed. At about midday, one of the confederates, upon leaving the council-room, stepped out for a moment upon the balcony, which looked towards the public square. Standing there for a moment, he gravely removed his hat, and then as gravely replaced it upon his head. This was a preconcerted signal. At the next instant a sailor was seen to rush across the square waving a flag in both hands. "All ye who love the Prince of Orange, take heart and follow me!" he

[1] Proclamation in Bor, xii. 946, 947. Compare Cabrera, xii. 978, 979; Hoofd, xii. 560.
[2] Bor, xii. 952–960.
[3] Ibid., 952. Hoofd, xiii. 565.
[4] Bor, xii. 952.
[5] Bor, xii. 953. Hoofd, xiii. 569. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 205.
[6] Bor, xii. 953. Hoofd, xiii. 570.

shouted.[1] In a moment the square was alive. Soldiers and armed citizens suddenly sprang forth, as if from the bowels of the earth. Bardez led a strong force directly into the council-chamber, and arrested every one of the astonished magistrates. At the same time, his confederates had scoured the town and taken every friar in the city into custody. Monks and senators were then marched solemnly down towards the quay, where a vessel was in readiness to receive them. "To the gallows with them! to the gallows with them!" shouted the populace as they passed along. "To the gibbet, whither they have brought many a good fellow before his time!" Such were the openly expressed desires of their fellow-citizens as these dignitaries and holy men proceeded to what they believed their doom. Although treated respectfully by those who guarded them, they were filled with trepidation, for they believed the execrations of the populace the harbingers of their fate. As they entered the vessel, they felt convinced that a watery death had been substituted for the gibbet. Poor old Henrich Dirckzoon, ex-burgomaster, pathetically rejected a couple of clean shirts which his careful wife had sent him by the hands of the housemaid. "Take them away; take them home again," said the rueful burgomaster; "I shall never need clean shirts again in this world."[2] He entertained no doubt that it was the intention of his captors to scuttle the vessel as soon as they had put a little out to sea, and so to leave them to their fate. No such tragic end was contemplated, however, and, in fact, never was a complete municipal revolution accomplished in so good-natured and jocose a manner. The Catholic magistrates and friars escaped with their fright. They were simply turned out of town, and forbidden, for their lives, ever to come back again. After the vessel had proceeded a little distance from the city, they were all landed high and dry upon a dyke, and so left unharmed within the open country.[3]

A new board of magistrates, of which stout William Bardez was one, was soon appointed; the train-bands were reorganised, and the churches thrown open to the Reformed worship, to the exclusion, at first, of the Catholics. This was certainly contrary to the Ghent treaty and to the recent Satisfaction; it was also highly repugnant to the opinions of Orange. After a short time, accordingly, the Catholics were again allowed access to the churches, but the tables had now been turned for ever in the capital of Holland, and the Reformation was an established fact throughout that little province.

Similar events occurring upon the following day at Harlem, accompanied with some bloodshed—for which, however, the perpetrator was punished with death—opened the great church of that city to the Reformed congregations, and closed them for a time to the Catholics.[4]

Thus the cause of the new religion was triumphant in Holland and Zealand, while it was advancing with rapid strides through the other provinces. Public preaching was of daily occurrence everywhere. On a single Sunday, fifteen different ministers of the Reformed religion preached in different places in Antwerp.[5] "Do you think this can be put down?" said Orange to the remonstrating burgomaster of that city. "'Tis for you to repress it," said the functionary; "I grant your Highness full power to do so." "And do you think," replied the Prince, "that I can do at this late moment what the Duke of Alva was unable to accomplish in the very plenitude of his power?"[6] At the same time, the Prince of Orange was more than ever disposed to rebuke his own Church for practising persecution in her turn. Again he lifted his commanding voice in behalf of the Anabaptists of Middelburg. He reminded

[1] Hoofd, xiii. 571. Wagenaer, vii. 206.
[2] Wagenaer, vii. 207.
[3] Hoofd, xiii. 571. Bor, xii. 953. Wagenaer, vii. 207.
[4] Bor. xii. 953. Hoofd, xiii. 572. Wagenaer, vii. 209, 210.
[5] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[6] Languetti, Ep. ad Aug. Sax., Ep. 147, p. 744.

the magistrates of that city that these peaceful burghers were always perfectly willing to bear their part in all the common burthens, that their word was as good as their oath, and that as to the matter of military service, although their principles forbade them to bear arms, they had ever been ready to provide and pay for substitutes. "We declare to you, therefore," said he, "that you have no right to trouble yourselves with any man's conscience so long as nothing is done to cause private harm or public scandal. We therefore expressly ordain that you desist from molesting these Baptists, from offering hindrance to their handicraft and daily trade, by which they can earn bread for their wives and children, and that you permit them henceforth to open their shops and to do their work, according to the custom of former days. Beware, therefore, of disobedience and of resistance to the ordinance which we now establish."[1]

Meantime, the armies on both sides had been assembled, and had been moving towards each other. Don John was at the head of nearly thirty thousand troops, including a large proportion of Spanish and Italian veterans.[2] The States' army hardly numbered eighteen thousand foot and two thousand cavalry, under the famous François de la Noue, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, who had been recently appointed *maréchal de camp*, and under Count Bossu, commander-in-chief.[3] The muster-place of the provincial forces was in the plains between Herenthals and Lier. At this point they expected to be reinforced by Duke Casimir, who had been, since the early part of the summer, in the country of Zutfen, but who was still remaining there inglorious and inactive, until he could be furnished with the requisite advance-money to his troops.[4]

Don John was determined, if possible, to defeat the States' army before Duke Casimir, with his twelve thousand Germans, should effect his juncture with Bossu. The Governor therefore crossed the Demer, near Aerschot, towards the end of July, and offered battle, day after day, to the enemy. A series of indecisive skirmishes was the result, in the last of which, near Rijnemants, on the first day of August, the royalists were worsted and obliged to retire, after a desultory action of nearly eight hours, leaving a thousand dead upon the field.[5] Their offer of "double or quits," the following morning, was steadily refused by Bossu, who, secure within his intrenchments, was not to be induced at that moment to encounter the chances of a general engagement. For this he was severely blamed by the more violent of the national party.[6] His patriotism, which was of such recent origin, was vehemently suspected; and his death, which occurred not long afterwards, was supposed to have alone prevented his deserting the States to fight again under Spanish colours. These suspicions were probably unjust. Bossu's truth of character had been as universally recognised as was his signal bravery. If he refused upon this occasion a general battle, those who reflected upon the usual results to the patriot banner of such engagements might confess, perhaps, that one disaster the more had been avoided. Don John, finding it impossible to accomplish his purpose, and to achieve another Gemblours victory, fell back again to the neighbourhood of Namur.[7]

The States' forces remained waiting for the long-promised succour of John

[1] This letter of the Prince to the Calvinist authorities of Middelburg is given by Bor, xii. 993, and by Brandt, Hist. der Ref., i. 609, 610.

[2] Bor, xii. 987. Meteren, viii. 140. Strada, Bentivoglio, and others allow only sixteen or seventeen thousand men. Compare Hoofd, xiii. 581.

[3] Hoofd, xiii. 581.

[4] Ibid. Bor, xii. 987. Strada, x. 491.

[5] Bor, xii. 987. Meteren, viii. 140. Hoofd, xiii. 583. The Spaniards, however, only allow twenty killed and fifty wounded. Compare Hoofd, ubi sup. Not the least picturesque feature in this celebrated action is one reported by Strada. The heat of the day was so oppressive that a band of Scotch veterans, under Robert Stuart, thought it more comfortable to strip themselves to their shirts; and, at last, as the weather and the skirmish grew hotter, to lay aside even those integuments, and to fight all day long in the costume of ancient Picts.—Strada, x. 497. The date of the battle in Strada, and in Bentivoglio, x. 213, is the 1st of August. The same date is given by Hoofd. Bor says 31st of July.

[6] Bor, xii. 987. Hoofd, xiii. 584.

[7] Ibid. Ibid.

Casimir. It was the 26th of August, however, before the Duke led his twelve thousand men to the neighbourhood of Mechlin, where Bossu was encamped.[1] This young prince possessed neither the ability nor the generosity which were requisite for the heroic part which he was ambitious to perform in the Netherland drama. He was inspired by a vague idea of personal aggrandisement, although he professed at the same time the utmost deference to William of Orange. He expressed the hope that he and the Prince "should be but two heads under one hat;"[2] but he would have done well to ask himself whether his own contribution to this partnership of brains would very much enrich the silent statesman. Orange himself regarded him with respectful contempt, and considered his interference with Netherland matters but as an additional element of mischief. The Duke's right hand man, however, Peter Peuterich, the "equestrian doctor," as Sir Philip Sydney called him—equally skilful with the sword as with the pen—had succeeded, while on a mission to England, in acquiring the Queen's favour for his master.[3] To Casimir, therefore, had been intrusted the command of the levies, and the principal expenditure of the subsidies which she had placed at the disposition of the States. Upon Casimir she relied as a counterweight to the Duke of Alençon, who, as she knew, had already entered the provinces at the secret solicitation of a large faction among the nobles. She had as much confidence as ever in Orange, but she imagined herself to be strengthening his cause by providing him with such a lieutenant. Casimir's immediate friends had but little respect for his abilities. His father-in-law, Augustus of Saxony, did not approve his expedition. The Landgrave William, to whom he wrote for counsel, answered, in his quaint manner, that it was always difficult for one friend to advise another in three matters—to wit, in taking a wife, going to sea, and going to war; but that, nevertheless, despite the ancient proverb, he would assume the responsibility of warning Casimir not to plunge into what he was pleased to call the "*confusum chaos* of Netherland politics." The Duke felt no inclination, however, to take the advice which he had solicited. He had been stung by the sarcasm which Alva had once uttered, that the German potentates carried plenty of lions, dragons, eagles, and griffins on their shields, but that these ferocious animals were not given to biting or scratching. He was therefore disposed, once for all, to show that the teeth and claws of German princes could still be dangerous. Unfortunately, he was destined to add a fresh element of confusion to the chaos, and to furnish rather a proof than a refutation of the correctness of Alva's gibe.[4]

This was the hero who was now thrust, head and shoulders, as it were, into the entangled affairs of the Netherlands, and it was Elizabeth of England, more than ever alarmed at the schemes of Alençon, who had pushed forward this Protestant champion, notwithstanding the disinclination of Orange.

The Queen was right in her uneasiness respecting the French Prince. The Catholic nobles, relying upon the strong feeling still rife throughout the Walloon country against the Reformed religion, and inflamed more than ever by their repugnance to Orange, whose genius threw them so completely into the shade, had already drawn closer to the Duke. The same influences were at work to introduce Alençon which had formerly been employed to bring Matthias from Vienna. Now that the Archduke, who was to have been the rival, had become the dependent of William, they turned their attention to

[1] Bor, xii. 997.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 377.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 376, 377, note 1.

[4] Meteren, viii. 140. Hoofd, xiii. 584. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 375, note. "Dann, zu weib nehmen, über mehr schiffen, undt zum Kriege, kein freundt dem andern, dem gemeynen Sprichwortt nach, rathen," etc.—Letter of Landgrave William, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 317. He adds that the Netherlanders were a wild, godless, and irresponsible crew, neither attached to the true religion, nor having any real regard for the Prince, etc., etc.—Ibid. See also Archives et Correspondance, vi. 300 and 427.

the son of Catherine de Medici, Orange himself having always kept the Duke in reserve as an instrument to overcome the political coquetry of Elizabeth. That great Princess never manifested less greatness than in her earlier and most tormenting connection with the Netherlands. Having allured them for years with bright but changeful face, she still looked coldly down upon the desolate sea where they were drifting. She had promised much; her performance had been nothing. Her jealousy of French influence had at length been turned to account, a subsidy and a levy extorted from her fears. Her ministers and prominent advisers were one and all in favour of an open and generous support to the provinces. Walsingham, Burleigh, Knollys, Davidson, Sidney, Leicester, Fleetwood, Wilson, all desired that she should frankly espouse their cause. A bold policy they believed to be the only prudent one in this case; yet the Queen considered it sagacious to dispatch envoys both to Philip and to Don John, as if, after what they knew of her secret practices, such missions could effect any useful purpose. Better, therefore, in the opinion of the honest and intrepid statesmen of England, to throw down the gauntlet at once in the cause of the oppressed than to shuffle and palter until the dreaded rival should cross the frontier. A French Netherlands they considered even more dangerous than a Spanish, and Elizabeth partook of their sentiments although incapable of their promptness. With the perverseness which was the chief blot upon her character, she was pleased that the Duke should be still a dangler for her hand, even while she was intriguing against his political hopes.[1] She listened with undisguised rapture to his proposals of love, while she was secretly thwarting the plans of his ambition.

Meanwhile, Alençon had arrived at Mons, and we have seen already the feminine adroitness with which his sister of Navarre had prepared his entrance. Not in vain had she cajoled the commandant of Cambray citadel; not idly had she led captive the hearts of Lalain and his Countess, thus securing the important province of Hainault for the Duke. Don John might indeed gnash his teeth with rage as he marked the result of all the feasting and flattery, the piping and dancing at Namur.

Francis, Duke of Alençon, and—since the accession of his brother Henry to the French throne—Duke of Anjou, was, upon the whole, the most despicable personage who had ever entered the Netherlands. His previous career at home had been so flagrantly false that he had forfeited the esteem of every honest man in Europe, Catholic or Lutheran, Huguenot or Malcontent. The world has long known his character. History will always retain him as an example to show mankind the amount of mischief which may be perpetrated by a prince, ferocious without courage, ambitious without talent, and bigoted without opinions. Incapable of religious convictions himself, he had alternately aspired to be a commander of Catholic and of Huguenot zealots, and he had acquired nothing by his vacillating course save the entire contempt of all parties and of both religions. Scared from the side of Navarre and Condé by the menacing attitude of the "League," fearing to forfeit the succession to the throne unless he made his peace with the court, he had recently resumed his place among the Catholic commanders. Nothing was easier for him than to return shamelessly to a party which he had shamelessly deserted, save perhaps to betray it again, should his interest prompt him to do so, on the morrow. Since the peace of 1576, it had been evident that the Protestants could not count upon his friendship, and he had soon afterwards been placed at the head of the army which was besieging the Huguenots of Issoire.[2]

[1] See, for example, a letter from Sir Amias Paulet to the Earl of Leicester, in Groen v. Prinst., vi. 421–423.

[2] De Thou, vii. liv. lxiii. Mémoires de Marg. de Valois, liv. ii.

He sought to atone for having commanded the troops of the new religion by the barbarity with which he now persecuted its votaries. When Issoire fell into his hands, the luckless city was spared none of the misery which can be inflicted by a brutal and frenzied soldiery. Its men were butchered, its females outraged, its property plundered, with a thoroughness which rivalled the Netherland practice of Alva or Frederic Toledo or Julian Romero. The town was sacked and burned to ashes by furious Catholics under the command of Francis Alençon almost at the very moment when his fair sister, Margaret, was preparing the way in the Netherlands for the fresh treason[1] which he already meditated to the Catholic cause. The treaty of Bergerac, signed in the autumn of 1577,[2] again restored a semblance of repose to France, and again afforded an opportunity for Alençon to change his politics, and what he called his religion. Reeking with the blood of the Protestants of Issoire, he was now at leisure to renew his dalliance with the Queen of Protestant England, and to resume his correspondence with the great chieftain of the Reformation in the Netherlands.

It is perhaps an impeachment upon the perspicacity of Orange that he could tolerate this mischievous and worthless "son of France," even for the grave reasons which influenced him. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he only intended to keep him in reserve for the purpose of irritating the jealousy and quickening the friendship of the English Queen. Those who see anything tortuous in such politics must beware of judging the intriguing age of Philip and Catherine de Medici by the higher standard of later and possibly more candid times. It would have been puerile for a man of William the Silent's resources to allow himself to be outwitted by the intrigues of all the courts and cabinets in Europe. Moreover, it must be remembered that, if he alone could guide himself and his country through the perplexing labyrinth in which they were involved, it was because he held in his hand the clue of an honest purpose. His position in regard to the Duke of Alençon had now become sufficiently complicated, for the tiger that he had led in a chain had been secretly unloosed by those who meant mischief. In the autumn of the previous year, the aristocratic and Catholic party in the States-general had opened their communications with a prince by whom they hoped to be indemnified for their previous defeat.

The ill effects of Elizabeth's coquetry too plainly manifested themselves at last, and Alençon had now a foothold in the Netherlands. Precipitated by the intrigues of the party which had always been either openly or secretly hostile to Orange, his advent could no longer be delayed. It only remained for the Prince to make himself his master, as he had already subdued each previous rival. This he accomplished with his customary adroitness. It was soon obvious, even to so dull and so base a nature as that of the Duke, that it was his best policy to continue to cultivate so powerful a friendship. It cost him little to crouch, but events were fatally to prove, at a later day, that there are natures too malignant to be trusted or tamed. For the present, however, Alençon professed the most friendly sentiments towards the Prince. Solicited by so ardent and considerable a faction, the Duke was no longer to be withheld from trying the venture,[3] and if he could not effect his entrance by fair means, was determined to do so by force.[4] He would obtrude his assistance if it were declined. He would do his best to dismember the provinces, if only a portion of them would accept his proffered friendship. Under these circumstances, as the Prince could no longer exclude him

[1] But three men were spared, according to De Thou, vii. 502, liv. lxiii.
[2] De Thou, vii. 529, liv. lxiv.
[3] See the remarks and citations of Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. pp. 364–370. Compare Apologie d'Orange, p. 107, and Bor, xii. 975.
[4] Rés. MSS. des Es. Gx., in Groen v. Prinst., vi. 370.

from the country, it became necessary to accept his friendship, and to hold him in control. The Duke had formally offered his assistance to the States-general directly after the defeat of Gembloux,[1] and early in July had made his appearance in Mons. Thence he dispatched his envoys, Des Pruneaux and Rochefort, to deal with the States-general and with Orange, while he treated Matthias with contempt, and declared that he had no intention to negotiate with him. The Archduke burst into tears when informed of this slight, and feebly expressed a wish that succour might be found in Germany which would render this French alliance unnecessary. It was not the first nor the last mortification which the future Emperor was to undergo. The Prince was addressed with distinguished consideration; Des Pruneaux protesting that he desired but three things—the glory of his master, the glory of God, and the glory of William of Orange.[2]

The French King was naturally supposed to be privy to his brother's schemes, for it was thought ridiculous to suggest that Henry's own troops could be led by his own brother on this foreign expedition without his connivance.[3] At the same time, private letters written by him at this epoch expressed disapprobation of the schemes of Alençon, and jealousy of his aggrandisement. It was, perhaps, difficult to decide as to the precise views of a monarch who was too weak to form opinions for himself, and too false to maintain those with which he had been furnished by others. With the Medicean mother it was different, and it was she who was believed to be at the bottom of the intrigue. There was even a vague idea that the Spanish sovereign himself might be privy to the plot, and that a possible marriage between Alençon and the Infanta might be on the cards.[4] In truth, however, Philip felt himself outraged by the whole proceedings. He resolutely refused to accept the excuses proffered by the French court, or to doubt the complicity of the Queen Dowager, who, it was well known, governed all her sons. She had, to be sure, thought proper to read the envoys of the States-general a lecture upon the impropriety of subjects opposing the commands of their lawful Prince, but such artifices were thought too transparent to deceive. Granvelle scouted the idea of her being ignorant of Anjou's scheme or opposed to its success.[5] As for William of Hesse, while he bewailed more than ever the luckless plunge into "*confusum chaos*" which Casimir had taken, he unhesitatingly expressed his conviction that the invasion of Alençon was a masterpiece of Catherine. The whole responsibility of the transaction he divided, in truth, between the Dowager and the comet, which just then hung over the world, filling the soul of the excellent Landgrave with dismal apprehension.[6]

The Queen of England was highly incensed by the actual occurrence of the invasion which she had so long dreaded. She was loud in her denunciations of the danger and dishonour which would be the result to the provinces of this French alliance. She threatened not only to withdraw herself from their cause, but even to take arms against a commonwealth which had dared to accept Alençon for its master. She had originally agreed to furnish one hundred thousand pounds by way of loan. This assistance had been afterwards commuted into a levy of three thousand foot and two thousand horse, to be added to the forces of John Casimir, and to be placed under his command. It had been stipulated, also, that the Palatine should have the rank and pay

[1] Meteren, viii. 140a. Bor, xii. 950.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 404, sqq. Letter of Des Pruneaux in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 399.

[3] This was Granvelle's opinion. See letter from Granvelle to Bellefontaine, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 426.

[4] Remarks and citations of Groen v. Prinst., vi. 368, 424–427. Compare De Thou, vii. 698.

[5] Letter of Granvelle to Bellefontaine.

[6] "—— Summa, der comett und die grosse *prodigia* so diesz jahr geschenn wordenn, wollen ihre wirckung haben. Gott gebe daszsie zu eynem guten ende lauffen." —Archives et Cor., vi. 140. Compare Strada, ix. 403.

of an English general-in-chief, and be considered as the Queen's lieutenant. The money had been furnished and the troops enrolled. So much had been already bestowed, and could not be recalled, but it was not probable that, in her present humour, the Queen would be induced to add to her favours.[1]

The Prince, obliged by the necessity of the case, had prescribed the terms and the title under which Alençon should be accepted. Upon the 13th of August the Duke's envoy concluded a convention in twenty-three articles, which were afterwards subscribed by the Duke himself, at Mons, upon the 20th of the same month.[2] The substance of this arrangement was that Alençon should lend his assistance to the provinces against the intolerable tyranny of the Spaniards and the unjustifiable military invasion of Don John. He was, moreover, to bring into the field ten thousand foot and two thousand horse for three months. After the expiration of this term, his forces might be reduced to three thousand foot and five hundred horse. The States were to confer upon him the title of "Defender of the Liberty of the Netherlands against the Tyranny of the Spaniards and their adherents." He was to undertake no hostilities against Queen Elizabeth. The States were to aid him, whenever it should become necessary, with the same amount of force with which he now assisted them. He was to submit himself contentedly to the civil government of the country in everything regarding its internal polity. He was to make no special contracts or treaties with any cities or provinces of the Netherlands. Should the States-general accept another prince as sovereign, the Duke was to be preferred to all others, upon conditions afterwards to be arranged. All cities which might be conquered within the territory of the united provinces were to belong to the States. Such places not in that territory as should voluntarily surrender were to be apportioned, by equal division, between the Duke and the States. The Duke was to bring no foreign troops but French into the provinces. The month of August was reserved, during which the States were, if possible, to make a composition with Don John.[3]

These articles were certainly drawn up with skill. A high-sounding but barren title, which gratified the Duke's vanity and signified nothing, had been conferred upon him; while at the same time he was forbidden to make conquests or contracts, and was obliged to submit himself to the civil government of the country: in short, he was to obey the Prince of Orange in all things —and so here was another plot of the Prince's enemies neutralised. Thus, for the present at least, had the position of Anjou been defined.

As the month of August, during which it was agreed[4] that negotiations with the Governor-General should remain open, had already half expired, certain articles, drawn up by the States-general, were at once laid before Don John. Lord Cobham and Sir Francis Walsingham were then in the Netherlands, having been sent by Elizabeth for the purpose of effecting a pacification of the Estates with the Governor, if possible. They had also explained—so far as an explanation was possible—the assistance which the English Government had rendered to the rebels, upon the ground that the French invasion could be prevented in no other way.[5] This somewhat lame apology had been passed over in silence rather than accepted by Don John. In the same interview the envoys made an equally unsuccessful effort to induce the acceptance by the Governor of the terms offered by the States. A further proposition on their part for an "Interim,"[6] upon the plan attempted by Charles the

1 Bor, xii. 948, 949, 975, sqq. Compare Meteren, viii. 149.

2 Bor, xii. 976–978. Meteren, viii. 140, 141.

3 See especially Articles 4, 5, 10, 14, 15, 16, 21.

4 Article 21 of the Convention. See Bor, xii. 978; Meteren, viii. 141.

5 "Y disculpando a la Reyna su ama de lo que avia hecho en favor de los Estados, y que avia sido por mejor y porque el frances no metiesse pie en ellos."—Lo que en substancia ha passado con su Alteza, 14 Agósto, 1578, Acta Stat. Belg., iii., MS. Hague Archives.

6 Ibid.

Fifth in Germany previously to the peace of Passau, met with no more favour than it merited, for certainly that name—which became so odious in Germany that cats and dogs were called "Interim" by the common people in derision—was hardly a potent word to conjure with at that moment in the Netherlands. They then expressed their intention of retiring to England, much grieved at the result of their mission. The Governor replied that they might do as they liked, but that he, at least, had done all in his power to bring about a peace, and that the King had been equally pacific in his intentions. He then asked the envoys what they themselves thought of the terms proposed. "Indeed, they *are too hard*, your Highness,"[1] answered Walsingham, "but 'tis only by *pure menace* that we have extorted them from the States, unfavourable though they seem."

"Then you may tell them," replied the Governor, "to keep their offers to themselves. Such terms will go but little way in any negotiation with me."

The envoys shrugged their shoulders.

"What is your own opinion on the whole affair?" resumed Don John. "Perhaps your advice may yet help me to a better conclusion."

The envoys continued silent and pensive.

"We can only answer," said Walsingham at length, "by imitating the physician, who would prescribe no medicine until he was quite sure that the patient was ready to swallow it. 'Tis no use wasting counsel or drugs."[2]

The reply was not satisfactory, but the envoys had convinced themselves that the sword was the only surgical instrument likely to find favour at that juncture. Don John referred, in vague terms, to his peaceable inclinations, but protested that there was no treating with so unbridled a people as the Netherlanders. The ambassadors soon afterwards took their leave. After this conference, which was on the 24th of August 1578, Walsingham and Cobham addressed a letter to the States-general, deploring the disingenuous and procrastinating conduct of the Governor, and begging that the failure to effect a pacification might not be imputed to them.[3] They then returned to England.

The imperial envoy, Count Schwartzburg, at whose urgent solicitation this renewed attempt at a composition had been made, was most desirous that the Governor should accept the articles.[4] They formed, indeed, the basis of a liberal, constitutional, representative government, in which the Spanish monarch was to retain only a strictly limited sovereignty.[5] The proposed convention required Don John, with all his troops and adherents, forthwith to leave the land after giving up all strongholds and cities in his possession. It provided that the Archduke Matthias should remain as Governor-general, *under the conditions according to which he had been originally accepted.* It left the question of religious worship to the decision of the States-general. It provided for the release of all prisoners, the return of all exiles, the restoration of all confiscated property. It stipulated that upon the death or departure of Matthias, his Majesty was not to apppoint a Governor-General *without the consent of the States-general.*[6]

When Count Schwartzburg waited upon the Governor with these astonishing propositions—which Walsingham might well call somewhat hard—he found him less disposed to explode with wrath than he had been in previous conferences. Already the spirit of the impetuous young soldier was broken, both by the ill health which was rapidly undermining his constitution, and by the

[1] "Que in veritá erano troppo duri." The conversation was carried on partly in Italian, partly in French, partly in Spanish.—MS. Memorandum, dict. act.
[2] MS. Memorandum, dict. act.
[3] Acta Stat. Belg., iii. f. 71, MS. Hague Archives.
[4] Bor, xii. 979. Hoofd, xii. 587.
[5] See the thirteen articles in Bor, xii. 979, 980.
[6] Articles 5 and 12 of the proposed Convention, Bor, xii. 979.

helpless condition in which he had been left while contending with the great rebellion. He had soldiers, but no money to pay them withal; he had no means of upholding that supremacy of crown and church which he was so vigorously instructed to maintain; and he was heartily wearied of fulminating edicts which he had no power to enforce. He had repeatedly solicited his recall, and was growing daily more impatient that his dismissal did not arrive. Moreover, the horrible news of Escovedo's assassination had sickened him to the soul.[1] The deed had flashed a sudden light into the abyss of dark duplicity in which his own fate was suspended. His most intimate and confidential friend had been murdered by royal command, while he was himself abandoned by Philip, exposed to insult, left destitute of defence. No money was forthcoming, in spite of constant importunities and perpetual promises.[2] Plenty of words were sent him; he complained, as if he possessed the art of extracting gold from them, or as if war could be carried on with words alone.[3]

Being in so desponding a mood, he declined entering into any controversy with regard to the new propositions, which, however, he characterised as most iniquitous. He stated merely that his Majesty had determined to refer the Netherland matters to the arbitration of the Emperor; that the Duke de Terra Nova would soon be empowered to treat upon the subject at the imperial court; and that, in the meantime, he was himself most anxiously awaiting his recall.[4]

A synod of the Reformed Churches had been held during the month of June at Dort. There they had laid down a platform of their principles of church government in one hundred and one articles.[5] In the same month the leading members of the Reformed Church had drawn up an ably reasoned address to Matthias and the Council of State on the subject of a general peace of religion for the provinces.[6]

William of Orange did his utmost to improve the opportunity. He sketched a system of provisional toleration, which he caused to be signed by the Archduke Matthias, and which, at least for a season, was to establish religious freedom.[7] The brave, tranquil, solitary man still held his track across the raging waves, shedding as much light as one clear human soul could dispense; yet the dim lantern, so far in advance, was swallowed in the mist, ere those who sailed in his wake could shape their course by his example. No man understood him. Not even his nearest friends comprehended his views, nor saw that he strove to establish not freedom for Calvinism, but freedom for conscience. St. Aldegonde complained that the Prince would not persecute the Anabaptists.[8] Peter Dathenus denounced him as an atheist, while even Count John, the only one left of his valiant and generous brothers, opposed the religious peace—except where the advantages were on the side of the new religion. Where the Catholics had been effectually put down, as in Holland and Zealand, honest John saw no reason for allowing them to lift themselves up again.[9] In the Popish provinces, on the other hand, he was for a religious peace. In this bigoted spirit he was followed by too many of the Reforming mass, while, on their part, the Walloons were already banding themselves together in the more southern provinces, under the name of Malcontents. Stigmatised by the Calvinists as "Paternoster Jacks,"[10] they were daily drawing closer their alliance with Alençon, and weakening the bonds which united them with their Protestant brethren. Count John had at length become a permanent functionary in the Netherlands. Urgently solicited by the leaders

[1] That event had occurred, as already stated, upon the 31st of March of this year (1578).
[2] See the letter of Philip in Cabrera, xii. 978.
[3] Strada, x. 502.
[4] Bor, xii. 981. Compare Meteren, viii. 140, 141.
[5] Given in Bor, xii. 981–986.
[6] In Bor, xii. 971.
[7] Bor, xii. 973.
[8] Hoofd, xiii. 575. Ev. Reyd. Ann., ii. 23.
[9] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 434, 435.
[10] "Pater noster Knechten."—Meteren, viii. 143 Bor, xii. 998. Compare Bentivoglio, x. 216.

and the great multitude of the Reformers, he had long been unwilling to abandon his home, and to neglect the private affairs which his devotion to the Netherland cause had thrown into great confusion. The Landgrave, too, whose advice he had asked, had strongly urged him not to "dip his fingers into the *olla podrida*."[1] The future of the provinces was, in his opinion, so big with disaster, that the past, with all its horrors, under Alva and Requesens, had only furnished the "*preludia*" of that which was to ensue.[2] For these desperate views his main reason, as usual, was the comet, that mischievous luminary still continuing to cast a lurid glare across the Landgrave's path.[3] Notwithstanding these direful warnings from a prince of the Reformation, notwithstanding the "*olla podrida*" and the "comet," Count John had nevertheless accepted the office of Governor of Gelderland, to which he had been elected by the Estates of that province on the 11th of March.[4] That important bulwark of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht on the one side, and of Groningen and Friesland on the other—the main buttress, in short, of the nascent Republic, was now in hands which would defend it to the last.

As soon as the discussion came up in the States-general on the subject of the Dort petitions, Orange requested that every member who had formed his opinions should express them fully and frankly. All wished, however, to be guided and governed by the sentiments of the Prince. Not a man spoke, save to demand their leader's views, and to express adhesion in advance to the course which his wisdom might suggest.[5] The result was a projected convention, a draft for a religious peace,[6] which, if definitely established, would have healed many wounds and averted much calamity. It was not, however, destined to be accepted at that time by the States of the different provinces where it was brought up for discussion; and several changes were made, both of form and substance, before the system was adopted at all. Meantime, for the important city of Antwerp, where religious broils were again on the point of breaking out, the Prince preferred a provisional arrangement, which he forthwith carried into execution. A proclamation, in the name of the Archduke Matthias and of the State Council, assigned five special places in the city where the members of the "pretended reformed religion" should have liberty to exercise their religious worship, with preaching, singing, and the sacraments.[7] The churchyards of the parochial churches were to be opened for the burial of their dead, but the funerals were to be unaccompanied with exhortation, or any public demonstration which might excite disturbance. The adherents of one religion were forbidden to disturb, to insult, or in any way to interfere with the solemnities of the other. All were to abstain from mutual jeerings—by pictures, ballads, books, or otherwise—and from all injuries to ecclesiastical property. Every man, of whatever religion, was to be permitted entrance to the churches of either religion, and when there, all were to conform to the regulations of the Church with modesty and respect. Those of the new religion were to take oaths of obedience to the authorities, and to abstain from meddling with the secular administration of affairs. Preachers of both religions were forbidden to preach out of doors, or to make use of language tending to sedition. All were to bind themselves to assist the magistrates in quelling riots and in sustaining the civil government.[8]

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[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 317.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 256.

[3] Letters of Landgrave William, Archives et Correspondance, v. 34, ii. 256–269.

[4] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 308.

[5] Languetti Ep. Sec. ad Aug. Sax. 147, p. 744.

[6] According to the 3d and 4th Articles, the Catholic or the Reformed religion was to be re-established and freely exercised in any town or village where such re-establishment should be demanded by one hundred families.—Meteren, viii. 143a.

[7] See the document in Bor, xii. 974, 975. Hoofd, xiii. 575.

[8] Bor, xii. 974, 975. The principle of the religious peace was adopted, and churches accordingly allotted to the members of the Reformed Church, in the cities of Antwerp, Brussels, Mechlin, Bergen, Breda, Liere, Bruges, Ypres, and in many cities of Gelderland and Friesland.—Meteren, viii. 142.

This example of religious peace, together with the active correspondence thus occasioned with the different State assemblies, excited the jealousy of the Catholic leaders and of the Walloon population.[1] Champagny, who, despite his admirable qualities and brilliant services, was still unable to place himself on the same platform of toleration with Orange, now undertook a decided movement against the policy of the Prince. Catholic to the core, he drew up a petition, remonstrating most vigorously against the draft for a religious peace, then in circulation through the provinces.[2] To this petition he procured many signatures among the more ardent Catholic nobles. De Héze, De Glimes, and others of the same stamp, were willing enough to follow the lead of so distinguished a chieftain. The remonstrance was addressed to the Archduke, the Prince of Orange, the State Council, and the States-general, and called upon them all to abide by their solemn promises to permit no schism in the ancient Church. Should the exercise of the new religion be allowed, the petitioners insisted that the godless licentiousness of the Netherlands would excite the contempt of all peoples and potentates. They suggested, in conclusion, that all the principal cities of France—and in particular the city of Paris—had kept themselves clear of the exercise of the new religion, and that repose and prosperity had been the result.[3]

This petition was carried with considerable solemnity by Champagny, attended by many of his confederates, to the Hôtel de Ville, and presented to the magistracy of Brussels. These functionaries were requested to deliver it forthwith to the Archduke and Council. The magistrates demurred. A discussion ensued, which grew warmer and warmer as it proceeded. The younger nobles permitted themselves abusive language, which the civic dignitaries would not brook. The session was dissolved, and the magistrates, still followed by the petitioners, came forth into the street. The confederates, more inflamed than ever, continued to vociferate and to threaten. A crowd soon collected in the square. The citizens were naturally curious to know why their senators were thus browbeaten and insulted by a party of insolent young Catholic nobles. The old politician at their head, who, in spite of many services, was not considered a friend to the nation, inspired them with distrust.[4] Being informed of the presentation of the petition, the multitude loudly demanded that the document should be read. This was immediately done. The general drift of the remonstrance was anything but acceptable, but the allusion to Paris, at the close, excited a tempest of indignation. "Paris! Paris! St. Bartholomew! St. Bartholomew! Are we to have Paris weddings in Brussels also?" howled the mob, as is often the case, extracting but a single idea, and that a wrong one, from the public lecture which had just been made. "Are we to have a Paris massacre, a Paris bloodbath here in the Netherland capital? God forbid! God forbid! Away with the conspirators! Down with the Papists!"[5]

It was easily represented to the inflamed imaginations of the populace that a Brussels St. Bartholomew had been organised, and that Champagny, who stood there before them, was its originator and manager. The ungrateful Netherlanders forgot the heroism with which the old soldier had arranged the defence of Antwerp against the "Spanish Fury" but two years before. They heard only the instigations of his enemies; they remembered only that he was the hated Granvelle's brother; they believed only that there was a plot by

[1] Bor, xii. 975. Hoofd, xiii. 575.

[2] See the Petition in Bor, xii. 989, 990. Compare Hoofd, xiii. 578. Meteren, viii. 142.

[3] Petition in Bor, xii. 989, 990.

[4] Bor, xii. 988. Champagny was a Catholic and the brother of Granvelle; he was also one of the most patriotic and honourable, as he was unquestionably one of the bravest, of the Netherland nobles. His character is interesting, and his services were remarkable. It is said that he could not rise to the same tolerance in religious matters which the Prince of Orange had attained.

[5] Bor, xii. 988. Hoofd, xiii. 578, 579.

which, in some utterly incomprehensible manner, they were all to be immediately engaged in cutting each others' throats and throwing each other out of the windows, as had been done half-a-dozen years before in Paris. Such was the mischievous intention ascribed to a petition which Champagny and his friends had as much right to offer—however narrow and mistaken their opinions might now be considered—as had the Synod of Dort to present their remonstrances. Never was a more malignant or more stupid perversion of a simple and not very alarming phrase. No allusion had been made to St. Bartholomew, but all its horrors were supposed to be concealed in the sentence which referred to Paris. The nobles were arrested on the spot and hurried to prison, with the exception of Champagny, who made his escape at first, and lay concealed for several days.[1] He was, however, finally ferreted out of his hiding-place and carried off to Ghent. There he was thrown into strict confinement, being treated in all respects as the accomplice of Aerschot and the other nobles who had been arrested in the time of Ryhove's revolution.[2] Certainly this conduct towards a brave and generous gentleman was ill calculated to increase general sympathy for the cause, or to merit the approbation of Orange. There was, however, a strong prejudice against Champagny. His brother Granvelle had never been forgotten by the Netherlanders, and was still regarded as their most untiring foe, while Champagny was supposed to be in close league with the Cardinal. In these views the people were entirely wrong.

While these events were taking place in Brussels and Antwerp, the two armies of the States and of Don John were indolently watching each other. The sinews of war had been cut upon both sides. Both parties were cramped by the most abject poverty. The troops under Bossu and Casimir in the camp near Mechlin were already discontented for want of pay. The one hundred thousand pounds of Elizabeth had already been spent, and it was not probable that the offended Queen would soon furnish another subsidy. The States could with difficulty extort anything like the assessed quotas from the different provinces. The Duke of Alençon was still at Mons, from which place he had issued a violent proclamation of war against Don John—a manifesto which had, however, not been followed up by very vigorous demonstrations. Don John himself was in his fortified camp at Bouge, within a league of Namur, but the hero was consuming with mental and with bodily fever. He was, as it were, besieged. He was left entirely without funds, while his royal brother obstinately refused compliance with his earnest demands to be recalled, and coldly neglected his importunities for pecuniary assistance.[3]

Compelled to carry on a war against an armed rebellion with such gold only as could be extracted from royal words; stung to the heart by the suspicion of which he felt himself the object at home, and by the hatred with which he was regarded in the provinces; outraged in his inmost feelings by the murder of Escovedo; foiled, outwitted, reduced to a political nullity by the masterly tactics of the "odious heretic of heretics," to whom he had originally offered his own patronage and the royal forgiveness, the high-spirited soldier was an object to excite the tenderness even of religious and political opponents. Wearied with the turmoil of camps without battle and of cabinets without counsel, he sighed for repose, even if it could be found only in a cloister or the grave. "I rejoice to see by your letter," he wrote pathetically to John Andrew Doria at Genoa, "that your life is flowing on with such calmness, while the world around me is so tumultuously agitated. I consider you most

[1] Bor, xii. 988. Hoofd, xiii. 579. Meteren, viii. 142.
[2] Ibid. Ibid. Ibid. His captivity lasted several years.
[3] Bor, xii. 997, 998. Hoofd, xiv. 584, 585. The States had agreed to pay 600,000 guldens per month. The expenses of the army were estimated at 800,000 guldens per month.—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 397. Proclamation in Bor, xii. 996, 997.

fortunate that you are passing the remainder of your days for God and yourself; that you are not forced to put yourself perpetually in the scales of the world's events, nor to venture yourself daily on its hazardous games."[1] He proceeded to inform his friend of his own painful situation, surrounded by innumerable enemies, without means of holding out more than three months, and cut off from all assistance by a Government which could not see that if the present chance were lost all was lost. He declared it impossible for him to fight in the position to which he was reduced, pressed as he was within half a mile of the point which he had always considered as his last refuge. He stated also that the French were strengthening themselves in Hainault under Alençon, and that the King of France was in readiness to break in through Burgundy, should his brother obtain a firm foothold in the provinces. "I have besought his Majesty over and over again," he continued, "to send to me his orders; if they come, they shall be executed, unless they arrive too late. *They have cut off our hands, and we have now nothing for it but to stretch forth our heads also to the axe.* I grieve to trouble you with my sorrows, but I trust to your sympathy as a man and a friend. I hope that you will remember me in your prayers, for you can put your trust where, in former days, I never could place my own."[2]

The dying crusader wrote another letter, in the same mournful strain, to another intimate friend, Don Pedro Mendoza, Spanish envoy in Genoa. It was dated upon the same day, from his camp near Namur, and repeated the statement that the King of France was ready to invade the Netherlands so soon as Alençon should prepare an opening. "His Majesty," continued Don John, "is resolved upon nothing; at least, I am kept in ignorance of his intentions. *Our life is doled out to us here by moments.* I cry aloud, but it profits me little. Matters will soon be disposed, through our negligence, exactly as the devil would best wish them. It is plain that we are left here to pine away till our last breath. God direct us all as He may see fit; in His hands are all things."[3]

Four days later he wrote to the King, stating that he was confined to his chamber with a fever, by which he was already as much reduced as if he had been ill for a month. "I assure your Majesty," said he, "that the work here is enough to destroy any constitution and any life." He reminded Philip how often he had been warned by him as to the insidious practices of the French. Those prophecies had now become facts. The French had entered the country, while some of the inhabitants were frightened, others disaffected. Don John declared himself in a dilemma. With his small force, hardly enough to make head against the enemy immediately in front, and to protect the places which required guarding, 'twas impossible for him to leave his position to attack the enemy in Burgundy. If he remained stationary, the communications were cut off through which his money and supplies reached him. "Thus I remain," said he, "perplexed and confused, desiring, more than life, some decision on your Majesty's part, for which I have implored so many times." He urged the King most vehemently to *send him instructions as to the course to be pursued*,[4] adding that it wounded him to the soul to find them so long delayed. He begged to be informed "whether he was to attack the enemy in Burgundy, whether he should await where he then was the succour of his Majesty, or whether he was to fight, and if so, with which of his enemies: in fine, what

[1] This remarkable and pathetic letter, as well as that addressed to Mendoza, is published in Bor, xii. 1004, 1005, and in Hoofd, xiv. 589. 590.

[2] Letter to Doria, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[3] Letter to Pedro de Mendoza Bor, xii. 1005. Hoofd, xiv. 590.

[4] "*La orden de como tengo de gobernar.*" These words in Don John's letter were underlined by Philip, who made upon reading them the following most characteristic annotation: "The marked request I will not grant. I will not tell" (lo rayado no yo le diré).

he was to do; because, losing or winning, he meant to conform to his Majesty's will. He felt deeply pained, he said, at being disgraced and abandoned by the King, having served him, both as a brother and a man, with love and faith and heartiness. "Our lives," said he, "are at stake upon this game, and all we wish is to lose them honourably."[1] He begged the King to send a special envoy to France with remonstrances on the subject of Alençon, and another to the Pope to ask for the Duke's excommunication. He protested that he would give his blood rather than occasion so much annoyance to the King, but that he felt it his duty to tell the naked truth. The pest was ravaging his little army. Twelve hundred were now in hospital, besides those nursed in private houses, and he had no means or money to remedy the evil. Moreover, the enemy, seeing that they were not opposed in the open field, had cut off the passage into Liege by the Meuse, and had advanced to Nivelles and Chimay for the sake of communications with France, by the same river.[2]

Ten days after these pathetic passages had been written, the writer was dead. Since the assassination of Escovedo, a consuming melancholy had settled upon his spirits, and a burning fever came in the month of September to destroy his physical strength. The house where he lay was a hovel, the only chamber of which had been long used as a pigeon-house. This wretched garret was cleansed as well as it could be of its filth, and hung with tapestry emblazoned with armorial bearings. In that dovecot the hero of Lepanto was destined to expire. During the last few days of his illness he was delirious. Tossing upon his uneasy couch, he again arranged in imagination the combinations of great battles, again shouted his orders to rushing squadrons, and listened with brightening eye to the trumpet of victory. Reason returned, however, before the hour of death, and permitted him the opportunity to make the dispositions rendered necessary by his condition. He appointed his nephew, Alexander of Parma, who had been watching assiduously over his death-bed, to succeed him, provisionally, in the command of the army and in his other dignities, received the last sacraments with composure, and tranquilly breathed his last upon the 1st day of October, the month which, since the battle of Lepanto, he had always considered a festive and a fortunate one.[3]

It was inevitable that suspicion of poison should be at once excited by his disease. Those suspicions have never been set at rest, and never proved. Two Englishmen, Ratcliff and Gray by name, had been arrested and executed on a charge of having been employed by Secretary Walsingham to assassinate the Governor.[4] The charge was doubtless an infamous falsehood; but had Philip, who was suspected of being the real criminal, really compassed the death of his brother, it was none the less probable that an innocent victim or two would be executed to save appearances. Now that time has unveiled to us many mysteries, now that we have learned from Philip's own lips and those of his accomplices the exact manner in which Montigny and Escovedo were put to death, the world will hardly be very charitable with regard to other imputations. It was vehemently suspected that Don John had been murdered by the command of Philip, but no such fact was ever proved.

The body, when opened that it might be embalmed, was supposed to offer evidence of poison. The heart was dry, the other internal organs were likewise so desiccated as to crumble when touched, and the general colour of the interior was of a blackish brown, as if it had been singed. Various persons were mentioned as the probable criminals; various motives assigned

[1] "Nos van las vidas en esto juego," etc., etc.

[2] Carta (descifrada) del Sor D. Juan a Su Magd, 20 Sept. 1578, MS., Royal Library, Hague, f. 41–44vo.

[3] Van der Hammen y Leon, vi. 324. Bor, xii. 1005. Cabrera, xii. 1008, 1009. Strada, x. 503, 505, 506. Hoofd, 591.

[4] De Thou, vii. 699. Compare Cabrera, xii. 1006

for the commission of the deed. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there were causes, which were undisputed, for his death, sufficient to render a search for the more mysterious ones comparatively superfluous. A disorder called the pest was raging in his camp, and had carried of a thousand of his soldiers within a few days, while his mental sufferings had been acute enough to turn his heart to ashes. Disappointed, tormented by friend and foe, suspected, insulted, broken-spirited, it was not strange that he should prove an easy victim to a pestilent disorder before which many stronger men were daily falling.[1]

On the third day after his decease, the funeral rites were celebrated. A dispute between the Spaniards, Germans, and Netherlanders in the army arose, each claiming precedence in the ceremony on account of superior national propinquity to the illustrious deceased. All were, in truth, equally near to him, for different reasons, and it was arranged that all should share equally in the obsequies. The corpse, disembowelled and embalmed, was laid upon a couch of state. The hero was clad in complete armour, his sword, helmet, and steel gauntlets lying at his feet, a coronet, blazing with precious stones, upon his head, the jewelled chain and insignia of the Golden Fleece about his neck, and perfumed gloves upon his hands. Thus royally and martially arrayed, he was placed upon his bier, and borne forth from the house where he had died by the gentlemen of his bedchamber. From them he was received by the colonels of the regiments stationed next his own quarters. These chiefs, followed by their troops with inverted arms and muffled drums, escorted the body to the next station, where it was received by the commanding officers of other national regiments, to be again transmitted to those of the third. Thus by soldiers of the three nations it was successively conducted to the gates of Namur, where it was received by the civic authorities. The pall-bearers, old Peter Ernest Mansfeld, Ottavia Gonzaga, the Marquis de Villa Franca, and the Count de Reux, then bore it to the church, where it was deposited until the royal orders should be received from Spain. The heart of the hero was permanently buried beneath the pavement of the little church, and a monumental inscription, prepared by Alexander Farnese, still indicates the spot where that lion heart returned to dust.[2]

It had been Don John's dying request to Philip that his remains might be buried in the Escorial by the side of his imperial father, and the prayer being granted, the royal order in due time arrived for the transportation of the corpse to Spain. Permission had been asked and given for the passage of a small number of Spanish troops through France. The thrifty King had, however, made no allusion to the fact that those soldiers were to bear with them the mortal remains of Lepanto's hero, for he was disposed to save the expense which a public transportation of the body and the exchange of pompous courtesies with the authorities of every town upon the long journey would occasion. The corpse was accordingly divided into three parts, and packed in three separate bags; and thus the different portions, *to save weight*,

1 "Namque in defuncti corpore extitisse non obscura veneni vestigia affirmant, qui viderunt."—Strada, x. 512. The Jesuit does not express any opinion as to the truth of the report. Compare Cabrera, xii. 1009; Van d. Vynckt, ii. 253, 254. "—— Hallaron la parte del coraçon seca i todo lo interior i lo esterior lenegrido i come tostado, que se deshazia con el toque; i lo demas de color palido de natural difunto." Cabrera, xii. 1009. The Seigneur de Brantôme, after expressing his regrets that such a brave son of Mars should have died in his bed ("—— comme si c'eust esté quelque mignon de Venus"), suggests that he was poisoned by *means of perfumed boots* (certainly an original method, and one which was not likely to make his "interior" look as if "toasted"); "—— car on tient tout qu'il mourut empoissonné par des bottines parfumées."—Hommes Illust. et Gr., ii. 140. The poisoning was attributed to various persons; to Philip, to the Prince of Orange, and to the Abbot of St. Gertrude, who is said to have effected the deed through one Guerin, a well-known poisoner of Marseilles.—V. Wyn Aanm. op Wagenaer, vii. 65. See also Hoofd, xiv. 591; Bor, xii. 1004.

2 Strada, x. 515. Hoofd, xiv. 591. "Relacion de la enfermedad y muerte del S. D. Juan," Documentos Inéditos, vii. 443–448. Compare Tassis, iv 326; Hoofd, xiv. 591; Haraeus (Ann. iii. 285). The inscription on the tablet may yet be read at Namur, although a new church has replaced the one in which the heart was originally deposited

being suspended at the saddle-bows of different troopers, the body of the conqueror was conveyed to its distant resting-place.[1]

"Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?" . . . . .

Thus irreverently, almost blasphemously, the disjointed relics of the great warrior were hurried through France—France, which the romantic Saracen slave had traversed but two short years before, filled with high hopes, and pursuing extravagant visions. It has been recorded by classic historians,[2] that the different fragments, after their arrival in Spain, were re-united, and fastened together with wire; that the body was then stuffed, attired in magnificent habiliments, placed upon its feet, and supported by a martial staff, and that thus prepared for a royal interview, the mortal remains of Don John were presented to his Most Catholic Majesty. Philip is said to have manifested emotion at sight of the hideous spectre—for hideous and spectral, despite of jewels, balsams, and brocades, must have been that unburied corpse, aping life in attitude and vestment, but standing there only to assert its privilege of descending into the tomb. The claim was granted, and Don John of Austria at last found repose by the side of his imperial father.[3]

A sufficient estimate of his character has been apparent in the course of the narrative. Dying before he had quite completed his thirty-third year,[4] he excites pity and admiration almost as much as censure. His military career was a blaze of glory. Commanding in the Moorish wars at twenty-three, and in the Turkish campaigns at twenty-six, he had achieved a matchless renown before he had emerged from early youth; but his sun was destined to go down at noon. He found neither splendour nor power in the Netherlands, where he was deserted by his King and crushed by the superior genius of the Prince of Orange. Although he vindicated his martial skill at Gemblours, the victory was fruitless. It was but the solitary spring of the tiger from his jungle, and after that striking conflict his life was ended in darkness and obscurity. Possessing military genius of a high order, with extraordinary personal bravery, he was the last of the paladins and the crusaders. His accomplishments were also considerable, and he spoke Italian, German, French, and Spanish with fluency. His beauty was remarkable; his personal fascination acknowledged by either sex; but as a commander of men, excepting upon the battlefield, he possessed little genius. His ambition was the ambition of a knight-errant, an adventurer, a Norman pirate; it was a personal and tawdry ambition. Vague and contradictory dreams of crowns, of royal marriages, of extemporised dynasties, floated ever before him; but he was himself always the hero of his own romance. He sought a throne in Africa or in Britain; he dreamed of espousing Mary of Scotland at the expense of Elizabeth, and was even thought to aspire secretly to the hand of the great English Queen herself.[5] Thus, crusader and bigot as he was, he was willing to be reconciled with heresy, if heresy could furnish him with a throne.

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[1] Strada, x. 516, 519. "Relacion de la enfermedad y muerte," pp. 443–448. Hoofd, xiv. 592.

[2] "——Ubi ossibus iterum commissis, æreique nexu fili colligatis, totam facile articulavere compagem corporis."—Strada, x. 519. "—— Quod tomento expletum, ac superindutis armis, pretiosis vestibus exornatum ita Regis obtulere oculis quasi pedibus innitens, Imperatorii videlicet baculi adjumento, *plane vivere ac spirare videretur.*"—Ibid. The story must be received, however, with extreme caution, as being perhaps only one of the imaginative embroideries of that genial Jesuit, Strada. There is no mention of the circumstance in the "Relacion de la enfermedad," etc., but, on the contrary, the body of the hero is there represented as having been wrapped decently in a shroud of "delicate Hollands," and placed in a coffin covered within and without with black velvet."—Documentos Inéditos, vii. 443–448.

[3] Strada, x. 519.

[4] Tassis, iv. 326. Cabrera, xii. 1009. Strada, x. 503. Bentivoglio, x. 218.

[5] This project, among other visions, may have occupied the dreamy mind of Don John himself, but it seems astonishing that grave historians should record their opinion that such a scheme had ever been sanctioned by Elizabeth. Yet Cabrera, Bentivoglio, Strada, and even the more modern Van der Vynckt, allude to the report. Vide Cabrera, xii. 971; Bentivoglio, x. 518; Strada, x. 503; Van d. Vynckt, ii. 254. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, vi. 453.

It is superfluous to state that he was no match by mental endowments for William of Orange; but even had he been so, the moral standard by which each measured himself placed the Conqueror far below the Father of a people. It must be admitted that Don John is entitled to but small credit for his political achievements in the Netherlands. He was incapable of perceiving that the great contest between the Reformation and the Inquisition could never be amicably arranged in those provinces, and that the character of William of Orange was neither to be softened by royal smiles nor perverted by appeals to sordid interests. It would have been perhaps impossible for him, with his education and temperament, to have embraced what seems to us the right cause, but it ought, at least, to have been in his power to read the character of his antagonist, and to estimate his own position with something like accuracy. He may be forgiven that he did not succeed in reconciling hostile parties, when his only plan to accomplish such a purpose was the extermination of the most considerable faction; but although it was not to be expected that he would look on the provinces with the eyes of William the Silent, he might have comprehended that the Netherland chieftain was neither to be purchased nor cajoled. The only system by which the two religions could live together in peace had been discovered by the Prince; but toleration, in the eyes of Catholics, and of many Protestants, was still thought the deadliest heresy of all.

PART VI.

ALEXANDER OF PARMA.

1578-1584.

CHAPTER I.

Birth, education, marriage, and youthful character of Alexander Farnese—His private adventures—Exploits at Lepanto and at Gemblours—He succeeds to the government—Personal appearance and characteristics—Aspect of affairs—Internal dissensions—Anjou at Mons—John Casimir's intrigues at Ghent—Anjou disbands his soldiers—The Netherlands ravaged by various foreign troops—Anarchy and confusion in Ghent—Imbize and Ryhove—Fate of Hessels and Visch—New Pacification drawn up by Orange—Representations of Queen Elizabeth—Remonstrance of Brussels—Riots and image-breaking in Ghent—Displeasure of Orange—His presence implored at Ghent, where he establishes a religious peace—Painful situation of John Casimir—Sharp rebukes of Elizabeth—He takes his departure—His troops apply to Farnese, who allows them to leave the country—Anjou's departure and manifesto—Elizabeth's letters to the States-general with regard to him—Complimentary addresses by the Estates to the Duke—Death of Bossu—Calumnies against Orange—Venality of the Malcontent grandees—La Motte's treason—Intrigues of the Prior of Renty—St. Aldegonde at Arras—The Prior of St. Vaast's exertions—Opposition of the clergy in the Walloon provinces to the taxation of the general Government—Triangular contest—Municipal revolution in Arras led by Gosson and others—Counter revolution—Rapid trials and executions—"Reconciliation" of the Malcontent chieftains—Secret treaty of Mount St. Eloi—Mischief made by the Prior of Renty—His accusations against the reconciled lords—Vengeance taken upon him—Counter movement by the liberal party—Union of Utrecht—The Act analysed and characterised.

A FIFTH Governor now stood in the place which had been successively vacated by Margaret of Parma, by Alva, by the Grand Commander, and by Don John of Austria. Of all the eminent personages to whom Philip had confided the reins of that most difficult and dangerous administration, the man who was now to rule was by far the ablest and the best fitted for his post. If there were living charioteer skilful enough to guide the wheels of state, whirling now more dizzily than ever through "*confusum chaos*," Alexander Farnese was the charioteer to guide—his hand the only one which could control.

He was now in his thirty-third year—his uncle Don John, his cousin Don Carlos, and himself, having all been born within a few months of each other. His father was Ottavio Farnese, the faithful lieutenant of Charles the Fifth, and grandson of Pope Paul the Third; his mother was Margaret of Parma, first Regent of the Netherlands after the departure of Philip from the provinces. He was one of the twins by which the reunion of Margaret and her youthful husband had been blessed, and the only one that survived. His great-grandfather, Paul, whose secular name of Alexander he had received, had placed his hand upon the new-born infant's head, and prophesied that he would grow up to become a mighty warrior.[1] The boy, from his earliest

[1] Strada, ix. 451, x. 508.

years, seemed destined to verify the prediction. Though apt enough at his studies, he turned with impatience from his literary tutors to military exercises and the hardiest sports. The din of arms surrounded his cradle. The trophies of Ottavio, returning victorious from beyond the Alps, had dazzled the eyes of his infancy, and when but six years of age he had witnessed the siege of his native Parma, and its vigorous defence by his martial father. When Philip was in the Netherlands—in the years immediately succeeding the abdication of the Emperor—he had received the boy from his parents as a hostage for their friendship. Although but eleven years of age, Alexander had begged earnestly to be allowed to serve as a volunteer on the memorable day of St. Quentin, and had wept bitterly when the amazed monarch refused his request.[1] His education had been completed at Alcalá and at Madrid, under the immediate supervision of his royal uncle, and in the companionship of the Infante Carlos and the brilliant Don John. The imperial bastard was alone able to surpass, or even to equal, the Italian prince in all martial and manly pursuits. Both were equally devoted to the chase and to the tournay; both longed impatiently for the period when the irksome routine of monkish pedantry, and the fictitious combats which formed their main recreation, should be exchanged for the substantial delights of war. At the age of twenty he had been affianced to Maria of Portugal, daughter of Prince Edward, granddaughter of King Emanuel, and his nuptials with that peerless princess were, as we have seen, celebrated soon afterwards with much pomp in Brussels. Sons and daughters were born to him in due time during his subsequent residence in Parma. Here, however, the fiery and impatient spirit of the future illustrious commander was doomed for a time to fret under restraint, and to corrode in distasteful repose. His father, still in the vigour of his years, governing the family duchies of Parma and Piacenza, Alexander had no occupation in the brief period of peace which then existed. The martial spirit, pining for a wide and lofty sphere of action, in which alone its energies could be fitly exercised, now sought delight in the pursuits of the duellist and gladiator. Nightly did the hereditary prince of the land perambulate the streets of his capital, disguised, well armed, alone, or with a single confidential attendant.[2] Every chance passenger of martial aspect whom he encountered in the midnight streets was forced to stand and measure swords with an unknown, almost unseen, but most redoubtable foe, and many were the single combats which he thus enjoyed, so long as his incognita was preserved. Especially it was his wont to seek and defy every gentleman whose skill or bravery had ever been commended in his hearing. At last, upon one occasion it was his fortune to encounter a certain Count Torelli, whose reputation as a swordsman and duellist was well established in Parma. The blades were joined, and the fierce combat had already been engaged in the darkness, when the torch of an accidental passenger flashed full in the face of Alexander. Torelli, recognising thus suddenly his antagonist, dropped his sword and implored forgiveness,[3] for the wily Italian was too keen not to perceive that even if the death of neither combatant should be the result of the fray, his own position was, in every event, a false one. Victory would ensure him the hatred, defeat the contempt, of his future sovereign. The unsatisfactory issue and subsequent notoriety of this encounter put a termination to these midnight joys of Alexander, and for a season he felt obliged to assume more pacific habits, and to solace himself with the society of that "phœnix of Portugal," who had so long sat brooding on his domestic hearth.

[1] Strada, ix. 458. [2] Ibid., 454, 455. [3] Ibid., 459.

At last the Holy League was formed, the new and last crusade proclaimed, his uncle and bosom friend appointed to the command of the united troops of Rome, Spain, and Venice. He could no longer be restrained. Disdaining the pleadings of his mother and of his spouse, he extorted permission from Philip, and flew to the seat of war in the Levant. Don John received him with open arms just before the famous action of Lepanto, and gave him an excellent position in the very front of the battle, with the command of several Genoese galleys. Alexander's exploits on that eventful day seemed those of a fabulous hero of romance. He laid his galley alongside of the treasure-ship of the Turkish fleet, a vessel, on account of its importance, doubly manned and armed. Impatient that the crescent was not lowered after a few broadsides, he sprang on board the enemy alone, waving an immense two-handed sword—his usual weapon—and mowing a passage right and left through the hostile ranks for the warriors who tardily followed the footsteps of their vehement chief. Mustapha Bey, the treasurer and commander of the ship, fell before his sword, besides many others, whom he hardly saw or counted. The galley was soon his own, as well as another which came to the rescue of the treasure-ship, only to share its defeat. The booty which Alexander's crew secured was prodigious, individual soldiers obtaining two and three thousand ducats each.[1] Don John received his nephew after the battle with commendations, not, however, unmingled with censure. The successful result alone had justified such insane and desperate conduct, for had he been slain or overcome, said the commander-in-chief, there would have been few to applaud his temerity. Alexander gaily replied by assuring his uncle that he had felt sustained by a more than mortal confidence, the prayers which his saintly wife was incessantly offering in his behalf since he went to the wars being a sufficient support and shield in even greater danger than he had yet confronted.[2]

This was Alexander's first campaign, nor was he permitted to reap any more glory for a few succeeding years. At last, Philip was disposed to send both his mother and himself to the Netherlands, removing Don John from the rack where he had been enduring such slow torture. Granvelle's intercession proved fruitless with the Duchess, but Alexander was all eagerness to go where blows were passing current, and he gladly led the reinforcements which were sent to Don John at the close of the year 1577. He had reached Luxemburg on the 18th December of that year, in time, as we have seen, to participate, and, in fact, to take the lead in the signal victory of Gemblours. He had been struck with the fatal change which disappointment and anxiety had wrought upon the beautiful and haughty features of his illustrious kinsman.[3] He had since closed his eyes in the camp, and erected a marble tablet over his heart in the little church. He now governed in his stead.

His personal appearance corresponded with his character. He had the head of a gladiator, round, compact, combative, with something alert and snake-like in its movements. The black, closely-shorn hair was erect and bristling. The forehead was lofty and narrow. The features were handsome, the nose regularly aquiline, the eyes well opened, dark, piercing, but with something dangerous and sinister in their expression.[4] There was an habitual look askance, as of a man seeking to parry or inflict a mortal blow—the look of a swordsman and professional fighter. The lower part of the face was swallowed in a bushy beard; the mouth and chin being quite invisible. He was of middle stature, well formed, and graceful in person, princely in

[1] Strada, ix. 456, 457.
[2] Ibid., 458.
[3] Ibid., 460.
[4] "Een fel gesicht," says Bor, 3. xxix. 661 and the portraits confirm the statement

demeanour, sumptuous and stately in apparel.[1] His high ruff of point lace, his badge of the Golden Fleece, his gold-inlaid Milan armour, marked him at once as one of high degree. On the field of battle he possessed the rare gift of inspiring his soldiers with his own impetuous and chivalrous courage. He ever led the way upon the most dangerous and desperate ventures, and, like his uncle and his imperial grandfather, well knew how to reward the devotion of his readiest followers with a poniard, a feather, a ribbon, a jewel, taken with his own hands from his own attire.[2]

His military abilities—now for the first time to be largely called into employment—were unquestionably superior to those of Don John, whose name had been surrounded with such splendour by the world-renowned battle of Lepanto. Moreover, he possessed far greater power for governing men, whether in camp or cabinet. Less attractive and fascinating, he was more commanding than his kinsman. Decorous and self-poised, he was only passionate before the enemy, but he rarely permitted a disrespectful look or word to escape condign and deliberate chastisement. He was no schemer or dreamer. He was no knight-errant. He would not have crossed seas and mountains to rescue a captive queen, nor have sought to place her crown on his own head as a reward for his heroism. He had a single and concentrated kind of character. He knew precisely the work which Philip required, and felt himself to be precisely the workman that had so long been wanted. Cool, incisive, fearless, artful, he united the unscrupulous audacity of a *condottiere* with the wily patience of a Jesuit. He could coil unperceived through unsuspected paths, could strike suddenly, sting mortally. He came prepared not only to smite the Netherlanders in the open field, but to cope with them in tortuous policy; to outwatch and outweary them in the game to which his impatient predecessor had fallen a baffled victim. He possessed the art and the patience—as time was to prove—not only to undermine their most impregnable cities, but to delve below the intrigues of their most accomplished politicians. To circumvent at once both their negotiators and their men-at-arms was his appointed task. Had it not been for the courage, the vigilance, and the superior intellect of a single antagonist, the whole of the Netherlands would have shared the fate which was reserved for the more southern portion. Had the life of William of Orange been prolonged, perhaps the evil genius of the Netherlands might have still been exorcised throughout the whole extent of the country.

As for religion, Alexander Farnese was, of course, strictly Catholic, regarding all seceders from Romanism as mere heathen dogs. Not that he practically troubled himself much with sacred matters—for, during the lifetime of his wife, he had cavalierly thrown the whole burden of his personal salvation upon her saintly shoulders. She had now flown to higher spheres, but Alexander was, perhaps, willing to rely upon her continued intercessions in his behalf. The life of a bravo in time of peace—the deliberate project in war to exterminate whole cities full of innocent people, who had different notions on the subject of image-worship and ecclesiastical ceremonies from those entertained at Rome, did not seem to him at all incompatible with the precepts of Jesus. Hanging, drowning, burning, and butchering heretics were the legitimate deductions of his theology. He was no casuist nor pretender to holiness; but in those days every man was devout, and Alexander looked with honest horror upon the impiety of the heretics whom he persecuted and massacred. He attended mass regularly—in the winter mornings by torchlight—and would as soon have foregone his daily tennis as his reli-

[1] "Kostelijck en overdadig in kleedereu."—Bor, loc. cit [2] Strada, a. iii. 150.

gious exercises. Romanism was the creed of his caste. It was the religion of princes and gentlemen of high degree. As for Lutheranism, Zwinglism, Calvinism, and similar systems, they were but the fantastic rites of weavers, brewers, and the like—an ignoble herd, whose presumption in entitling themselves Christian, while rejecting the Pope, called for their instant extermination. His personal habits were extremely temperate. He was accustomed to say that he ate only to support life; and he rarely finished a dinner without having risen three or four times from table to attend to some public business which, in his opinion, ought not to be deferred.[1]

His previous connections in the Netherlands were of use to him, and he knew how to turn them to immediate account. The great nobles, who had been uniformly actuated by jealousy of the Prince of Orange, who had been baffled in their intrigue with Matthias, whose half-blown designs upon Anjou had already been nipped in the bud, were now peculiarly in a position to listen to the wily tongue of Alexander Farnese. The Montignys, the La Mottes, the Meluns, the Egmonts, the Aerschots, the Havrés, foiled and doubly foiled in all their small intrigues and their base ambition, were ready to sacrifice their country to the man they hated, and to the ancient religion which they thought that they loved. The Malcontents ravaging the land of Hainault and threatening Ghent, the "Paternoster Jacks" who were only waiting for a favourable opportunity and a good bargain to make their peace with Spain, were the very instruments which Parma most desired to use at this opening stage of his career. The position of affairs was far more favourable for him than it had been for Don John when he first succeeded to power. On the whole, there seemed a bright prospect of success. It seemed quite possible that it would be in Parma's power to reduce, at last, this chronic rebellion, and to re-establish the absolute supremacy of Church and King. The pledges of the Ghent treaty had been broken, while in the unions of Brussels which had succeeded, the fatal religious cause had turned the instrument of peace into a sword. The "religion-peace" which had been proclaimed at Antwerp had hardly found favour anywhere. As the provinces, for an instant, had seemingly got the better of their foe, they turned madly upon each other, and the fires of religious discord, which had been extinguished by the common exertions of a whole race trembling for the destruction of their fatherland, were now re-lighted with a thousand brands plucked from the sacred domestic hearth. Fathers and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, were beginning to wrangle, and were prepared to persecute. Catholic and Protestant, during the momentary relief from pressure, forgot their voluntary and most blessed Pacification to renew their internecine feuds. The banished Reformers, who had swarmed back in droves at the tidings of peace and good-will to all men, found themselves bitterly disappointed. They were exposed in the Walloon provinces to the persecutions of the Malcontents, in the Frisian regions to the still powerful coercion of the royal stadholders.

Persecution begat counter-persecution. The city of Ghent became the centre of a system of insurrection, by which all the laws of God and man were outraged under the pretence of establishing a larger liberty in civil and religious matters. It was at Ghent that the opening scenes in Parma's administration took place. Of the high-born suitors for the Netherland bride, two were still watching each other with jealous eyes. Anjou was at Mons, which city he had secretly but unsuccessfully attempted to master for his own purposes. John Casimir was at Ghent,[2] fomenting an insurrection which he

[1] Bor, xxix. 661[b] d. at.

[2] Ibid., 3. xlii. 3.

had neither skill to guide nor intelligence to comprehend. There was a talk of making him Count of Flanders,[1] and his paltry ambition was dazzled by the glittering prize. Anjou, who meant to be Count of Flanders himself, as well as Duke or Count of all the other Netherlands, was highly indignant at this report, which he chose to consider true. He wrote to the Estates to express his indignation. He wrote to Ghent to offer his mediation between the burghers and the Malcontents. Casimir wanted money for his troops. He obtained a liberal supply, but he wanted more. Meantime, the mercenaries were expatiating on their own account throughout the southern provinces, eating up every green leaf, robbing and pillaging where robbery and pillage had gone so often that hardly anything was left for rapine.[2] Thus dealt the soldiers in the open country, while their master at Ghent was plunging into the complicated intrigues spread over that unfortunate city by the most mischievous demagogues that ever polluted a sacred cause. Well had Cardinal Granvelle, his enemy, William of Hesse, his friend and kinsman, understood the character of John Casimir. Robbery and pillage were his achievements, to make chaos more confounded was his destiny. Anjou, disgusted with the temporary favour accorded to a rival whom he affected to despise, disbanded his troops in dudgeon, and prepared to retire to France.[3] Several thousand of these mercenaries took service immediately with the Malcontents[4] under Montigny, thus swelling the ranks of the deadliest foes to that land over which Anjou had assumed the title of protector. The States' army, meanwhile, had been rapidly dissolving. There were hardly men enough left to make a demonstration in the field, or properly to garrison the more important towns. The unhappy provinces, torn by civil and religious dissensions, were overrun by hordes of unpaid soldiers of all nations, creeds, and tongues —Spaniards, Italians, Burgundians, Walloons, Germans, Scotch, and English; some who came to attack and others to protect, but who all achieved nothing and agreed in nothing save to maltreat and to outrage the defenceless peasantry and denizens of the smaller towns. The contemporary chronicles are full of harrowing domestic tragedies, in which the actors are always the insolent foreign soldiery and their desperate victims.[5]

Ghent—energetic, opulent, powerful, passionate, unruly Ghent—was now the focus of discord, the centre from whence radiated not the light and warmth of reasonable and intelligent liberty, but the bale-fires of murderous license and savage anarchy. The second city of the Netherlands, one of the wealthiest and most powerful cities of Christendom, it had been its fate so often to overstep the bounds of reason and moderation in its devotion to freedom, so often to incur ignominious chastisement from power which its own excesses had made more powerful, that its name was already becoming a byword. It now, most fatally and for ever, was to misunderstand its true position. The Prince of Orange, the great architect of his country's fortunes, would have made it the keystone of the arch which he was labouring to construct. Had he been allowed to perfect his plan, the structure might have endured for ages, a perpetual bulwark against tyranny and wrong. The temporary and slender frame by which the great artist had supported his arch while still unfinished was plucked away by rude and ribald hands, the keystone plunged into the abyss, to be lost for ever, and the great work of Orange remained a fragment from its commencement. The acts of demagogues, the conservative disgust at license, the jealousy of rival nobles, the venality of military leaders, threw daily fresh stumbling-blocks in his

[1] Bor, 3. xiii. 3.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., 12.
[4] Ibid. Meteren, viii. 114a.
[5] Bor, b. xiii. Hoofd, b. xiv. Meteren, b. viii. passim.

heroic path. It was not six months after the advent of Farnese to power before that bold and subtle chieftain had seized the double-edged sword of religious dissension as firmly as he had grasped his celebrated brand when he boarded the galley of Mustapha Bey, and the Netherlands were cut in twain, to be re-united nevermore. The separate treaty of the Walloon provinces was soon destined to separate the Celtic and Romanesque elements from the Batavian and Frisian portion of a nationality which, thoroughly fused in all its parts, would have formed as admirable a compound of fire and endurance as history has ever seen.

Meantime, the grass was growing and the cattle were grazing in the streets of Ghent,[1] where once the tramp of workmen going to and from their labour was like the movement of a mighty army.[2] The great majority of the burghers were of the Reformed religion, and disposed to make effectual resistance to the Malcontents, led by the disaffected nobles. The city, considering itself the natural head of all the southern country, was indignant that the Walloon provinces should dare to reassert that supremacy of Romanism which had been so effectually suppressed, and to admit the possibility of friendly relations with a sovereign who had been virtually disowned. There were two parties, however, in Ghent. Both were led by men of abandoned and dangerous character.[3] Imbize, the worst of the two demagogues, was inconstant, cruel, cowardly, and treacherous, but possessed of eloquence and a talent for intrigue. Ryhove was a bolder ruffian—wrathful, bitter, and unscrupulous. Imbize was at the time opposed to Orange, disliking his moderation, and trembling at his firmness. Ryhove considered himself the friend of the Prince. We have seen that he had consulted him previous to his memorable attack upon Aerschot in the autumn of the preceding year, and we know the result of that conference.

The Prince, with the slight dissimulation which belonged less to his character than to his theory of politics, and which was perhaps not to be avoided, in that age of intrigue, by any man who would govern his fellow-men, whether for good or evil, had winked at a project which he would not openly approve. He was not thoroughly acquainted, however, with the desperate character of the man, for he would have scorned an instrument so thoroughly base as Ryhove subsequently proved. The violence of that personage on the occasion of the arrest of Aerschot and his colleagues was mildness compared with the deed with which he now disgraced the cause of freedom. He had been ordered out from Ghent to oppose a force of Malcontents which was gathering in the neighbourhood of Courtray;[4] but he swore that he would not leave the gates so long as two of the gentlemen whom he had arrested on the 28th of the previous October, and who yet remained in captivity, were still alive.[5] These two prisoners were ex-procurator Visch and Blood-Councillor Hessels. Hessels, it seems, had avowed undying hostility to Ryhove for the injury sustained at his hands, and he had sworn, "by his grey beard," that the ruffian should yet hang for the outrage. Ryhove, not feeling very safe in the position of affairs which then existed, and knowing that he could neither trust Imbize, who had formerly been his friend, nor the imprisoned nobles, who had ever been his implacable enemies, was resolved to make himself safe in one quarter, at least, before he set forth against the Malcontents. Accordingly, Hessels and Visch, as they sat together in their prison at chess, upon the 4th of October 1578, were suddenly summoned to leave the house, and to enter a carriage which stood at the door. A force of armed men brought the order, and were sufficiently

[1] Van d. Vynckt. iii. 3.
[2] Guicciardini, Descript. Gandav.
[3] Van d. Vynckt, iii. 38, 39. Bor, xiii. 5, sqq Hoofd, xiv. 589, 599.
[4] Bor. xiii. 5.
[5] Ibid.

strong to enforce it. The prisoners obeyed, and the coach soon rolled slowly through the streets, left the Courtray gate, and proceeded a short distance along the road towards that city.[1]

After a few minutes a halt was made. Ryhove then made his appearance at the carriage window, and announced to the astonished prisoners that they were forthwith to be hanged upon a tree which stood by the roadside. He proceeded to taunt the aged Hessels with his threat against himself, and with his vow "by his grey beard." "Such grey beard shalt thou never live thyself to wear, ruffian," cried Hessels stoutly, furious rather than terrified at the suddenness of his doom. "There thou liest, false traitor!" roared Ryhove in reply; and to prove the falsehood, he straightway tore out a handful of the old man's beard, and fastened it upon his own cap like a plume. His action was imitated by several of his companions, who cut for themselves locks from the same grey beard, and decorated themselves as their leader had done. This preliminary ceremony having been concluded, the two aged prisoners were forthwith hanged on a tree, without the least pretence of trial or even sentence.[2]

Such was the end of the famous councillor who had been wont to shout "*ad patibulum*" in his sleep. It was cruel that the fair face of civil liberty, showing itself after years of total eclipse, should be insulted by such bloody deeds on the part of her votaries. It was sad that the crimes of men like Imbize and Ryhove should have cost more to the cause of religious and political freedom than the lives of twenty thousand such ruffians were worth. But for the influence of demagogues like these counteracting the lofty efforts and pure life of Orange, the separation might never have occurred between the two portions of the Netherlands. The Prince had not power enough, however, nor the nascent commonwealth sufficient consistency, to repress the disorganising tendency of a fanatical Romanism on the one side, and a retaliatory and cruel ochlocracy on the other.

Such events, with the hatred growing daily more intense between the Walloons and the Ghenters, made it highly important that some kind of an accord should be concluded, if possible. In the country, the Malcontents, under pretence of protecting the Catholic clergy, were daily abusing and plundering the people, while in Ghent the clergy were maltreated, the cloisters pillaged, under the pretence of maintaining liberty.[3] In this emergency the eyes of all honest men turned naturally to Orange.

Deputies went to and fro between Antwerp and Ghent. Three points were laid down by the Prince as indispensable to any arrangement—first, that the Catholic clergy should be allowed the free use of their property; secondly, that they should not be disturbed in the exercise of their religion; thirdly, that the gentlemen kept in prison since the memorable 28th of October should be released.[4] If these points should be granted, the Archduke Matthias, the States-general, and the Prince of Orange would agree to drive off the Walloon soldiery, and to defend Ghent against all injury.[5] The two first points were granted, upon condition that sufficient guarantees should be established for the safety of the Reformed religion. The third was rejected, but it was agreed that the prisoners, Champagny, Sweveghem, and the rest—who, after the horrid fate of Hessels and Visch, might be supposed to be sufficiently anxious as to their own doom—should have legal trial, and be defended in the meantime from outrage.[6]

On the 3d of November 1578, a formal act of acceptance of these terms

[1] Hoofd, xiv. 593. Bor, xiii. 5.
[2] Hoofd, xiv. 593, 594. Bor, xiii. 5, sqq. Meteren, vii. 143. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 234.
[3] Bor, xiii. Hoofd, xiv. Van d. Vynckt, 3. iii. 33, sqq.
[4] Bor. xiii. 5.
[5] Ibid.
[6] See the Act of Acceptance, Bor, xiii. 5, sqq

was signed at Antwerp.[1] At the same time, there was murmuring at Ghent, the extravagant portion of the liberal party averring that they had no intention of establishing the "religious peace" when they agreed not to molest the Catholics. On the 11th of November, the Prince of Orange sent messengers to Ghent, in the name of the Archduke and the States-general, summoning the authorities to a faithful execution of the act of acceptance. Upon the same day the English envoy, Davidson, made an energetic representation to the same magistrates, declaring that the conduct of the Ghenters was exciting regret throughout the world, and affording a proof that it was their object to protract, not suppress, the civil war which had so long been raging. Such proceedings, he observed, created doubts whether they were willing to obey any law or any magistracy. As, however, it might be supposed that the presence of John Casimir in Ghent at that juncture was authorised by Queen Elizabeth—inasmuch as it was known that he had received a subsidy from her—the envoy took occasion to declare that her Majesty entirely disavowed his proceedings. He observed further that, in the opinion of her Majesty, it was still possible to maintain peace by conforming to the counsels of the Prince of Orange and of the States-general. This, however, could be done only by establishing the three points which he had laid down. Her Majesty likewise warned the Ghenters that their conduct would soon compel her to abandon their country's cause altogether, and, in conclusion, she requested, with characteristic thriftiness, to be immediately furnished with a city bond for forty-five thousand pounds sterling.[2]

Two days afterwards, envoys arrived from Brussels to remonstrate, in their turn, with the sister city, and to save her, if possible, from the madness which had seized upon her. They recalled to the memory of the magistrates the frequent and wise counsels of the Prince of Orange. He had declared that he knew of no means to avert the impending desolation of the fatherland save union of all the provinces and obedience to the general government. His own reputation, and the honour of his house, he felt now to be at stake; for, by reason of the offices which he now held, he had been ceaselessly calumniated as the author of all the crimes which had been committed at Ghent. Against these calumnies he had avowed his intention of publishing his defence.[3] After thus citing the opinion of the Prince, the envoys implored the magistrates to accept the religious peace which he had proposed, and to liberate the prisoners as he had demanded. For their own part, they declared that the inhabitants of Brussels would never desert him; for, next to God, there was no one who understood their cause so entirely, or who could point out the remedy so intelligently.[4]

Thus reasoned the envoys from the States-general and from Brussels, but even while they were reasoning, a fresh tumult occurred at Ghent. The people had been inflamed by demagogues, and by the insane howlings of Peter Dathenus, the unfrocked monk of Poperingen, who had been the servant and minister both of the Pope and of Orange, and who now hated each with equal fervour. The populace, under these influences, rose in its wrath upon the Catholics, smote all their images into fragments, destroyed all their altar pictures, robbed them of much valuable property, and turned all the Papists themselves out of the city. The riot was so furious that it seemed, says a chronicler, as if all the inhabitants had gone raving mad.[5] The drums beat the alarm, the magistrates went forth to expostulate, but no commands

[1] Bor, xiii. 6, 7. [2] Ibid., 7. [3] Ibid., 8.

[4] "Als naest God niemand kennende die de gemeine sake en inwendigen nood beter verstaet en de remedien beter kan dirigeren."—Bor, ubi sup.

[5] "Met sulken geraes, getier en gebaer datmen geseid soude hebben dat alle de inwoonders dol en rasende waren."—Bor, xiii. 9. Meteren, ix. 149.

were heeded till the work of destruction had been accomplished, when the tumult expired at last by its own limitation.

Affairs seemed more threatening than ever. Nothing more excited the indignation of the Prince of Orange than such senseless iconomachy. In fact, he had at one time procured an enactment by the Ghent authorities, making it a crime punishable with death.[1] He was of Luther's opinion, that idol-worship was to be eradicated from the heart, and that then the idols in the churches would fall of themselves. He felt too, with Landgrave William, that "the destruction of such worthless idols was ever avenged by torrents of good human blood."[2] Therefore it may be well supposed that this fresh act of senseless violence, in the very teeth of his remonstrances, in the very presence of his envoys, met with his stern disapprobation. He was on the point of publishing his defence against the calumnies which his toleration had drawn upon him from both Catholic and Calvinist. He was deeply revolving the question whether it were not better to turn his back at once upon a country which seemed so incapable of comprehending his high purposes or seconding his virtuous efforts. From both projects he was dissuaded; and although bitterly wronged by both friend and foe, although feeling that even in his own Holland[3] there were whispers against his purity, since his favourable inclinations towards Anjou had become the general topic, yet he still preserved his majestic tranquillity, and smiled at the arrows which fell harmless at his feet. "I admire his wisdom daily more and more," cried Hubert Lanquet; "I see those who profess themselves his friends causing him more annoyance than his foes; while nevertheless, he ever remains true to himself, is driven by no tempests from his equanimity, nor provoked by repeated injuries to immoderate action."[4]

The Prince had that year been chosen unanimously by the four "members" of Flanders to be Governor of that province, but had again declined the office.[5] The inhabitants, notwithstanding the furious transactions at Ghent, professed attachment to his person and respect for his authority. He was implored to go to the city. His presence, and that alone, would restore the burghers to their reason, but the task was not a grateful one. It was also not unattended with danger; although this was a consideration which never influenced him from the commencement of his career to its close. Imbize and his crew were capable of resorting to any extremity or any ambush to destroy the man whom they feared and hated. The presence of John Casimir was an additional complication; for Orange, while he despised the man, was unwilling to offend his friends. Moreover, Casimir had professed a willingness to assist the cause, and to defer to the better judgment of the Prince. He had brought an army into the field, with which, however, he had accomplished nothing except a thorough pillaging of the peasantry, while, at the same time, he was loud in his demands upon the States to pay his soldiers' wages. The soldiers of the different armies who now overran the country indeed vied with each other in extravagant insolence. "Their outrages are most execrable," wrote Marquis Havré; "they demand the most exquisite food, and drink champagne and burgundy by the bucketful."[6] Nevertheless, on the 4th of December the Prince came to Ghent.[7] He held constant and anxious conferences with the magistrates. He was closeted daily with John Casimir, whose vanity and extravagance of temper he managed with his usual skill. He even dined with Imbize, and thus, by smoothing difficulties

1 Gh. Gesch., ii. 39; cited by Groen v. Prinst., vi. 465.
2 Letter of Landgrave William of Hesse, Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, vi. 451, sqq.
3 Groen v. Prinst., Archives etc., 481, 482.
4 Letter to Sir P. Sidney.
5 Bor, xiii. 9. Apologie d'Orange, pp, 108, 109.
6 Kervyn de Volkersbeke et Diegerick, Documents Historiques, i. 156, 157.
7 Bor, xiii. 10.

and reconciling angry passions, he succeeded at last in obtaining the consent of all to a religious peace, which was published on the 27th of December 1578. It contained the same provisions as those of the project prepared and proposed during the previous summer throughout the Netherlands. Exercise of both religions was established; mutual insults and irritations—whether by word, book, picture, song, or gesture,—were prohibited, under severe penalties, while all persons were sworn to protect the common tranquillity by blood, purse, and life. The Catholics, by virtue of this accord, re-entered into possession of their churches and cloisters, but nothing could be obtained in favour of the imprisoned gentlemen.[1]

The Walloons and Malcontents were now summoned to lay down their arms; but, as might be supposed, they expressed dissatisfaction with the religious peace, proclaiming it hostile to the Ghent treaty and the Brussels union.[2] In short, nothing would satisfy them but total suppression of the Reformed religion, as nothing would content Imbize and his faction but the absolute extermination of Romanism. A strong man might well seem powerless in the midst of such obstinate and worthless fanatics.

The arrival of the Prince in Ghent was, on the whole, a relief to John Casimir. As usual, this addle-brained individual had plunged headlong into difficulties, out of which he was unable to extricate himself. He knew not what to do or which way to turn. He had tampered with Imbize and his crew, but he had found that they were not the men for a person of his quality to deal with. He had brought a large army into the field, and had not a stiver in his coffers. He felt bitterly the truth of the Landgrave's warning—"that 'twas better to have thirty thousand devils at one's back than thirty thousand German troopers with no money to give them; it being possible to pay the devils with the sign of the cross, while the soldiers could be discharged only with money or hard knocks."[3] Queen Elizabeth too, under whose patronage he had made this most inglorious campaign, was incessant in her reproofs, and importunate in her demands for reimbursement. She wrote to him personally, upbraiding him with his high pretensions and his shortcomings. His visit to Ghent, so entirely unjustified and mischievous; his failure to effect that junction of his army with the States' force under Bossu, by which the royal army was to have been surprised and annihilated; his having given reason to the common people to suspect her Majesty and the Prince of Orange of collusion with his designs, and of a disposition to seek their private advantage and not the general good of the whole Netherlands; the imminent danger, which he had aggravated, that the Walloon provinces, actuated by such suspicions, would fall away from the "generality" and seek a private accord with Parma; these and similar sins of omission and commission were sharply and shrewishly set forth in the Queen's epistle.[4] 'Twas not for such marauding and intriguing work that she had appointed him her lieutenant, and furnished him with troops and subsidies. She begged him forthwith to amend his ways, for the sake of his name and fame, which were sufficiently soiled in the places where his soldiers had been plundering the country which they came to protect.[5]

The Queen sent Daniel Rogers with instructions of similar import to the States-general, repeatedly and expressly disavowing Casimir's proceedings and censuring his character. She also warmly insisted on her bonds. In short, never was unlucky prince more soundly berated by his superiors, more thoroughly disgraced by his followers. In this contemptible situation had

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 507, sqq. See the Accord in Bor, 2. xiii. 10, 11.
[2] Bor, xiii. 12.
[3] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 479.
[4] Bor, 3. xiii, 13, sqq.
[5] Ibid., 13.

Casimir placed himself by his rash ambition to prove before the world that German princes could bite and scratch like griffins and tigers as well as carry them in their shields. From this position Orange partly rescued him. He made his peace with the States-general. He smoothed matters with the extravagant Reformers, and he even extorted from the authorities of Ghent the forty-five thousand pounds bond, on which Elizabeth had insisted with such obduracy.[1] Casimir repaid these favours of the Prince in the coin with which narrow minds and jealous tempers are apt to discharge such obligations —ingratitude. The friendship which he openly manifested at first grew almost immediately cool. Soon afterwards he left Ghent and departed for Germany, leaving behind him a long and tedious remonstrance, addressed to the States-general, in which document he narrated the history of his exploits, and endeavoured to vindicate the purity of his character. He concluded this very tedious and superfluous manifesto by observing that—for reasons which he thought proper to give at considerable length—he felt himself "neither too useful nor too agreeable to the provinces." As he had been informed, he said, that the States-general had requested the Queen of England to procure his departure, he had resolved, in order to spare her and them inconvenience, to return of his own accord, "leaving the issue of the war in the high and mighty hand of God."[2]

The Estates answered this remonstrance with words of unlimited courtesy; expressing themselves "obliged to all eternity" for his services, and holding out vague hopes that the moneys which he demanded on behalf of his troops should ere long be forthcoming.[3]

Casimir having already answered Queen Elizabeth's reproachful letter by throwing the blame of his apparent misconduct upon the States-general, and having promised soon to appear before her Majesty in person, tarried accordingly but a brief season in Germany, and then repaired to England. Here he was feasted, flattered, caressed, and invested with the Order of the Garter.[4] Pleased with royal blandishments, and highly enjoying the splendid hospitalities of England, he quite forgot the "thirty thousand devils" whom he had left running loose in the Netherlands, while these wild soldiers, on their part, being absolutely in a starving condition—for there was little left for booty in a land which had been so often plundered—now had the effrontery to apply to the Prince of Parma for payment of their wages.[5] Alexander Farnese laughed heartily at the proposition, which he considered an excellent jest. It seemed, in truth, a jest, although but a sorry one. Parma replied to the messenger of Maurice of Saxony, who had made the proposition, that the Germans must be mad to ask him for money, instead of offering to pay him a heavy sum for permission to leave the country. Nevertheless, he was willing to be so far indulgent as to furnish them with passports, provided they departed from the Netherlands instantly. Should they interpose the least delay, he would set upon them without further preface; and he gave them notice, with the arrogance becoming a Spanish general, that the courier was already waiting to report to Spain the number of them left alive after the encounter. Thus deserted by their chief and hectored by the enemy, the mercenaries, who had little stomach for fighting without wages, accepted the passports proferred by Parma.[6] They revenged themselves for the harsh treatment which they had received from Casimir and from the States-general by singing everywhere as they retreated a doggerel ballad, half Flemish, half German, in which their wrongs were expressed with uncouth vigour.

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1 Bor, 3. xiii. 13, sqq.
2 See the document at length in Bor, xiii. 13–17.
3 Bor, 3. xiii. 17 (ii.).
4 Bor, xiii. 34, 35. Hoofd, xiv. 609.
5 Bor, xiii. 34, sqq. Strada, Dec. 2. i. 26, sqq.
6 Strada, 2. i. 27, 28.

Casimir received the news of the departure of his ragged soldiery on the very day which witnessed his investment with the Garter by the fair hands of Elizabeth herself.[1] A few days afterwards he left England, accompanied by an escort of lords and gentlemen, especially appointed for that purpose by the Queen. He landed in Flushing, where he was received with distinguished hospitality by order of the Prince of Orange, and on the 14th of February 1579 he passed through Utrecht.[2] Here he conversed freely at his lodgings in the "German House" on the subject of his vagabond troops, whose final adventures and departure seemed to afford him considerable amusement; and he, moreover, diverted his company by singing after supper a few verses of the ballad already mentioned.[3]

The Duke of Anjou, meantime, after disbanding his troops, had lingered for a while near the frontier. Upon taking his final departure, he sent his resident minister, Des Pruneaux, with a long communication to the States-general, complaining that they had not published their contract with himself, nor fulfilled its conditions. He excused, as well as he could, the awkward fact that his disbanded troops had taken refuge with the Walloons, and he affected to place his own departure upon the ground of urgent political business in France, to arrange which his royal brother had required his immediate attendance. He furthermore most hypocritically expressed a desire for a speedy reconciliation of the provinces with their sovereign, and a resolution that—although for their sake he had made himself a foe to his Catholic Majesty—he would still interpose no obstacle to so desirable a result.[4]

To such shallow discourse the States answered with infinite urbanity, for it was the determination of Orange not to make enemies at that juncture of France and England in the same breath. They had foes enough already, and it seemed obvious at that moment, to all persons most observant of the course of affairs, that a matrimonial alliance was soon to unite the two crowns. The probability of Anjou's marriage with Elizabeth was, in truth, a leading motive with Orange for his close alliance with the Duke. The political structure, according to which he had selected the French Prince as protector of the Netherlands, was sagaciously planned; but unfortunately its foundation was the shifting sandbank of female and royal coquetry. Those who judge only by the result, will be quick to censure a policy which might have had very different issue. They who place themselves in the period anterior to Anjou's visit to England, will admit that it was hardly human not to be deceived by the political aspects of that moment. The Queen, moreover, took pains to upbraid the States-general, by letter, with their disrespect and ingratitude towards the Duke of Anjou—behaviour with which he had been "justly scandalised." For her own part, she assured them of her extreme displeasure at learning that such a course of conduct had been held with a view to her especial contentment—"as if the person of Monsieur, son of France, brother of the King, were disagreeable to her, or as if she wished him ill;" whereas, on the contrary, they would best satisfy her wishes by showing him all the courtesy to which his high degree and his eminent services entitled him.[5]

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[1] Strada, 2. i. 28.

[2] Languet. ad Sydnæum, 90; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 571, 572. Bor, xiii. 34 (ii.).

[3] Bor, who heard the Duke sing the song at the "German House" in Utrecht, 3. xiii. 34.

A translation of a single verse may serve as a specimen of the song:—

"O, have you been in Brabant, fighting for the States?
O, have you brought back anything except your broken pates?
O, I have been in Brabant, myself and all my mates.
We'll go no more to Brabant, unless our brains were addle,
We're coming home on foot, we went there in the saddle;
For there's neither gold nor glory got in fighting for the States," etc., etc.

[4] Bor, xii. 12, sqq.

[5] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 535, sqq

The Estates, even before receiving this letter, had, however, acted in its spirit. They had addressed elaborate apologies and unlimited professions to the Duke. They thanked him heartily for his achievements, expressed unbounded regret at his departure, with sincere hopes for his speedy return, and promised "eternal remembrance of his heroic virtues."[1] They assured him, moreover, that should the 1st of the following March arrive without bringing with it an honourable peace with his Catholic Majesty, they should then feel themselves compelled to declare that the King had forfeited his right to the sovereignty of these provinces. In this case they concluded that, as the inhabitants would be then absolved from their allegiance to the Spanish monarch, it would then be in their power to treat with his Highness of Anjou concerning the sovereignty, according to the contract already existing.[2]

These assurances were ample, but the States, knowing the vanity of the man, offered other inducements, some of which seemed sufficiently puerile. They promised that "his statue, in copper, should be placed in the public squares of Antwerp and Brussels, for the eternal admiration of posterity," and that a "crown of olive-leaves should be presented to him every year."[3] The Duke—not inexorable to such courteous solicitations—was willing to achieve both immortality and power by continuing his friendly relations with the States, and he answered accordingly in the most courteous terms. The result of this interchange of civilities it will be soon our duty to narrate.

At the close of the year the Count of Bossu died, much to the regret of the Prince of Orange, whose party, since his release from prison by virtue of the Ghent treaty, he had warmly espoused. "We are in the deepest distress in the world," wrote the Prince to his brother, three days before the Count's death, "for the dangerous malady of M. de Bossu. Certainly the country has much to lose in his death, but I hope that God will not so much afflict us."[4] Yet the calumniators of the day did not scruple to circulate, nor the royalist chroniclers to perpetuate, the most senseless and infamous fables on the subject of this nobleman's death. He died of poison, they said, administered to him "*in oysters*"[5] by command of the Prince of Orange, who had likewise made a point of standing over him on his death-bed, for the express purpose of sneering at the Catholic ceremonies by which his dying agonies were solaced.[6] Such were the tales which grave historians have recorded concerning the death of Maximilian of Bossu, who owed so much to the Prince. The command of the States's army, a yearly pension of five thousand florins, granted at the especial request of Orange but a few months before, and the profound words of regret in the private letter just cited, are a sufficient answer to such slanders.[7]

The personal courage and profound military science of Parma were invaluable to the royal cause; but his subtle, unscrupulous, and subterranean combinations of policy were even more fruitful at this period. No man ever understood the art of bribery more thoroughly or practised it more skilfully. He bought a politician, or a general, or a grandee, or a regiment of infantry, usually at the cheapest price at which those articles could be purchased, and always with the utmost delicacy with which such traffic could be conducted. Men conveyed themselves to Government for a definite price—fixed accurately in florins and groats, in places and pensions—while a decent gossamer of

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1 "Sijn bewesen bystand en sijne heroike deugt souden sy nimmermeer vergeten."—Bor, xiii. 12, sqq.

2 Bor, xiii. 12, sqq.

3 Meteren, ix. 145a. "Accompanied, however, by substantial presents to the value of 100,000 livres Artois."—Meteren, ubi sup.

4 Archives et Correspondance, vi. 513.

5 J. B. Tassis, Comment., lib. v. 329.

6 Strada, 2. i. 37.

7 Compare Groen v. Prinst., vi. 511, 512. Bor, x xiii. 25b. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 243, 244.

conventional phraseology was ever allowed to float over the nakedness of unblushing treason. Men high in station, illustrious by ancestry, brilliant in valour, huckstered themselves, and swindled a confiding country for as ignoble motives as ever led counterfeiters or bravoes to the gallows, but they were dealt with in public as if actuated only by the loftiest principles. Behind their ancient shields, ostentatiously emblazoned with fidelity to church and king, they thrust forth their itching palms with a mendicity which would be hardly credible, were it not attested by the monuments, more perennial than brass, of their own letters and recorded conversations.

Already, before the accession of Parma to power, the true way to dissever the provinces had been indicated by the famous treason of the Seigneur de la Motte. This nobleman commanded a regiment in the service of the States-general, and was Governor of Gravelines. On promise of forgiveness for all past disloyalty, of being continued in the same military posts under Philip which he then held for the patriots, and of a "merced" large enough to satisfy his most avaricious dreams, he went over to the royal government.[1] The negotiation was conducted by Alonzo Curiel, financial agent of the King, and was not very nicely handled. The paymaster, looking at the affair purely as a money transaction—which, in truth, it was—had been disposed to drive rather too hard a bargain. He offered only fifty thousand crowns for La Motte and his friend Baron Montigny, and assured his Government that those gentlemen, with the soldiers under their command, were very dear at the price.[2] La Motte higgled very hard for more, and talked pathetically of his services and his wounds—for he had been a most distinguished and courageous campaigner—but Alonzo was implacable.[3] Moreover, one Robert Bien-Aimé, Prior of Renty, was present at all the conferences. This ecclesiastic was a busy intriguer, but not very adroit. He was disposed to make himself useful to Government, for he had set his heart upon putting the mitre of St. Omer upon his head, and he had accordingly composed a very ingenious libel upon the Prince of Orange, in which production, "although the Prior did not pretend to be Apelles or Lysippus," he hoped that the Governor-General would recognise a portrait coloured to the life.[4] This accomplished artist was, however, not so successful as he was picturesque and industrious. He was inordinately vain of his services, thinking himself, said Alonzo splenetically, worthy to be carried in a procession like a little saint,[5] and as he had a busy brain, but an unruly tongue, it will be seen that he possessed a remarkable faculty of making himself unpleasant. This was not the way to earn his bishopric. La Motte, through the candid communications of the Prior, found himself the subject of mockery in Parma's camp and cabinet, where treachery to one's country and party was not, it seemed, regarded as one of the loftier virtues, however convenient it might be at the moment to the royal cause. The Prior intimated especially that Ottavio Gonzaga had indulged in many sarcastic remarks at La Motte's expense. The brave but venal warrior, highly incensed at thus learning the manner in which his conduct was estimated by men of such high rank in the royal service, was near breaking off the bargain. He was eventually secured, however, by still larger offers—Don John allowing him three hundred florins a month, presenting him with the two best horses in his stable, and sending him an open form, which he was to fill out

[1] Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones, i. 2–12, 202, 213–216, 227–234, 271, 272. Letters of La Motte and Don John of Austria, etc., MS., Royal Archives at Brussels.

[2] Lettres interceptées du Contador Alonzo Curiel au Pce de Parme, Plantin, Anvers, 1579: "—— Parece á mi que son soldados comprados á muy alto precio."

[3] "—— Son cien mil remonstraciones y historias de sus servicios y heridas," etc.—Ibid.

[4] Renty to Prince of Parma, Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. 97, MS.

[5] "—— Que avia Va Alteza de mandar traer en palmas o andas," etc.—Lettres interceptées de Alonzo Curiel.

in the most stringent language which he could devise, binding the Government to the payment of an ample and entirely satisfactory "merced."[1] Thus La Motte's bargain was completed—a crime which, if it had only entailed the loss of the troops under his command and the possession of Gravelines, would have been of no great historic importance. It was, however, the first blow of a vast and carefully sharpened treason, by which the country was soon to be cut in twain for ever—the first in a series of bargains by which the noblest names of the Netherlands were to be contaminated with bribery and fraud.

While the negotiations with La Motte were in progress, the government of the States-general at Brussels had sent St. Aldegonde to Arras. The States of Artois, then assembled in that city, had made much difficulty in acceding to an assessment of seven thousand florins laid upon them by the central authority. The occasion was skilfully made use of by the agents of the royal party to weaken the allegiance of the province, and of its sister Walloon provinces, to the patriot cause. St. Aldegonde made his speech before the assembly, taking the ground boldly, that the war was made for liberty of conscience and of fatherland, and that all were bound, whether Catholic or Protestant, to contribute to the sacred fund. The vote passed, but it was provided that a moiety of the assessment should be paid by the ecclesiastical branch, and the stipulation excited a tremendous uproar. The clerical bench regarded the tax as both a robbery and an affront. "We came nearly to knife-playing," said the most distinguished priest in the assembly, "and if we had done so, the ecclesiastics would not have been the first to cry enough."[2] They all withdrew in a rage, and held a private consultation upon "these exorbitant and more than Turkish demands." John Sarrasin, Prior of St. Vaast, the keenest, boldest, and most indefatigable of the royal partisans of that epoch, made them an artful harangue. This man, a better politician than the other Prior, was playing for a mitre too, and could use his cards better. He was soon to become the most invaluable agent in the great treason preparing. No one could be more delicate, noiseless, or unscrupulous, and he was soon recognised both by Governor-General and King as the individual above all others to whom the re-establishment of the royal authority over the Walloon provinces was owing. With the shoes of swiftness on his feet, the coat of darkness on his back, and the wishing purse in his hand, he sped silently and invisibly from one great Malcontent chieftain to another, buying up centurions, and captains, and common soldiers; circumventing Orangeists, Ghent democrats, Anjou partisans; weaving a thousand intrigues, ventilating a hundred hostile mines, and passing unharmed through the most serious dangers and the most formidable obstacles. Eloquent, too, at a pinch, he always understood his audience, and upon this occasion unsheathed the most incisive if not the most brilliant weapon which could be used in the debate. It was most expensive to be patriotic, he said, while silver was to be saved and gold to be earned by being loyal. They ought to keep their money to defend themselves, not give it to the Prince of Orange, who would only put it into his private pocket on pretence of public necessities. The Ruward would soon be slinking back to his lair, he observed, and leave them all in the fangs

[1] Don John to La Motte, Rec. Prov. Wall., MS., i. 172, 272, Lettres de Curiel.

[2] "—— Les communs forcerent les ecclésiastiques d'en prendre la juste moitié a leur charge—et de fait la chose étoit venue jusques de venir aux mains et jouer des couteaux pour veoir qui auroit belle amye—les ecclésiastiques n'eussent fait jouer," etc.—MS. Letter of the Prior of St. Vaast, Rec. Prov. Wall., i. 76, 135, 136. The whole history of these Walloon intrigues is narrated in the numerous letters—entirely unpublished—of the Prior, with much piquancy and spirit. They are in the collection of correspondence between Don John, Parma, and others, and the Malcontent nobles, entitled "Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones," 5 vols., Royal Archives in Brussels. An examination of these most interesting documents is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the permanent separation of the Netherlands effected in the years 1578 and 1579.

of their enemies. Meantime, it was better to rush into the embrace of a bountiful king, who was still holding forth his arms to them. They were approaching a precipice, said the Prior; they were entering a labyrinth; and not only was the "sempiternal loss of body and soul impending over them, but their property was to be taken also, and the cat to be thrown against their legs." By this sudden descent into a very common proverbial expression, Sarrasin meant to intimate that they were getting themselves into a difficult position, in which they were sure to reap both danger and responsibility.[1]

The harangue had much effect upon his hearers, who were now more than ever determined to rebel against the Government which they had so recently accepted, preferring, in the words of the Prior, "to be maltreated by their prince rather than to be barbarously tyrannised over by a heretic." So much anger had been excited in celestial minds by a demand of thirty-five hundred florins.

St. Aldegonde was entertained in the evening at a great banquet, followed by a theological controversy, in which John Sarrasin complained that "he had been attacked upon his own dunghill." Next day the distinguished patriot departed on a canvassing tour among the principal cities, the indefatigable monk employing the interval of his absence in aggravating the hostility of the Artesian orders to the pecuniary demands of the general Government. He was assisted in his task by a peremptory order which came down from Brussels, ordering, in the name of Matthias, a levy upon the ecclesiastical property, "rings, jewels, and reliquaries," unless the clerical contribution should be forthcoming. The rage of the bench was now intense, and by the time of St. Aldegonde's return a general opposition had been organised. The envoy met with a chilling reception; there were no banquets any more—no discussions of any kind. To his demands for money, "he got a fine *nihil*," said St. Vaast; and as for polemics, the only conclusive argument for the country would be, as he was informed on the same authority, the "finishing of Orange and of his minister along with him." More than once had the Prior intimated to Government—as so many had done before him—that to "dispatch Orange, author of all the troubles," was the best preliminary to any political arrangement. From Philip and his Governor-General, down to the humblest partisan, this conviction had been daily strengthening. The knife or bullet of an assassin was the one thing needful to put an end to this incarnated rebellion.[2]

Thus matters grew worse and worse in Artois. The Prior, busier than ever in his schemes, was one day arrested along with other royal emissaries, kept fifteen days "in a stinking cellar, where the scullion washed the dishes," and then sent to Antwerp to be examined by the States-general. He behaved with great firmness, although he had good reason to tremble for his neck. Interrogated by Leoninus on the part of the central Government, he boldly avowed that these pecuniary demands upon the Walloon Estates, and particularly upon their ecclesiastical branches, would never be tolerated. "In Alva's time," said Sarrasin, "men were flayed, but not shorn." Those who were more attached to their skin than their fleece might have thought the practice in the good old times of the Duke still more objectionable. Such was not the opinion of the Prior and the rest of his order. After an unsatisfactory examination and a brief duresse, the busy ecclesiastic was released;

[1] Letter of St. Vaast, before cited.

[2] "Ils commencent à desestimer leur Rouart et ont opinion que si les affaires bastent mal, il se retirera en sa tasnière. Il semble aux bons que sy l'on peut dépescher le chef des troubles, que ce seroit le moyen pour réunir ce quy est tant divisé. St. Aldegonde s'est bien apercheu que chacun se desgouste du Pere d'Orange. Et où auparavant tout le monde l'adorait et tenoit pour son saulveur, maintenant l'on ose bien dire qu'il le fault tuer et son ministre aussi."—MS. Letters of St. Vaast, before cited.

and as his secret labours had not been detected, he resumed them after his return more ardently than ever.[1]

A triangular intrigue was now fairly established in the Walloon country. The Duke of Alençon's headquarters were at Mons; the rallying-point of the royalist faction was with La Motte at Gravelines; while the ostensible leader of the States's party, Viscount Ghent, was Governor of Artois, and supposed to be supreme in Arras. La Motte was provided by Government with a large fund of secret-service money, and was instructed to be very liberal in his bribes to men of distinction, having a tender regard, however, to the excessive demands of this nature now daily made upon the royal purse.[2] The "little Count," as the Prior called Lalain, together with his brother, Baron Montigny, were considered highly desirable acquisitions for Government, if they could be gained. It was thought, however, that they had the "*fleur-de-lys* imprinted too deeply upon their hearts,"[3] for the effect produced upon Lalain, Governor of Hainault, by Margaret of Valois had not yet been effaced. His brother also had been disposed to favour the French prince, but his mind was more open to conviction. A few private conferences with La Motte, and a course of ecclesiastical tuition from the Prior—whose golden opinions had irresistible resonance—soon wrought a change in the Malcontent chieftain's mind. Other leading seigniors were secretly dealt with in the same manner. Lalain, Héze, Havré, Capres, Egmont, and even the Viscount of Ghent, all seriously inclined their ears to the charmer, and looked longingly and lovingly as the wily Prior rolled in his tangles before them—"to mischief swift." Few had yet declared themselves; but of the grandees who commanded large bodies of troops, and whose influence with their order was paramount, none were safe for the patriot cause throughout the Walloon country.[4]

The nobles and ecclesiastics were ready to join hands in support of Church and king, but in the city of Arras, the capital of the whole country, there was a strong Orange and liberal party. Gosson, a man of great wealth, one of the most distinguished advocates in the Netherlands, and possessing the gift of popular eloquence to a remarkable degree, was the leader of this burgess faction. In the earlier days of Parma's administration, just as a thorough union of the Walloon provinces in favour of the royal Government had nearly been formed, these Orangeists of Arras risked a daring stroke. Inflamed by the harangues of Gosson, and supported by five hundred foot-soldiers and fifty troopers under one Captain Ambrose, they rose against the city magistracy, whose sentiments were unequivocally for Parma, and thrust them all into prison.[5] They then constituted a new board of fifteen, some Catholics and some Protestants, but all patriots, of whom Gosson was chief. The stroke took the town by surprise, and was for a moment successful. Meantime, they depended upon assistance from Brussels. The royal and ecclesiastical party was, however, not so easily defeated, and an old soldier, named Bourgeois, loudly denounced Captain Ambrose, the general of the revolutionary movement, as a vile coward, and affirmed that with thirty good men-at-arms he

[1] MS. Letters of St. Vaast, Rec. Prov. Wall., i. 269, 270.

[2] Parma to La Motte, Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 140–142, MS.

[3] Moncheaux to Parma, Rec. Prov. Wall., 216–218, MS. Emanuel de Lalain, Seigneur de Montigny, and afterwards Marquis de Renty, was brother to Count de Lalain, Governor of Hainault, and cousin to Count Hoogstraaten and Count Renneberg. He was not related to the unfortunate Baron Montigny, whose tragical fate has been recorded in a previous part of this history, and who was a Montmorency.

[4] MS. Correspondence of Parma with St. Vaast, La Motte, Lalain, Montigny, Capres, Longueval, and others. Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones, ii. 3, 4, 19, 20, 31–42, 44, 61–77, 87, 88, 104, 105, 115, 116, 140–142.

[5] MS. anonymous letter from Arras (Oct. 26, 1578) in Rec. Prov. Wall., i. 440–442. The whole episode is also most admirably related in a manuscript fragment by an eye-witness, entitled "Discours Véritable de ce que s'est passé en la Ville d'Arras," Bibl. de Bourgogne, No. 6042. The author was Pontus Payen, Seigneur des Essarts, a warm Catholic and partisan of the royal cause, whose larger work—also unpublished—upon the earlier troubles in the Netherlands, has been often cited in previous parts of this history. A chapter in the history of Renom de France is also devoted to this series of events. Troubles des Pays Bas, iv. c. 3.

would undertake to pound the whole rebel army to powder—"a pack of scare crows," he said, "who were not worth as many owls for military purposes."

Three days after the imprisonment of the magistracy, a strong Catholic rally was made in their behalf in the Fishmarket, the ubiquitous Prior of St. Vaast flitting about among the Malcontents, blithe and busy as usual when storms were brewing. Matthew Doucet, of the revolutionary faction, a man both martial and pacific in his pursuits, being eminent both as a gingerbread baker and a sword-player,[1] swore he would have the little monk's life if he had to take him from the very horns of the altar; but the Prior had braved sharper threats than these. Moreover, the grand altar would have been the last place to look for him on that occasion. While Gosson was making a tremendous speech in favour of conscience and fatherland at the Hotel de Ville, practical John Sarrasin, purse in hand, had challenged the rebel general, Ambrose, to private combat. In half an hour, that warrior was routed, and fled from the field at the head of his scarecrows,[2] for there was no resisting the power before which the Montignys and the La Mottes had succumbed. Eloquent Gosson was left to his fate. Having the Catholic magistracy in durance, and with nobody to guard them, he felt, as was well observed by an ill-natured contemporary, like a man holding a wolf by the ears, equally afraid to let go or to retain his grasp.

His dilemma was soon terminated. While he was deliberating with his colleagues—Mordacq, an old campaigner, Crugeot, Bertoul, and others—whether to stand or fly, the drums and trumpets of the advancing royalists were heard. In another instant the Hotel de Ville was swarming with men-at-arms, headed by Bourgeois, the veteran who had expressed so slighting an opinion as to the prowess of Captain Ambrose. The tables were turned, the miniature revolution was at an end, the counter-revolution effected. Gosson and his confederates escaped out of a back-door, but were soon afterwards arrested. Next morning, Baron Capres, the great Malcontent seignior, who was stationed with his regiment in the neighbourhood, and who had long been secretly coqueting with the Prior and Parma, marched into the city at the head of a strong detachment, and straightway proceeded to erect a very tall gibbet in front of the Hotel de Ville.[3] This looked practical in the eyes of the liberated and reinstated magistrates, and Gosson, Crugeot, and the rest were summoned at once before them. The advocate thought, perhaps, with a sigh, that his judges, so recently his prisoners, might have been the fruit for another gallows-tree, had he planted it when the ground was his own; but taking heart of grace he encouraged his colleagues —now his fellow-culprits. Crugeot, undismayed, made his appearance before the tribunal arrayed in a corslet of proof, with a golden-hilted sword, a scarf embroidered with pearls and gold, and a hat bravely plumaged with white, blue, and orange feathers—the colours of William the Silent—of all which finery he was stripped, however, as soon as he entered the court.[4]

The process was rapid. A summons from Brussels was expected every hour from the general Government, ordering the cases to be brought before the federal tribunal, and as the Walloon provinces were not yet ready for open revolt, the order would be an inconvenient one. Hence the necessity for haste. The superior court of Artois, to which an appeal from the magistrates lay, immediately held a session in another chamber of the Hotel de Ville while the lower court was trying the prisoners; and Bertoul, Crugeot, Mordacq, with several others, were condemned in a few hours to the gibbet.

[1] "Faiseur des pains d'espices——epicier et joueur d'espée."—Letter from Arras, before cited, P. Payen, Troubles d'Arras, MS.

[2] Letter from Arras, MS.

[3] P. Payen, Troubles d'Arras, MS.

[4] Ibid.

They were invited to appeal, if they chose, to the Council of Artois, but hearing that the court was sitting next door, so that there was no chance of a rescue in the streets, they declared themselves satisfied with the sentence. Gosson had not been tried, his case being reserved for the morrow.

Meantime, the short autumnal day had drawn to a close. A wild, stormy, rainy night then set in, but still the royalist party—citizens and soldiers intermingled—all armed to the teeth, and uttering fierce cries, while the whole scene was fitfully illuminated with the glare of flambeaux and blazing tar-barrels, kept watch in the open square around the city-hall. A series of terrible Rembrandt-like night-pieces succeeded, grim, fantastic, and gory. Bertoul, an old man, who for years had so surely felt himself predestined to his present doom that he had kept a gibbet in his own house to accustom himself to the sight of the machine, was led forth the first, and hanged at ten in the evening.[1] He was a good man, of perfectly blameless life, a sincere Catholic, but a warm partisan of Orange.

Valentine de Mordacq, an old soldier, came from the Hotel de Ville to the gallows at midnight. As he stood on the ladder, amid the flaming torches, he broke forth into furious execrations, wagging his long white beard too and fro, making hideous grimaces, and cursing the hard fate which, after many dangers on the battlefield and in beleaguered cities, had left him to such a death. The cord strangled his curses. Crugeot was executed at three in the morning, having obtained a few hours' respite in order to make his preparations, which he accordingly occupied himself in doing as tranquilly as if he had been setting forth upon an agreeable journey. He looked like a phantom, according to eye-witnesses, as he stood under the gibbet, making a most pious and Catholic address to the crowd.

The whole of the following day was devoted to the trial of Gosson. He was condemned at nightfall, and heard by appeal before the superior court directly afterwards. At midnight of the 25th of October 1578, he was condemned to lose his head, the execution to take place without delay. The city guards and the infantry under Capres still bivouacked upon the square; the howling storm still continued, but the glare of faggots and torches made the place as light as day. The ancient advocate, with haggard eyes and features distorted by wrath, walking between the sheriff and a Franciscan monk, advanced through the long lane of halberdiers in the grand hall of the townhouse, and thence emerged upon the scaffold erected before the door. He shook his fists with rage at the released magistrates, so lately his prisoners, exclaiming that to his misplaced mercy it was owing that his head, instead of their own, was to be placed upon the block. He bitterly reproached the citizens for their cowardice in shrinking from dealing a blow for their fatherland, and in behalf of one who had so faithfully served them. The clerk of the court then read the sentence amid a silence so profound that every syllable he uttered, and every sigh and ejaculation of the victim, were distinctly heard in the most remote corner of the square. Gosson then, exclaiming that he was murdered without cause, knelt upon the scaffold. His head fell while an angry imprecation was still upon his lips.[2]

Several other persons of lesser note were hanged during the week—among others, Matthew Doucet, the truculent man of gingerbread, whose rage had been so judiciously but so unsuccessfully directed against the Prior of St. Vaast. Captain Ambrose, too, did not live long to enjoy the price of his treachery. He was arrested very soon afterwards by the States' Government in Antwerp, put to the torture, hanged, and quartered.[3] In troublous times like

[1] P. Payen, Troubles d'Arras, MS.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Letter of St. Vaast, Rec. Anc. Gov. Wall., ii. 42, 44 MS.

those, when honest men found it difficult to keep their heads upon their shoulders, rogues were apt to meet their deserts, unless they had the advantage of lofty lineage and elevated position.

"Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema."

This municipal revolution and counter-revolution, obscure though they seem, were in reality of very grave importance. This was the last blow struck for freedom in the Walloon country. The failure of the movement made that scission of the Netherlands certain which has endured till our days, for the influence of the ecclesiastics in the states of Artois and Hainault, together with the military power of the Malcontent grandees, whom Parma and John Sarrasin had purchased, could no longer be resisted. The liberty of the Celtic provinces was sold, and a few high-born traitors received the price. Before the end of the year (1578) Montigny had signified to the Duke of Alençon that a prince who avowed himself too poor to pay for soldiers was no master for him.[1] The Baron, therefore, came to an understanding with La Motte and Sarrasin, acting for Alexander Farnese, and received the command of the infantry in the Walloon provinces, a merced of four thousand crowns a year, together with as large a slice of La Motte's hundred thousand florins for himself and soldiers as that officer could be induced to part with.[2]

Baron Capres, whom Sarrasin—being especially enjoined to purchase him—had, in his own language, "sweated blood and water" to secure, at last agreed to reconcile himself with the King's party upon condition of receiving the Government-general of Artois, together with the particular government of Hesdin—very lucrative offices, which the Viscount of Ghent then held by commission of the States-general.[3] That politic personage, however, whose disinclination to desert the liberty party, which had clothed him with such high functions, was apparently so marked that the Prior had caused an ambush to be laid both for him and the Marquis Havré, in order to obtain bodily possession of two such powerful enemies,[4] now, at the last moment, displayed his true colours. He consented to reconcile himself also, on condition of receiving the royal appointment to the same government which he then held from the patriot authorities, together with the title of Marquis de Richebourg, the command of all the cavalry in the royalist provinces, and certain rewards in money besides. By holding himself at a high mark, and keeping at a distance, he had obtained his price. Capres, for whom Philip, at Parma's suggestion, had sent the commission of Governor of Artois and of Hesdin, was obliged to renounce those offices, notwithstanding his earlier "reconciliation," and the "blood and water" of John Sarrasin.[5] Ghent was not even contented with these guerdons, but insisted upon the command of all the cavalry, including the band of ordnance which, with handsome salary, had been assigned to Lalain as a part of the wages for his treason,[6] while the "little Count"—fiery as his small and belligerent cousin[7] whose exploits have been recorded in the earlier pages of this history—boldly taxed Parma and the King with cheating him out of his promised reward, in order to please a

[1] Mémoire de ce qui s'est passé à l'entrevue entre le Sr. de Montigny, Comte de Lalain, Duc d'Arschot, Marquis d'Havré, et al., Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 104, 105, MS.

[2] MS. Letters of Parma, St. Vaast, Montigny, La Motte, et al., Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 35–37, 115, iii. 120, iv. 221.

[3] Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 130–133, MS.

[4] Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. f. 73, MS. Compare Corresp. Alex. Farnese, p. 61, Parma to Philip II.

[5] MS. Letters of Viscomte de Gand to Philip II., and of Philip II. to Viscomte de Gand, Marquis de Richebourg, Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 197, 210. Compare Corresp. Alex Farnese, 81, 85, 89, 97.

[6] Rec. Prov. Wall., iv. 223, Lalain to Parma. MS.

[7] Anthony, Count of Hoogstraaten, the friend of Orange.

noble whose services had been less valuable than those of the Lalain family.[1] Having thus obtained the lion's share, due, as he thought, to his well-known courage and military talents, as well as to the powerful family influence which he wielded—his brother, the Prince of Espinoy, hereditary seneschal of Hainault, having likewise rallied to the King's party—Ghent joyously intimated to Parma his intention of helping himself to the two best horses in the Prince's stables in exchange for those lost at Gembloux,[2] in which disastrous action he had commanded the cavalry for the States. He also sent two terriers to Farnese, hoping that they would "prove more useful than beautiful."[3] The Prince might have thought, perhaps, as much of the Viscount's treason.

John Sarrasin, the all-accomplished Prior, as the reward of his exertions, received from Philip the Abbey of St. Vaast, the richest and most powerful ecclesiastical establishment in the Netherlands. At a subsequent period his grateful sovereign created him Archbishop of Cambray.[4]

Thus the "troubles of Arras," as they were called, terminated. Gosson, the respected, wealthy, eloquent, and virtuous advocate, together with his colleagues—all Catholics, but at the same time patriots and liberals—died the death of felons for their unfortunate attempt to save their fatherland from an ecclesiastical and venal conspiracy; while the actors in the plot, having all performed well their parts, received their full meed of prizes and applause.

The private treaty by which the Walloon provinces of Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douay, and Orchies united themselves in a separate league, was signed upon the 6th of January 1579, but the final arrangements for the reconciliation of the Malcontent nobles and their soldiers were not completed until April 6th, upon which day a secret paper was signed at Mount Saint Eloi.

The secret current of the intrigue had not, however, flowed on with perfect smoothness until this placid termination. On the contrary, there had been much bickering, heart-burning, and mutual suspicions and recriminations. There had been violent wranglings among the claimants of the royal rewards. Lalain and Capres were not the only Malcontents who had cause to complain of being cheated of the promised largess. Montigny, in whose favour Parma had distinctly commanded La Motte to be liberal of the King's secret-service money, furiously charged the Governor of Gravelines with having received a large supply of gold from Spain, and of "locking the rascal counters from his friends," so that Parma was obliged to quiet the Baron, and many other barons in the same predicament, out of his own purse. All complained bitterly, too, that the King, whose promises had been so profuse to the nobles while the reconciliation was pending, turned a deaf ear to their petitions and left their letters unanswered after the deed was accomplished.[5]

The unlucky Prior of Renty, whose disclosures to La Motte concerning the Spanish sarcasms upon his venality had so nearly caused the preliminary negotiation with that seignior to fail, was the cause of still further mischief through the interception of Alonzo Curiel's private letters. Such revelations of corruption, and of contempt on the part of the corrupters, were eagerly turned to account by the States' Government. A special messenger was dispatched to Montigny[6] with the intercepted correspondence, accompanied

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1 "—— J'espère que S. M. ne jugera les services que j'ay fait et fais journellement à icelle moindres que ceulx du dit Marquis de Richebourg, et que pour son seul respect elle ne m'estimera si peu, de me frauder, de ce que le Comte de Mansfeld m'avait auparavant fait entendre de la part de V. E.," etc.—Lalain to Parma, Rec. Prov. Wall., iv. 278, MS. Parma to Lalain, Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 75–72.

2 Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 202–204, MS.

3 Ibid., iii. 127, Marquis de Richebourg to Parma, MS.

4 Corresp. Alex. Farnese, 41, 46, 55.

5 Montigny to La Motte, Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. 120, and v. 145, MS., Mansfeld to Parma. Compare Corresp. Alex. Farnese, 135.

6 Groen v. Prinst. Archives, vi. 606.

by an earnest prayer that he would not contaminate his sword and his noble name by subserviency to men who despised even while they purchased traitors. That noble, both confounded and exasperated, was for a moment inclined to listen to the voice of honour and patriotism, but reflection and solitude induced him to pocket up his wrongs and his "merced" together. The States-general also sent the correspondence to the Walloon provincial authorities, with an eloquent address, begging them to study well the pitiful part which La Motte had enacted in the private comedy then performing, and to behold as in a mirror their own position, if they did not recede ere it was too late.[1]

The only important effect produced by the discovery was upon the Prior of Renty himself. Ottavio Gonzaga, the intimate friend of Don John, and now high in the confidence of Parma, wrote to La Motte, indignantly denying the truth of Bien Aimé's tattle, and affirming that not a word had ever been uttered by himself or by any gentlemen in his presence to the disparagement of the Governor of Gravelines. He added, that if the Prior had worn another coat, and were of quality equal to his own, he would have made him eat his words or a few inches of steel. In the same vehement terms he addressed a letter to Bien Aimé himself.[2] Very soon afterwards, notwithstanding his coat and his quality, that unfortunate ecclesiastic found himself beset one dark night by two soldiers, who left him severely wounded and bleeding nearly to death upon the highroad;[3] but escaping with life, he wrote to Parma, recounting his wrongs and the "sword-thrust in his left thigh," and made a demand for a merced.

The Prior recovered from this difficulty only to fall into another by publishing what he called an apologue, in which he charged that the reconciled nobles were equally false to the royal and to the rebel Government; and that although "the fatted calf had been killed for them, after they had so long been feeding with perverse heretical pigs," they were, in truth, as mutinous as ever, being bent upon establishing an oligarchy in the Netherlands, and dividing the territory among themselves, to the exclusion of the sovereign. This naturally excited the wrath of the Viscount and others. The Seigneur d'Auberlieu, in a letter written in what the writer himself called the "gross style of a gendarme," charged the Prior with maligning honourable lords, and —in the favourite colloquial phrase of the day—with attempting "to throw the cat against their legs." The real crime of the meddling priest, however, was to have let that troublesome animal out of the bag. He was accordingly waylaid again, and thrown into prison by Count Lalain. While in durance he published an abject apology for his apologue, explaining that his allusions to "returned prodigals," "heretic swine," and to "Sodom and Gomorrah," had been entirely misconstrued. He was, however, retained in custody until Parma ordered his release on the ground that the punishment had been already sufficient for the offence. He then requested to be appointed Bishop of St. Omer, that see being vacant. Parma advised the King by no means to grant the request—the Prior being neither endowed with the proper age nor discretion for such a dignity—but to bestow some lesser reward, in money or otherwise, upon the discomfited ecclesiastic, who had rendered so many services and incurred so many dangers.[4]

The States-general and the whole national party regarded with prophetic

[1] MS. Letter of the States-general to the Estates of Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douay, and Orchies, Ord. Depêchen Boek der St.-gl. Aº. 1579, f. 200, Royal Archives at the Hague.

[2] Rec. Prov. Wall., ii. 270, and 270vo, MS., Letters of Ottavio Gonzaga.

[3] Prieur de Renty to Parma, MS., Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. 140.

[4] Rec. Prov. Wall., iv. 81–83, 264, 275, 299., 336, 345, MS., Letters of Renty, Auberlieu, and Parma. Compare Corresp. Alex. Farnese, 74, 99.

dismay the approaching dismemberment of their common country. They sent deputation on deputation to the Walloon states to warn them of their danger, and to avert, if possible, the fatal measure. Meantime, as by the already accomplished movement the "generality" was fast disappearing, and was indeed but the shadow of its former self, it seemed necessary to make a vigorous effort to restore something like unity to the struggling country. The Ghent Pacification had been their outer wall, ample enough and strong enough to enclose and to protect all the provinces. Treachery and religious fanaticism had undermined the bulwark almost as soon as reared. The whole beleagured country was in danger of becoming utterly exposed to a foe who grew daily more threatening. As in besieged cities, a sudden breastwork is thrown up internally when the outward defences are crumbling, so the energy of Orange had been silently preparing the Union of Utrecht as a temporary defence until the foe should be beaten back, and there should be time to decide on their future course of action.[1]

During the whole month of December an active correspondence had been carried on by the Prince and his brother John with various agents in Gelderland, Friesland, and Groningen, as well as with influential personages in the more central provinces and cities.[2] Gelderland, the natural bulwark to Holland and Zealand, commanding the four great rivers of the country, had been fortunately placed under the government of the trusty John of Nassau, that province being warmly in favour of a closer union with its sister provinces, and particularly with those more nearly allied to itself in religion and in language.

Already, in December (1578), Count John, in behalf of his brother, had laid before the States of Holland and Zealand, assembled at Gorcum, the project of a new union with "Gelderland, Ghent, Friesland, Utrecht, Overyssel, and Groningen."[3] The proposition had been favourably entertained, and commissioners had been appointed to confer with other commissioners at Utrecht whenever they should be summoned by Count John. The Prince, with the silence and caution which belonged to his whole policy, chose not to be the ostensible mover in the plan himself. He did not choose to startle unnecessarily the Archduke Matthias—the cipher who had been placed by his side, whose sudden subtraction would occasion more loss than his presence had conferred benefit. He did not choose to be cried out upon as infringing the Ghent Pacification, although the whole world knew that treaty to be hopelessly annulled. For these and many other weighty motives he proposed that the new union should be the apparent work of other hands, and only offered to him and to the country when nearly completed.

After various preliminary meetings in December and January, the deputies of Gelderland and Zutfen, with Count John, stadholder of these provinces, at their head, met with the deputies of Holland, Zealand, and the provinces between the Ems and the Lauwers early in January 1579, and on the 23d of that month, without waiting longer for the deputies of the other provinces, they agreed provisionally upon a treaty of union, which was published afterwards on the 29th from the townhouse of Utrecht.[4]

This memorable document, which is ever regarded as the foundation of the Netherland Republic, contained twenty-six articles.[5]

The preamble stated the object of the union. It was to strengthen, not to forsake, the Ghent Pacification, already nearly annihilated by the force of

[1] Groen v. Prinst., vi. 537.
[2] Ibid., 479, sqq., 536, sqq.
[3] Ibid., 479, sqq.
[4] Kluit, Hist. der Holl. Staatsreg., i. 170, sqq. Bor, xiii. 21, sqq.
[5] The whole document is given by Bor, xiii. 26–30, and, somewhat abridged, by Wagenaer, vii. 251–262; Meteren, ix. 151, 152; Tassis, v. 339, sqq.; Hoofd, xiv. 609–611.

foreign soldiery. For this purpose, and in order more conveniently to defend themselves against their foes, the deputies of Gelderland, Zutfen, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and the Frisian provinces, thought it desirable to form a still closer union. The contracting provinces agreed to remain eternally united, as if they were but one province. At the same time, it was understood that each was to retain its particular privileges, liberties, laudable and traditionary customs, and other laws. The cities, corporations, and inhabitants of every province were to be guaranteed as to their ancient constitutions. Disputes concerning these various statutes and customs were to be decided by the usual tribunals, by "good men," or by amicable compromise. The provinces, by virtue of the union, were to defend each other "with life, goods, and blood," against all force brought against them in the King's name or behalf. They were also to defend each other against all foreign or domestic potentates, provinces, or cities, provided such defence were controlled by the "generality" of the union.[1] For the expense occasioned by the protection of the provinces, certain imposts and excises were to be equally assessed and collected. No truce or peace was to be concluded, no war commenced, no impost established affecting the "generality," but by unanimous advice and consent of the provinces. Upon other matters the majority was to decide, the votes being taken in the manner then customary in the assembly of States-general. In case of difficulty in coming to a unanimous vote when required, the matter was to be referred to the stadholders then in office. In case of their inability to agree, they were to appoint arbitrators, by whose decision the parties were to be governed. None of the united provinces, or of their cities or corporations, were to make treaties with other potentates or states without consent of their confederates. If neighbouring princes, provinces, or cities wished to enter into this confederacy, they were to be received by the unanimous consent of the united provinces. A common currency was to be established for the confederacy. In the matter of divine worship, Holland and Zealand were to conduct themselves as they should think proper. The other provinces of the union, however, were either to conform to the Religious Peace already laid down by Archduke Matthias and his council, or to make such other arrangements as each province should for itself consider appropriate for the maintenance of its internal tranquillity—provided always that every individual should remain free in his religion, and that no man should be molested or questioned on the subject of divine worship, as had been already established by the Ghent Pacification.[2] As a certain dispute arose concerning the meaning of this important clause, an additional paragraph was inserted a few days afterwards. In this it was stated that there was no intention of excluding from the confederacy any province or city which was wholly Catholic, or in which the number of the Reformed was not sufficiently large to entitle them, by the Religious Peace, to public worship. On the contrary, the intention was to admit them, provided they obeyed the articles of union, and conducted themselves as good patriots; it being intended that no province or city should interfere with another in the matter of divine service. Disputes between two provinces were to be decided by the others, or—in case the generality were concerned—by the provisions of the ninth article.

The confederates were to assemble at Utrecht whenever summoned by those commissioned for that purpose. A majority of votes was to decide on matters then brought before them, even in case of the absence of some members of the confederacy, who might, however, send written proxies. Additiona

[1] Articles 1, 2, 3. [2] Ibid., 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

or amendments to these articles could only be made by unanimous consent. The articles were to be signed by the stadholders, magistrates, and principal officers of each province and city, and by all the trainbands, fraternities, and sodalities which might exist in the cities or villages of the union.[1]

Such were the simple provisions of that instrument which became the foundation of the powerful commonwealth of the United Netherlands. On the day when it was concluded, there were present deputies from five provinces only.[2] Count John of Nassau signed first, as stadholder of Gelderland and Zutfen. His signature was followed by those of four deputies from that double province; and the envoys of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, and the Frisian provinces then signed the document.[3]

The Prince himself, although in reality the principal director of the movement, delayed appending his signature until the 3d May 1579.[4] Herein he was actuated by the reasons already stated, and by the hope, which he still entertained, that a wider union might be established, with Matthias for its nominal chief. His enemies, as usual, attributed this patriotic delay to baser motives. They accused him of a desire to assume the Governor-Generalship himself, to the exclusion of the Archduke—an insinuation which the States of Holland took occasion formally to denounce as a calumny.[5] For those who have studied the character and history of the man, a defence against such slander is superfluous. Matthias was but the shadow, Orange the substance. The Archduke had been accepted only to avoid the evil effects of a political intrigue, and with the express condition that the Prince should be his lieutenant-general in name, his master in fact. Directly after his departure in the following year, the Prince's authority, which nominally departed also, was re-established in his own person, and by express act of the States-general.[6]

The Union of Utrecht was the foundation-stone of the Netherland Republic; but the framers of the confederacy did not intend the establishment of a republic, or of an independent commonwealth of any kind. They had not forsworn the Spanish monarch. It was not yet their intention to forswear him. Certainly the act of union contained no allusion to such an important step. On the contrary, in the brief preamble they expressly stated their intention to strengthen the Ghent Pacification, and the Ghent Pacification acknowledged obedience to the King. They intended no political innovation of any kind. They expressly accepted matters as they were. All statutes, charters, and privileges of provinces, cities, or corporations, were to remain untouched. They intended to form neither an independent state nor an independent federal system.[7] No doubt the formal renunciation of allegiance which was to follow within two years was contemplated by many as a future probability, but it could not be foreseen with certainty.

The simple act of union was not regarded as the constitution of a commonwealth. Its object was a single one—defence against a foreign oppressor. The contracting parties bound themselves together to spend all their treasure and all their blood in expelling the foreign soldiery from their soil. To accomplish this purpose, they carefully abstained from intermed-

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1 Articles, 16, 19, 22.

2 Bor, 3. xiii. 26. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 173, sqq. Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 263, sqq.

3 Bor, Kluit, Wagenaer, ubi sup. Count Renneberg, as stadholder of Friesland, Overyssel, Groningen, Drente, etc., did not give his final adhesion until June 11, 1579. His subsequent treason kept the city of Groningen out of the union, and it was not admitted till the year 1594.—Wag. vii. 266. On the other hand, several cities which were not destined eventually to form parts of the confederacy became members soon after its formation—as Ghent, on Feb. 4, 1579; Antwerp, July 28, 1579; Bruges, Feb. 1, 1580, etc.—Bor, xiii. 21, sqq.

4 Bor, 2. xiii. 30.

5 Resol. Holl., 8 Mei., f. 93. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 180.

6 Kluit, i. 180, 181, note 15.

7 Ibid., 182, sqq. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 536-564.

dling with internal politics and with religion. Every man was to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. Every combination of citizens, from the Provincial States down to the humblest Rhetoric club, was to retain its ancient constitution. The establishment of a Republic which lasted two centuries, which threw a girdle of rich dependencies entirely round the globe, and which attained so remarkable a height of commercial prosperity and political influence, was the result of the Utrecht Union; but it was not a premeditated result. A state, single towards the rest of the world, a unit in its external relations, while permitting internally a variety of sovereignties and institutions—in many respects the prototype of our own much more extensive and powerful Union—was destined to spring from the act thus signed by the envoys of five provinces. Those envoys were acting, however, under the pressure of extreme necessity, and for what was believed an evanescent purpose. The future confederacy was not to resemble the system of the German Empire, for it was to acknowledge no single head. It was to differ from the Achaian league, in the far inferior amount of power which it permitted to its general assembly, and in the consequently greater proportion of sovereign attributes which were retained by the individual states. It was, on the other hand, to furnish a closer and more intimate bond than that of the Swiss confederacy, which was only a union, for defence and external purposes, of cantons otherwise independent.[1] It was, finally, to differ from the American federal commonwealth in the great feature that it was to be merely a confederacy of sovereignties, not a representative republic. Its foundation was a compact, not a constitution. The contracting parties were states and corporations, who considered themselves as representing small nationalities *de jure et de facto*, and as succeeding to the supreme power at the very instant in which allegiance to the Spanish monarch was renounced. The General Assembly was a collection of diplomatic envoys, bound by instructions from independent states. The voting was not by heads, but by states. The deputies were not representatives of the people, but of the states; for the people of the United States of the Netherlands never assembled—as did the people of the United States of America two centuries later—to lay down a constitution by which they granted a generous amount of power to the union, while they reserved enough of sovereign attributes to secure that local self-government which is the life-blood of liberty.

The Union of Utrecht, narrowed as it was to the nether portion of that country which, as a whole, might have formed a commonwealth so much more powerful, was in origin a proof of this lamentable want of patriotism. Could the jealousy of great nobles, the rancour of religious differences, the Catholic bigotry of the Walloon population on the one side, contending with the democratic insanity of the Ghent populace on the other, have been restrained within bounds by the moderate counsels of William of Orange, it would have been possible to unite seventeen provinces instead of seven, and to save many long and blighting years of civil war.

The Utrecht Union was, however, of inestimable value. It was time for some step to be taken, if anarchy were not to reign until the Inquisition and absolutism were restored. Already, out of chaos and night, the coming Republic was assuming substance and form. The union, if it created nothing else, at least constructed a league against a foreign foe whose armed masses were pouring faster and faster into the territory of the provinces. Farther than this it did not propose to go. It maintained what it found. It guaranteed religious liberty, and accepted the civil and political constitutions already

[1] Compare Kluit, i. 102, 104

in existence. Meantime, the defects of those constitutions, although visible and sensible, had not grown to the large proportions which they were destined to attain.

Thus by the Union of Utrecht on the one hand, and the fast approaching reconciliation of the Walloon provinces on the other, the work of decomposition and of construction went hand in hand.

CHAPTER II.

Parma's feint upon Antwerp—He invests Maestricht—Deputation and letters from the States-general, from Brussels, and from Parma, to the Walloon provinces—Active negotiations by Orange and by Farnese—Walloon envoys in Parma's camp before Maestricht—Festivities—The Treaty of Reconciliation—Rejoicings of the royalist party—Comedy enacted at the Paris theatres—Religious tumults in Antwerp, Utrecht, and other cities—Religious Peace enforced by Orange—Philip Egmont's unsuccessful attempt upon Brussels—Siege of Maestricht—Failure at the Tongres Gate—Mining and countermining—Partial destruction of the Tongres ravelin—Simultaneous attack upon the Tongres and Bois-le-duc Gates—The Spaniards repulsed with great loss—Gradual encroachments of the besiegers—Bloody contests—The town taken—Horrible massacre—Triumphal entrance and solemn thanksgiving—Calumnious attacks upon Orange—Renewed troubles in Ghent—Imbize and Dathenus—The presence of the Prince solicited—*Coup-d'etat* of Imbize—Order restored, and Imbize expelled by Orange.

The political movements in both directions were to be hastened by the military operations of the opening season. On the night of the 2d of March 1579, the Prince of Parma made a demonstration against Antwerp. A body of three thousand Scotch and English lying at Borgerhout was rapidly driven in, and a warm skirmish ensued directly under the walls of the city. The Prince of Orange, with the Archduke Matthias, being in Antwerp at the time, remained on the fortifications, superintending the action, and Parma was obliged to retire after an hour or two of sharp fighting, with a loss of four hundred men.[1] This demonstration was, however, only a feint. His real design was upon Maestricht, before which important city he appeared in great force ten days afterwards, when he was least expected.[2]

Well fortified, surrounded by a broad and deep moat, built upon both sides of the Meuse, upon the right bank of which river, however, the portion of the town was so inconsiderable that it was merely called the village of Wyk, this key to the German gate of the Netherlands was, unfortunately, in brave but feeble hands. The garrison was hardly one thousand strong; the trained bands of burghers amounted to twelve hundred more; while between three and four thousand peasants, who had taken refuge within the city walls, did excellent service as sappers and miners. Parma, on the other hand, had appeared before the walls with twenty thousand men, to which number he received constant reinforcements. The Bishop of Liege, too, had sent him four thousand pioneers—a most important service; for mining and countermining was to decide the fate of Maestricht.[3]

Early in January the royalists had surprised the strong chateau of Carpen, in the neighbourhood of the city, upon which occasion the garrison were all hanged by moonlight on the trees in the orchard. The commandant shared their fate, and it is a curious fact that he had, precisely a year previously,

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1 Bor, xiii. 35, 36. Hoofd, xv. 620.
2 Ibid., 36. Hoofd, ubi sup. Strada, 2. ii. 48.
3 Bentivoglio, 2. lib. i. 235. Bor, xiii. 36. According to Strada (2. ii. 81), 2000.

hanged the royalist captain, Blomaert, on the same spot, who, with the rope around his neck, had foretold a like doom to his destroyer.[1]

The Prince of Orange, feeling the danger of Maestricht, lost no time in warning the States to the necessary measures, imploring them "not to fall asleep in the shade of a peace negotiation,"[2] while meantime Parma threw two bridges over the Meuse, above and below the city, and then invested the place so closely that all communication was absolutely suspended. Letters could pass too and fro only at extreme peril to the messengers, and all possibility of reinforcing the city at the moment was cut off.[3]

While this eventful siege was proceeding, the negotiations with the Walloons were ripening. The siege and the conferences went hand in hand. Besides the secret arrangements already described for the separation of the Walloon provinces, there had been much earnest and eloquent remonstrance on the part of the States-general and of Orange—many solemn embassies and public appeals. As usual, the Pacification of Ghent was the two-sided shield which hung between the parties to cover or to justify the blows which each dealt at the other. There is no doubt as to the real opinion entertained concerning that famous treaty by the royal party. "Through the peace of Ghent," said St. Vaast, "all our woes have been brought upon us." La Motte informed Parma that it was necessary to pretend a respect for the Pacification, however, on account of its popularity, but that it was well understood by the leaders of the Walloon movement, that the intention was to restore the system of Charles the Fifth. Parma signified his consent to make use of that treaty as a basis, "provided always it were interpreted healthily, and not dislocated by cavillations and sinister interpolations, as had been done by the Prince of Orange." The Malcontent generals of the Walloon troops were inexpressibly anxious lest the cause of religion should be endangered; but the arguments by which Parma convinced those military casuists as to the compatibility of the Ghent peace with sound doctrine have already been exhibited. The influence of the reconciled nobles was brought to bear with fatal effect upon the states of Artois, Hainault, and of a portion of French Flanders. The Gallic element in their blood, and an intense attachment to the Roman ceremonial, which distinguished the Walloon population from their Batavian brethren, were used successfully by the wily Parma to destroy the unity of the revolted Netherlands.[4] Moreover, the King offered good terms. The monarch, feeling safe on the religious point, was willing to make liberal promises upon the political questions. In truth, the great grievance of which the Walloons complained was the insolence and intolerable outrages of the foreign soldiers. This, they said, had alone made them malcontent.[5] It was, therefore, obviously the cue of Parma to promise the immediate departure of the troops. This could be done the more easily, as he had no intention of keeping the promise.

Meantime the efforts of Orange, and of the States-general, where his influence was still paramount, were unceasing to counteract the policy of Parma. A deputation was appointed by the generality to visit the Estates of the Walloon provinces.[6] Another was sent by the authorities of Brussels. The Marquis of Havré, with several colleagues on behalf of the States-general, waited upon the Viscount of Ghent, by whom they were received with extreme insolence. He glared upon them, without moving, as they were admitted to

[1] Letter of G. de Merode, Ordinaris Depêchen Boek d. States-gen., A° 1579, f. 42, MS., Hague Arch.
[2] Letter of Orange to States-general, Ord. Dep. Boek, 1579, f. 41vo, MS.
[3] Bor, xiii. 17–26, sqq. Hoofd. xv 622–628. Strada, v. i. 37, 57–61. Meteren, ix. 134.
[4] Bor, Hoofd, Strada, ubi sup. Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 610–613.
[5] Strada, v. i. 50, 51.
[6] Bor, xiii. 37, 38. Hoofd. xv. 629, sqq. Meteren, ix. 150, 151.

his presence, "looking like a dead man, from whom the soul had entirely departed." Recovering afterwards from this stony trance of indignation, he demanded a sight of their instructions. This they courteously refused, as they were accredited not to him, but to the States of Artois. At this he fell into a violent passion, and threatened them with signal chastisement for daring to come thither with so treasonable a purpose. In short, according to their own expression, he treated them "as if they had been rogues and vagabonds."[1] The Marquis of Havré, high-born though he was, had been sufficiently used to such conduct. The man who had successively served and betrayed every party, who had been the obsequious friend and the avowed enemy of Don John within the same fortnight, and who had been able to swallow and inwardly digest many an insult from that fiery warrior, was even fain to brook the insolence of Robert Melun.

The papers which the deputation had brought were finally laid before the States of Artois, and received replies as prompt and bitter as the addresses were earnest and eloquent. The Walloons, when summoned to hold to that ægis of national unity, the Ghent peace, replied that it was not they, but the heretic portion of the States-general, who were for dashing it to the ground. The Ghent treaty was never intended to impair the supremacy of the Catholic religion, said those provinces, which were already on the point of separating for ever from the rest. The Ghent treaty was intended expressly to destroy the Inquisition and the placards, answered the national party. Moreover, the "very marrow of that treaty"[2] was the departure of the foreign soldiers, who were even then overrunning the land. The Walloons answered that Alexander had expressly conceded the withdrawal of the troops. "Believe not the fluting and the piping of the crafty foe," urged the patriots.[3] "Promises are made profusely enough—but only to lure you to perdition. Your enemies allow you to slake your hunger and thirst with this idle hope of the troops' departure, but you are still in fetters, although the chain be of Spanish pinchbeck, which you mistake for gold. "'Tis not we," cried the Walloons, "who wish to separate them from the generality; 'tis the generality which separates from us. We had rather die the death than not maintain the union."[4] In the very same breath, however, they boasted of the excellent terms which the monarch was offering, and of their strong inclination to accept them. "Kings struggling to recover a lost authority always promise golden mountains and every sort of miracles," replied the patriots;[5] but the warning was uttered in vain.

Meantime the deputation from the city of Brussels arrived on the 28th of March at Mons, in Hainault, where they were received with great courtesy by Count de Lalain, governor of the province. The enthusiasm with which he had espoused the cause of Queen Margaret and her brother Anjou had cooled, but the Count received the Brussels envoys with a kindness in marked contrast with the brutality of Melun. He made many fine speeches—protesting his attachment to the union, for which he was ready to shed the last drop of his blood—entertained the deputies at dinner, proposed toasts to the prosperity of the united provinces, and dismissed his guests at last with many flowery professions. After dancing attendance for a few days, however, upon the Estates of the Walloon provinces, both sets of deputies were warned to take their instant departure as mischief-makers and rebels. They returned,

1 Report of the Commissioners, Bor, xiii. 45.

2 "De substantie en principael merg van selve pacificatie."—Ibid., 39.

3 "De vijand hem sal behelpen met het woord van de Religie aes met een bedriegelijk pijpken of fluijken om ons met de Tarre te vangen."—Address of the States general, Mar. 3, 1579, Bor, xiii. 41. "T gefluit en gepijp van de gene die komen van onser vijanden wegen—om namaels te gecken en te spotten met onse bederfenisse."—Bor, xiii. 41.

4 Ibid., 38.

5 "Gewoont sijn te beloven goude berge en wonderlijke saken."—Address of the States-general, ibid., 44.

accordingly, to Brussels, bringing the written answers which the Estates had vouchsafed to send.[1]

The States-general, too, inspired by William of Orange, addressed a solemn appeal to their sister provinces, thus about to abjure the bonds of relationship for ever.[2] It seemed right, once for all, to grapple with the Ghent Pacification for the last time, and to strike a final blow in defence of that large, statesmanlike interpretation which alone could make the treaty live. This was done eloquently and logically. The Walloons were reminded that at the epoch of the Ghent peace the number of Reformers outside of Holland and Zealand was supposed small. Now the new religion had spread its roots through the whole land, and innumerable multitudes desired its exercise. If Holland and Zealand chose to re-establish the Catholic worship within their borders, they could manifestly do so without violating the treaty of Ghent. Why then was it not competent to other provinces, with equal allegiance to the treaty, to sanction the Reformed religion within their limits?[3]

Parma, on his part, publicly invited the States-general, by letter, to sustain the Ghent treaty by accepting the terms offered to the Walloons, and by restoring the system of the Emperor Charles, of very lofty memory. To this superfluous invitation the States-general replied, on the 19th of March, that it had been the system of the Emperor Charles, of lofty memory, to maintain the supremacy of Catholicism and of majesty in the Netherlands by burning Netherlanders—a custom which the States, with common accord, had thought it desirable to do away with.[4]

In various fervently-written appeals by Orange, by the States-general, and by other bodies, the wavering provinces were warned against seduction. They were reminded that the Prince of Parma was using this minor negotiation as a "second string to his bow;" that nothing could be more puerile than to suppose the Spaniards capable, after securing Maestricht, of sending away their troops—thus "deserting the bride in the midst of the honeymoon." They expressed astonishment at being invited to abandon the great and general treaty which had been made upon the theatre of the whole world by the intervention of the principal princes of Christendom, in order to partake in underhand negotiation with the commissioners of Parma—men "who, it would not be denied, were felons and traitors." They warned their brethren not to embark on the enemy's ships in the dark, for that, while chaffering as to the price of the voyage, they would find that the false pilots had hoisted sail and borne them away in the night. In vain would they then seek to reach the shore again. The example of La Motte and others, "bird-limed with Spanish gold," should be salutary for all—men who were now driven forward with a whip, laughed to scorn by their new masters, and forced to drink the bitter draught of humiliation along with the sweet poison of bribery. They were warned to study well the intercepted letters of Curiel, in order fully to fathom the deep designs and secret contempt of the enemy.[5]

Such having been the result of the negotiations between the States-general and the Walloon provinces, a strong deputation now went forth from those provinces towards the end of April to hold a final colloquy with Parma, then already busied with the investment of Maestricht. They were met upon the road with great ceremony, and escorted into the presence of Farnese with drum, trumpet, and flaunting banners.[6] He received them with stately affa-

[1] Bor, xiii. 44, 45. Hoofd, xv. 622, sqq. Meteren, lx. 139, 150.
[2] Bor (xiii. 39–42) gives the text in full.
[3] Address of the States, apud Bor, 3. xiii. 40, sqq.
[4] Letter of the States-general, ibid., 48.
[5] Reponse des Etats-généraux sur les Lettres des Etats d'Artois, Haynault, Lille, Douay et Orchies, Ord. Depêch. Boek der Staat.-gen., 1579, f. 35–51; MS., Hague Archives.
[6] Strada, 2. i. 49, sqq.

bility, in a magnificently decorated pavilion, carelessly inviting them to a repast, which he called an afternoon's lunch, but which proved a most sumptuous and splendidly appointed entertainment.[1] This "trifling foolish banquet" finished, the deputies were escorted, with great military parade, to the lodgings which had been provided for them in a neighbouring village. During the period of their visit, all the chief officers of the army and the household were directed to entertain the Walloons with showy festivals, dinners, suppers, dances, and carousals of all kinds. At one of the most brilliant of these revels—a magnificent ball, to which all the matrons and maids of the whole country round had been bidden—the Prince of Parma himself unexpectedly made his appearance. He gently rebuked the entertainers for indulging in such splendid hospitality without at least permitting him to partake of it. Charmingly affable to the ladies assembled in the ball-room, courteous, but slightly reserved, towards the Walloon envoys, he excited the admiration of all by the splendid decorum of his manners. As he moved through the halls, modulating his steps in grave cadence to the music, the dignity and grace of his deportment seemed truly majestic; but when he actually danced a measure himself, the enthusiasm was at its height.[2] They should indeed be rustics, cried the Walloon envoys in a breath, not to give the hand of fellowship at once to a Prince so condescending and amiable.[3] The exclamation seemed to embody the general wish, and to foreshadow a speedy conclusion.

Very soon afterwards a preliminary accord was signed between the King's Government and the Walloon provinces. The provisions on his Majesty's part were sufficiently liberal. The religious question furnishing no obstacle, it was comparatively easy for Philip to appear benignant. It was stipulated that the provincial privileges should be respected; that a member of the King's own family, legitimately born, should always be Governor-general, and that the foreign troops should be immediately withdrawn.[4] The official exchange and ratification of this treaty were delayed till the 4th of the following September,[5] but the news that the reconciliation had been definitely settled soon spread through the country. The Catholics were elated, the patriots dismayed. Orange—the "Prince of Darkness,"[6] as the Walloons of the day were fond of calling him—still unwilling to despair, reluctant to accept this dismemberment, which he foresaw was to be a perpetual one, of his beloved country, addressed the most passionate and solemn adjurations to the Walloon provinces and to their military chieftains. He offered all his children as hostages for his good faith in keeping sacredly any covenant which his Catholic countrymen might be willing to close with him. It was in vain. The step was irretrievably taken; religious bigotry, patrician jealousy, and wholesale bribery, had severed the Netherlands in twain for

1 "Regiis epulis quas extenuato ad superbiam vocabulo, pomeridianam gustationem appellabant, excepti sunt."—Strada, 2. i. 52.

2 Strada, 2. i. 53, who describes the scene with laughable gravity.

3 Ibid: "Agrestes se plus nimio visum iri, nisi adeo benigni amabilisque ingenii viro manus darent."

4 The preliminary accord was signed May 17, 1579. A copy was sent by the Prince of Orange to the United States on August 1, 1579. Bor, xiii. 95–98. Tratado de Reconciliacion de las Provincias d'Artois, Haynau, Lille, Douay, y Orchies, Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. f. 289–296, MS. The terms of the treaty were not bad. The Ghent Pacification was to be maintained and the foreign troops were to be removed. Unfortunately the secret correspondence of the parties shows that the faithful observance of that pacification was very far from their thoughts, while the subsequent history of the country was to prove the removal of the troops to have been a comedy, in which the principal actor soon renounced the part which he had reluctantly consented to sustain.

5 Rec. Prov. Wall., iii. f. 179, 180, MS. There is something almost comic in the preamble to the ratification. "Certain good personages in our provinces of Artois," etc., says Philip, "zealous in the service of God, and desirous to escape danger to their property, and seeing the attempt to establish over the ecclesiastics, nobles, and good burgesses, a popular tyranny, which, by exorbitant contributions, is gnawing the nation to the bone, having at length opened their own eyes, have done their best to awaken their neighbours," etc.

6 "Le Prince d'Oranges, qu'ils nommérent en ce temps Prince des Tenèbres," etc.—Renom de France, iv. c. xii., MS. At least, in poor Tom's phrase, "the prince of dark[illegible]ss was a gentleman."

ever. The friends of Romanism, the enemies of civil and religious liberty, exulted from one end of Christendom to the other, and it was recognised that Parma had indeed achieved a victory, which, although bloodless, was as important to the cause of absolutism as any which even his sword was likely to achieve.

The joy of the Catholic party in Paris manifested itself in a variety of ways. At the principal theatre[1] an uncouth pantomime was exhibited, in which his Catholic Majesty was introduced upon the stage, leading by a halter a sleek cow, typifying the Netherlands. The animal by a sudden effort broke the cord and capered wildly about. Alexander of Parma hastened to fasten the fragments together, while sundry personages, representing the States-general, seized her by the horns—some leaping upon her back, others calling upon the bystanders to assist in holding the restive beast. The Emperor, the King of France, and the Queen of England—which last personage was observed now to smile upon one party, now to affect deep sympathy with the other—remained stationary; but the Duke of Alençon rushed upon the stage, and caught the cow by the tail. The Prince of Orange and Hans Casimir then appeared with a bucket, and set themselves busily to milk her, when Alexander again seized the halter. The cow gave a plunge, upset the pail, prostrated Casimir with one kick and Orange with another, and then followed Parma with docility as he led her back to Philip.[2] This seems not very "admirable fooling," but it was highly relished by the polite Parisians of the sixteenth century, and has been thought worthy of record by classical historians.

The Walloon Accord was an auspicious prelude, in the eyes of the friends of absolutism, to the negotiations which were opened in the month of May at Cologne. Before sketching, as rapidly as possible, those celebrated but barren conferences, it is necessary, for the sake of unity in the narrative, to cast a glance at certain synchronical events in different parts of the Netherlands.

The success attained by the Catholic party in the Walloon negotiations had caused a corresponding bitterness in the hearts of the Reformers throughout the country. As usual, bitterness had begot bitterness; intolerance engendered intolerance. On the 28th of May 1579, as the Catholics of Antwerp were celebrating the *Ommegang*—the same festival which had been the exciting cause of the memorable tumults of the year sixty-five—the irritation of the populace could not be repressed.[3] The mob rose in its wrath to put down these demonstrations—which, taken in connection with recent events, seemed ill-timed and insolent—of a religion whose votaries then formed but a small minority of the Antwerp citizens. There was a great tumult. Two persons were killed. The Archduke Matthias, who was himself in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame assisting at the ceremony, was in danger of his life. The well known cry of "*Paapen uit*" (Out with the papists) resounded through the streets, and the priests and monks were all hustled out of town amid a tempest of execrations.[4] Orange did his utmost to quell the mutiny, nor were his efforts fruitless; for the uproar, although seditious and disgraceful, was hardly sanguinary. Next day the Prince summoned the magistracy, the Monday council, the guild officers, with all the chief municipal functionaries, and expressed his indignation in decided terms. He protested that if such tumults, originating in that very spirit of intolerance which he most deplored, could not be repressed for the future, he was determined to resign his offices, and no longer to affect authority in a city where his counsels were derided.

[1] Strada, 2. i. 55.
[2] Ibid., 55, 56.
[3] Bor, xiii. 67.
[4] Ibid. Meteren, ix. 153a.

The magistrates, alarmed at his threats, and sympathising with his anger, implored him not to desert them, protesting that if he should resign his offices, they would instantly lay down their own. An ordinance was then drawn up and immediately proclaimed at the townhouse, permitting the Catholics to re-enter the city, and to enjoy the privileges of religious worship. At the same time, it was announced that a new draft of a religious peace would be forthwith issued for the adoption of every city.[1]

A similar tumult, arising from the same cause, at Utrecht, was attended with the like result.[2] On the other hand, the city of Brussels was astonished by a feeble and unsuccessful attempt[3] at treason, made by a youth who bore an illustrious name. Philip, Count of Egmont, eldest son of the unfortunate Lamoral, had command of a regiment in the service of the States. He had, besides, a small body of cavalry in immediate attendance upon his person. He had for some time felt inclined—like the Lalains, Meluns, La Mottes, and others—to reconcile himself with the crown, and he wisely thought that the terms accorded to him would be more liberal if he could bring the capital of Brabant with him as a peace-offering to his Majesty. His residence was in Brussels. His regiment was stationed outside the gates, but in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. On the morning of the 4th of June he dispatched his troopers, as had been frequently his custom, on various errands into the country. On their return, after having summoned the regiment, they easily mastered and butchered the guard at the gate through which they had re-entered, supplying their place with men from their own ranks. The Egmont regiment then came marching through the gate in good order—Count Philip at their head—and proceeded to station themselves upon the Grande Place in the centre of the city. All this was at dawn of day. The burghers, who looked forth from their houses, were astounded and perplexed by this movement at so unwonted an hour, and hastened to seize their weapons. Egmont sent a detachment to take possession of the palace. He was too late. Colonel Van der Tympel, commandant of the city, had been beforehand with him, had got his troops under arms, and now secured the rebellious detachment Meantime, the alarm had spread. Armed burghers came from every house, and barricades were hastily thrown up across every one of the narrow streets leading to the square. Every issue was closed. Not a man of Egmont's adherents—if he indeed had adherents among the townsmen—dared to show his face. The young traitor and his whole regiment, drawn up on the Grande Place, were completely entrapped. He had not taken Brussels, but assuredly Brussels had taken him. All day long he was kept in his self-elected prison and pillory, bursting with rage and shame. His soldiers, who were without meat or drink, became insolent and uproarious, and he was doomed also to hear the bitter and well-merited taunts of the townspeople. A thousand stinging gibes, suggested by his name and the locality, were mercilessly launched upon him. He was asked if he came thither to seek his father's head. He was reminded that the morrow was the anniversary of that father's murder, upon that very spot, by those with whom the son would now make his treasonable peace. He was bidden to tear up but a few stones from the pavement beneath his feet, that the hero's blood might cry out against him from the very ground.[4] Tears of shame and fury sprang from the young man's eyes[5] as he listened to these biting sarcasms; but the night closed upon that memorable square, and still the Count was a prisoner. Eleven years before, the summer stars had looked down upon a more dense array of

1 Bor, xiii. 68.
2 Ibid., 70–73.
3 Ibid., 66, sqq. Meteren, ix. 153. Hoofd, xv. 637, sqq.
4 Bor, xiii. 66. Hoofd, xv. 638.
5 Meteren, ix. 153: "Sulcx dat de tranen hem van passie ontopronghen," etc.—Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

armed men within that place. The preparations for the pompous and dramatic execution, which on the morrow was to startle all Europe, had been carried out in the midst of a hushed and overawed population; and now, on the very anniversary of the midnight in which that scaffold had risen, should not the grand spectre of the victim have started from the grave to chide his traitorous son?

Thus for a whole day and night was the baffled conspirator compelled to remain in the ignominious position which he had selected for himself. On the morning of the 5th of June he was permitted to depart, by a somewhat inexplicable indulgence, together with all his followers. He rode out of the gate at early dawn, contemptible and crestfallen, at the head of his regiment of traitors, and shortly afterwards—pillaging and levying blackmail as he went—made his way to Montigny's quarters.[1]

It might have seemed natural, after such an exhibition, that Philip Egmont should accept his character of renegade, and confess his intention of reconciling himself with the murderers of his father. On the contrary, he addressed a letter to the magistracy of Brussels, denying with vehemence "any intention of joining the party of the pernicious Spaniards," warmly protesting his zeal and affection for the States, and denouncing the "perverse inventors of these calumnies against him as the worst enemies of the poor afflicted country." The magistrates replied by expressing their inability to comprehend how the Count, who had suffered villanous wrongs from the Spaniards, such as he could never sufficiently deplore or avenge, should ever be willing to enslave himself to those tyrants. Nevertheless, exactly at the moment of this correspondence, Egmont was in close negotiation with Spain, having fifteen days before the date of his letter to the Brussels Senate conveyed to Parma his resolution to "embrace the cause of his Majesty and the ancient religion"—an intention which he vaunted himself to have proved "by cutting the throats of three companies of States' soldiers at Nivelle, Grandmont, and Ninove." Parma had already written to communicate the intelligence to the King, and to beg encouragement for the Count. In September, the monarch wrote a letter to Egmont, full of gratitude and promises, to which the Count replied by expressing lively gratification that his Majesty was pleased with his little services, by avowing profound attachment to Church and King, and by asking eagerly for money, together with the Government of Alost. He soon became singularly importunate for rewards and promotion, demanding, among other posts, the command of the "band of ordnance," which had been his father's. Parma, in reply, was prodigal of promises, reminding the young noble "that he was serving a sovereign who well knew how to reward the distinguished exploits of his subjects." Such was the language of Philip the Second and his Governor to the son of the headless hero of St. Quentin; such was the fawning obsequiousness with which Egmont could kiss that royal hand reeking with his father's blood.[2]

Meanwhile the siege of Maestricht had been advancing with steady precision. To the military minds of that epoch—perhaps of later ages—this achievement of Parma seemed a masterpiece of art. The city commanded the Upper Meuse, and was the gate into Germany. It contained thirty-four thousand inhabitants. An army numbering almost as many souls was brought against it; and the number of deaths by which its capture was at last effected was probably equal to that of a moiety of the population.[3] To the technical

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Ordin Depêchen Boek der Staten-gen., August 1579, f. 287, Hague Archives, MS. Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones, iv. f. 110, 116, Brussels Royal Archives, MS. Compare Correspondance d'Alexandre Farnese avec Philippe II., Gachard, 1853. Kervyn und Diegerich, Documents Inédits, i. 428.

[3] Strada, 2. iii. 59, 130. At the termination of the siege, the army of Parma was estimated at twenty thousand men, and four thousand had fallen in the two assaults of April alone.—Bor, ubi sup.

mind, the siege no doubt seemed a beautiful creation of human intelligence. To the honest student of history, to the lover of human progress, such a manifestation of intellect seems a sufficiently sad exhibition. Given a city with strong walls and towers, a slender garrison, and a devoted population on one side; a consummate chieftain on the other, with an army of veterans at his back, no interruption to fear, and a long season to work in; it would not seem to an unsophisticated mind a very lofty exploit for the soldier to carry the city at the end of four months' hard labour.

The investment of Maestricht was commenced upon the 12th of March 1579. In the city, besides the population, there were two thousand peasants, both men and women, a garrison of one thousand soldiers, and a trained burgher guard, numbering about twelve hundred.[1] The name of the military commandant was Melchior. Sebastian Tappin, a Lorraine officer of much experience and bravery, was next in command, and was, in truth, the principal director of the operations. He had been dispatched thither by the Prince of Orange to serve under La Noue, who was to have commanded in Maestricht, but had been unable to enter the city.[2] Feeling that the siege was to be a close one, and knowing how much depended upon the issue, Sebastian lost no time in making every needful preparation for coming events. The walls were strengthened everywhere; shafts were sunk preparatory to the countermining operations which were soon to become necessary; the moat was deepened and cleared, and the forts near the gates were put in thorough repair. On the other hand, Alexander had encircled the city, and had thrown two bridges, well fortified, across the river. There were six gates to the town, each provided with ravelins, and there was a doubt in what direction the first attack should be made. Opinions wavered between the gate of Bois-le-Duc, next the river, and that of Tongres on the south-western side, but it was finally decided to attempt the gate of Tongres.

Over against that point the platforms were accordingly constructed, and after a heavy cannonade from forty-six great guns, continued for several days, it was thought by the 25th of March that an impression had been made upon the city. A portion of the brick curtain had crumbled, but through the breach was seen a massive terreplein, well moated, which—after six thousand shots already delivered on the outer wall—still remained uninjured.[3] It was recognised that the gate of Tongres was not the most assailable, but rather the strongest portion of the defences, and Alexander therefore determined to shift his batteries to the gate of Bois-le-Duc. At the same time, the attempt upon that of Tongres was to be varied, but not abandoned. Four thousand miners, who had passed half their lives in burrowing for coal in that anthracite region, had been furnished by the Bishop of Liege, and this force was now set to their subterranean work.[4] A mine having been opened at a distance, the besiegers slowly worked their way towards the Tongres gate, while at the same time the more ostensible operations were in the opposite direction. The besieged had their miners also, for the peasants in the city had been used to work with mattock and pickaxe. The women, too, enrolled themselves into companies, chose their officers—or "mine-mistresses," as they were called [5]—and did good service daily in the caverns of the earth. Thus a whole army of gnomes were noiselessly at work to destroy and defend the beleaguered city. The mine advanced towards the gate; the besieged delved deeper, and intersected it with a transverse excavation, and the contending forces met daily in deadly encounter within these sepulchral gangways. Many stratagems

[1] Bor, xiii. 36. Hoofd, xv. 628. Meteren, ix. 154. Compare Strada, 2. ii. 59. who reckons the civic guards at six thousand, and the boors at a many more.
[2] Strada, 2. ii. 59. Hoofd, xv. 628.
[3] Strada, ii. 65, 66.
[4] Bor, xiii. 36 Hoofd, xv. 628. Strada.
[5] "Magistras cunicularias appellabant."—Strada,

were mutually employed. The citizens secretly constructed a dam across the Spanish mine, and then deluged their foe with hogsheads of boiling water. Hundreds were thus scalded to death. They heaped branches and light fagots in the hostile mine, set fire to the pile, and blew thick volumes of smoke along the passage with organ-bellows brought from the churches for the purpose. Many were thus suffocated. The discomfited besiegers abandoned the mine where they had met with such able countermining, and sunk another shaft at midnight in secret, at a long distance from the Tongres gate. Still towards that point, however, they burrowed in the darkness, guiding themselves to their destination with magnet, plumb-line and level, as the mariner crosses the trackless ocean with compass and chart. They worked their way unobstructed, till they arrived at their subterranean port, directly beneath the doomed ravelin. Here they constructed a spacious chamber, supporting it with columns, and making all their architectural arrangements with as much precision and elegance as if their object had been purely æsthetic. Coffers full of powder, to an enormous amount, were then placed in every direction across the floor, the train was laid, and Parma informed that all was ready. Alexander, having already arrayed the troops destined for the assault, then proceeded in person to the mouth of the shaft, and gave orders to spring the mine. The explosion was prodigious; a part of the tower fell with the concussion, and the moat was choked with heaps of rubbish. The assailants sprang across the passage thus afforded, and mastered the ruined portion of the fort. They were met in the breach, however, by the unflinching defenders of the city, and, after a fierce combat of some hours, were obliged to retire, remaining masters, however, of the moat, and of the ruined portion of the ravelin. This was upon the 3d of April.[1]

Five days afterwards a general assault was ordered. A new mine having been already constructed towards the Tongres ravelin, and a faithful cannonade having been kept up for a fortnight against the Bois-le-Duc gate, it was thought advisable to attack at both points at once. On the 8th of April, accordingly, after uniting in prayer, and listening to a speech from Alexander Farnese, the great mass of the Spanish army advanced to the breach. The moat had been rendered practicable in many places by the heaps of rubbish with which it had been encumbered, and by the fagots and earth with which it had been filled by the besiegers. The action at the Bois-le-Duc gate was exceedingly warm. The tried veterans of Spain, Italy, and Burgundy were met face to face by the burghers of Maestricht, together with their wives and children. All were armed to the teeth, and fought with what seemed superhuman valour. The women, fierce as tigresses defending their young, swarmed to the walls, and fought in the foremost rank. They threw pails of boiling water on the besiegers, they hurled firebrands in their faces, they quoited blazing pitch-hoops with unerring dexterity about their necks. The rustics, too, armed with their ponderous flails, worked as cheerfully at this bloody harvesting as if thrashing their corn at home. Heartily did they winnow the ranks of the royalists who came to butcher them, and thick and fast fell the invaders, fighting bravely, but baffled by these novel weapons used by peasant and woman, coming to the aid of the sword, spear, and musket of trained soldiery. More than a thousand had fallen at the Bois-le-Duc gate, and still fresh besiegers mounted the breach, only to be beaten back, or to add to the mangled heap of the slain.[2] At the Tongres gate, meanwhile, the assault had fared no better. A herald had been dispatched thither in hot haste, to shout at the top of his lungs, "Santiago! Santiago! the Lombards have the gate of Bois-le-Duc!" while the

[1] Strada, 2. ii. 666–671.

[2] Ibid., 68–71.

same stratagem was employed to persuade the invaders on the other side of the town that their comrades had forced the gate of Tongres.[1] The soldiers, animated by this fiction, and advancing with fury against the famous ravelin, which had been but partly destroyed, were received with a broadside from the great guns of the unshattered portion, and by a rattling discharge of musketry from the walls. They wavered a little. At the same instant the new mine—which was to have been sprung between the ravelin and the gate, but which had been secretly countermined by the townspeople—exploded with a horrible concussion, at a moment least expected by the besiegers. Five hundred royalists were blown into the air. Ortiz, a Spanish captain of engineers, who had been inspecting the excavations, was thrown up bodily from the subterranean depth. He fell back again instantly into the same cavern, and was buried by the returning shower of earth which had spouted from the mine. Forty-five years afterwards, in digging for the foundation of a new wall, his skeleton was found. Clad in complete armour, the helmet and cuirass still sound, with his gold chain around his neck, and his mattock and pickaxe at his feet, the soldier lay [2] unmutilated, seeming almost capable of resuming his part in the same war which—even after his half century's sleep—was still ravaging the land.

Five hundred of the Spaniards perished by the explosion,[3] but none of the defenders were injured, for they had been prepared. Recovering from the momentary panic, the besiegers again rushed to the attack. The battle raged. Six hundred and seventy officers, commissioned or non-commissioned, had already fallen, more than half mortally wounded. Four thousand royalists, horribly mutilated, lay on the ground.[4] It was time that the day's work should be finished, for Maestricht was not to be carried upon that occasion. The best and bravest of the surviving officers besought Parma to put an end to the carnage by recalling the troops; but the gladiator-heart of the commander was heated, not softened, by the savage spectacle. "Go back to the breach," he cried, "and tell the soldiers that Alexander is coming to lead them into the city in triumph, or to perish with his comrades." [5] He rushed forward with the fury which had marked him when he boarded Mustapha's galley at Lepanto; but all the generals who were near him threw themselves upon his path, and implored him to desist from such insensate rashness. Their expostulations would probably have been in vain, had not his confidential friend, Serbelloni, interposed with something like paternal authority, reminding him of the strict commands contained in his Majesty's recent letters, that the Governor-General, to whom so much was intrusted, should refrain, on pain of the royal displeasure, from exposing his life like a common fighter.[6]

Alexander reluctantly gave the signal of recall at last, and accepted the defeat. For the future he determined to rely more upon the sapper and miner,[7] and less upon the superiority of veterans to townsmen and rustics in open fight. Sure to carry the city at last, according to line and rule, determined to pass the whole summer beneath the walls rather than abandon his purpose, he calmly proceeded to complete his circumvallations. A chain of eleven forts upon the left, and five upon the right side of the Meuse, the whole connected by a continuous wall,[8] afforded him perfect security against interruptions, and allowed him to continue the siege at leisure. His numerous army was well housed and amply supplied, and he had built a strong and

[1] Hoofd, xv. 629. Meteren, ix. 154. Strada, 2. ii. 75.
[2] Strada, 2. ii. 76.
[3] Five to six hundred, according to a letter written between the 12th and 16th of April 1579, by a citizen of Maestricht, and quoted by Bor, xiii. 51, 52.
[4] Letter from Maestricht above cited. Compare Strada, 2. ii. 79. Hoofd, xv. 629, who puts the number of Spaniards slain in this assault at two thousand.—Meteren, ix. 154. Haraeus (Tumult. Belg.), t. iii. 299.
[5] Strada, 2. ii. 77.
[6] Ibid. The letter of Philip is partly given by the historian.
[7] Strada, 2. ii. 80. Bor, xiii. 52.
[8] Strada, 2. ii. 83.

populous city in order to destroy another. Relief was impossible. But a few thousand men were now required to defend Farnese's improvised town, while the bulk of his army could be marched at any moment against an advancing foe. A force of seven thousand, painfully collected by the Prince of Orange, moved towards the place, under command of Hohenlo and John of Nassau, but struck with wonder at what they saw, the leaders recognised the hopelessness of attempting relief. Maestricht was surrounded by a second Maestricht.

The efforts of Orange were now necessarily directed towards obtaining, if possible, a truce of a few weeks from the negotiators at Cologne. Parma was too crafty, however, to allow Terranova[1] to consent; and as the Duke disclaimed any power over the direct question of peace and war, the siege proceeded. The gates of Bois-le-Duc and Tongres having thus far resisted the force brought against them, the scene was changed to the gate of Brussels. This adjoined that of Tongres, was farthest from the river, and faced westwardly towards the open country. Here the besieged had constructed an additional ravelin, which they had christened, in derision, "Parma," and against which the batteries of Parma were now brought to bear. Alexander erected a platform of great extent and strength directly opposite the new work, and after a severe and constant cannonade from this elevation, followed by a bloody action, the "Parma" fort was carried. One thousand, at least, of the defenders fell, as, forced gradually from one defence to another, they saw the triple walls of their ravelin crumble successively before their eyes. The tower was absolutely annihilated before they abandoned its ruins and retired within their last defences. Alexander, being now master of the fosse and the defences of the Brussels gate, drew up a large force on both sides of that portal along the margin of the moat, and began mining beneath the inner wall of the city.[2]

Meantime, the garrison had been reduced to four hundred soldiers, nearly all of whom were wounded. Wearied and driven to despair, these soldiers were willing to treat. The townspeople, however, answered the proposition with a shout of fury, and protested that they would destroy the garrison with their own hands if such an insinuation were repeated. Sebastian Tappin, too, encouraged them with the hope of speedy relief, and held out to them the wretched consequences of trusting to the mercy of their foes. The garrison took heart again, while that of the burghers and their wives had never faltered. Their main hope now was in a fortification which they had been constructing inside the Brussels gate—a demilune of considerable strength. Behind it was a breastwork of turf and masonry, to serve as a last bulwark when every other defence should be forced. The whole had been surrounded by a fosse thirty feet in depth, and the besiegers, as they mounted upon the breaches which they had at last effected in the outer curtain near the Brussels gate, saw for the first time this new fortification.[3]

The general condition of the defences and the disposition of the inhabitants had been revealed to Alexander by a deserter from the town. Against this last fortress the last efforts of the foe were now directed. Alexander ordered a bridge to be thrown across the city moat. As it was sixty feet wide and as many deep, and lay directly beneath the guns of the new demilune, the enterprise was sufficiently hazardous. Alexander led the way in person, with a mallet in one hand and a mattock in the other. Two men fell dead instantly, one on his right hand and one on his left, while he calmly commenced, in his own person, the driving of the first piles for the bridge.

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[1] See a remarkable letter from Parma to the Duke of Terranova, dated camp before Maestricht, May 21, 1579, in Bor, xiii. 57, 58.

[2] Bor, xiii. 64. Strada, iii. 113–117.

[3] Strada, u. iii. 117, 118.

His soldiers fell fast around him. Count Berlaymont[1] was shot dead, many officers of distinction were killed or wounded, but no soldier dared recoil while their chieftain wrought amid the bullets like a common pioneer. Alexander, unharmed as by a miracle, never left the spot till the bridge had been constructed, and till ten great guns had been carried across it, and pointed against the demilune.[2] The battery was opened, the mines previously excavated were sprung, a part of the demilune was blown into the air, and the assailants sprang into the breach. Again a furious hand-to-hand conflict succeeded; again, after an obstinate resistance, the townspeople were forced to yield. Slowly abandoning the shattered fort, they retired behind the breastwork in its rear—their innermost and last defence. To this barrier they clung as to a spar in shipwreck, and here at last they stood at bay, prepared dearly to sell their lives.

The breastwork, being still strong, was not attempted upon that day. The assailants were recalled, and in the meantime a herald was sent by Parma highly applauding the courage of the defenders, and begging them to surrender at discretion. They answered the messenger with words of haughty defiance, and rushing in a mass to the breastwork, began with spade, pickaxe, and trowel to add to its strength. Here all the able-bodied men of the town took up their permanent position, and here they ate, drank, and slept upon their posts, while their food was brought to them by the women and children.[3]

A little letter, "written in a fine neat handwriting," now mysteriously arrived in the city, encouraging them in the name of the Archduke and the Prince of Orange, and assuring them of relief within fourteen days.[4] A brief animation was thus produced, attended by a corresponding languor upon the part of the besiegers, for Alexander had been lying ill with a fever since the day when the demilune had been carried. From his sick-bed he rebuked his officers severely that a temporary breastwork, huddled together by boors and burghers in the midst of a siege, should prove an insurmountable obstacle to men who had carried everything before them. The morrow was the festival[5] of St. Peter and St. Paul, and it was meet that so sacred a day should be hallowed by a Christian and apostolic victory. St. Peter would be there with his keys to open the gate; St. Paul would lead them to battle with his invincible sword. Orders were given accordingly, and the assault was assigned for the following morning.

Meantime the guards were strengthened and commanded to be more than usually watchful. The injunction had a remarkable effect. At the dead of night, a soldier of the watch was going his rounds on the outside of the breastwork, listening if perchance he might catch, as was not unusual, a portion of the conversation among the beleaguered burghers within. Prying about on every side, he at last discovered a chink in the wall, the result, doubtless, of the last cannonade, and hitherto overlooked. He enlarged the gap with his fingers, and finally made an opening wide enough to admit his person. He crept boldly through, and looked around in the clear starlight.[6] The sentinels were all slumbering at their posts. He advanced stealthily in the dusky streets. Not a watchman was going his rounds. Soldiers, burghers, children, women, exhausted by incessant fatigue, were all asleep. Not a footfall was heard, not a whisper broke the silence; it seemed a city of the dead. The

[1] Better known as Baron Hierges, eldest son of the celebrated royalist, afterwards Count Berlaymont. Hierges had not long before succeeded to the title on the death of his father.—Strada, 2. iii. 119. Compare Bor, xiii. 64; Hoofd, xv. 630; Meteren, ix. 154c; Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 622; Tassis, v 338.

[2] Strada, 2. iii. 118.

[3] Bor, xiii. 64. Hoofd, xv. 630. Strada, 2. iii. 120, 121.

[4] This letter is still preserved in the Archives of Holland. Groen v. Prinst., Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 622, note. Bor, xiii. 65.

[5] 29th of June 1579.

[6] Strada, 2. iii. 121

soldier crept back through the crevice, and hastened to apprise his superiors of his adventure.[1]

Alexander, forthwith instructed as to the condition of the city, at once ordered the assault, and the last wall was suddenly stormed before the morning broke. The soldiers forced their way through the breach or sprang over the breastwork, and surprised at last, in its sleep, the city which had so long and vigorously defended itself. The burghers, startled from their slumber, bewildered, unprepared, found themselves engaged in unequal conflict with alert and savage foes. The battle, as usual when Netherland towns were surprised by Philip's soldiers, soon changed to a massacre. The townspeople rushed hither and thither, but there was neither escape nor means of resisting an enemy who now poured into the town by thousands upon thousands. An indiscriminate slaughter succeeded. Women, old men, and children had all been combatants; and all, therefore, had incurred the vengeance of the conquerors. A cry of agony arose which was distinctly heard at the distance of a league. Mothers took their infants in their arms and threw themselves by hundreds into the Meuse—and against women the blood-thirst of the assailants was especially directed. Females who had fought daily in the trenches, who had delved in mines and mustered on the battlements, had unsexed themselves in the opinion of those whose comrades they had helped to destroy. It was nothing that they had laid aside the weakness of women in order to defend all that was holy and dear to them on earth. It was sufficient that many a Spanish, Burgundian, or Italian mercenary had died by their hands. Women were pursued from house to house, and hurled from roof and window. They were hunted into the river; they were torn limb from limb in the streets. Men and children fared no better, but the heart sickens at the oft-repeated tale. Horrors, alas! were commonplaces in the Netherlands. Cruelty too monstrous for description, too vast to be believed by a mind not familiar with the outrages practised by the soldiers of Spain and Italy upon their heretic fellow-creatures, were now committed afresh in the streets of Maestricht.[2]

On the first day four thousand men and women were slaughtered.[3] The massacre lasted two days longer; nor would it be an exaggerated estimate if we assume that the amount of victims upon the last two days was equal to half the number sacrificed on the first.[4] It was said that not four hundred citizens were left alive after the termination of the siege.[5] These soon wandered away, their places being supplied by a rabble rout of Walloon sutlers and vagabonds. Maestricht was depopulated as well as captured. The booty obtained after the massacre was very large, for the city had been very thriving, its cloth manufacture extensive and important. Sebastian Tappin, the heroic defender of the place, had been shot through the shoulder at the taking of the Parma ravelin, and had been afterwards severely injured at the capture of the demilune. At the fall of the city he was mortally wounded, and carried a prisoner to the hostile camp only to expire. The Governor, Swartzenberg, also lost his life.[6]

Alexander, on the contrary, was raised from his sick-bed with the joyful

[1] Strada, 2. iii. 121. Compare Bor, xiii. 65, sqq.; Hoofd, xv. 632, 633; Meteren, ix. 155, sqq.

[2] Bentivoglio, 2. i. 239. Haraei, Ann. Brab., iii. 299. Hoofd, xv. 633. Bor, xiii. 66. Meteren, ix. 155. Strada, 2. iii. 124.

[3] This is the estimate of the Jesuit Strada.

[4] Strada puts the total number of inhabitants of Maestricht slain during the four months' siege at eight thousand, of whom seventeen hundred were women (p. 127).

[5] Not more than three or four hundred, says Bor (xiii. 65). Not more than four hundred, says Hoofd (xv. 633). Not three hundred, says Meteren, (ix.). This must, of course, be an exaggeration, for the population had numbered thirty-four thousand at the commencement of the siege. At any rate, the survivors were but a remnant, and they all wandered away. The place which had been so recently a very thriving and industrious town remained a desert. During the ensuing winter most of the remaining buildings were torn down, that the timber and woodwork might be used as firewood by the soldiers and vagabonds who from time to time housed there.—Meteren, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.

[6] Strada, 2. iii. 126.

tidings of victory, and, as soon as he could be moved, made his appearance in the city. Seated in a splendid chair of state, borne aloft on the shoulders of his veterans, with a golden canopy above his head to protect him from the summer's sun, attended by the officers of his staff, who were decked by his special command in their gayest trappings, escorted by his bodyguard, followed by his "plumed troops," to the number of twenty thousand, surrounded by all the vanities of war, the hero made his stately entrance into the town.[1] His way led through deserted streets of shattered houses. The pavement ran red with blood. Headless corpses, mangled limbs, an obscene mass of wretchedness and corruption, were spread on every side, and tainted the summer air. Through the thriving city which, in the course of four months, Alexander had converted into a slaughter-house and a solitude, the pompous procession took its course to the Church of St. Servais.[2] Here humble thanks were offered to the God of love and to Jesus of Nazareth for this new victory. Especially was gratitude expressed to the Apostles Paul and Peter, upon whose festival and by whose sword and key the crowning mercy had been accomplished,[3] and by whose special agency eight thousand heretics now lay unburied in the streets. These acts of piety performed, the triumphal procession returned to the camp, where, soon afterwards, the joyful news of Alexander Farnese's entire convalescence was proclaimed.

The Prince of Orange, as usual, was blamed for the tragical termination to this long drama. All that one man could do, he had done to awaken his countrymen to the importance of the siege. He had repeatedly brought the subject solemnly before the Assembly, and implored for Maestricht almost upon his knees. Lukewarm and parsimonious, the States had responded to his eloquent appeals with wrangling addresses and insufficient votes. With a special subsidy obtained in April and May he had organised the slight attempt at relief, which was all which he had been empowered to make, but which proved entirely unsuccessful. Now that the massacre to be averted was accomplished, men were loud in reproof who had been silent and passive while there was yet time to speak and to work. It was the Prince, they said, who had delivered so many thousands of his fellow-countrymen to butchery. To save himself, they insinuated, he was now plotting to deliver the land into the power of the treacherous Frenchman, and he alone, they asserted, was the insuperable obstacle to an honourable peace with Spain.[4]

A letter brought by an unknown messenger was laid before the States' Assembly in full session, and sent to the clerk's table to be read aloud. After the first few sentences, that functionary faltered in his recital. Several members also peremptorily ordered him to stop; for the letter proved to be a violent and calumnious libel upon Orange, together with a strong appeal in favour of the peace propositions then under debate at Cologne. The Prince alone, of all the Assembly, preserving his tranquillity, ordered the document to be brought to him, and forthwith read it aloud himself from beginning to end. Afterwards he took occasion to express his mind concerning the ceaseless calumnies of which he was the mark. He especially alluded to the oft-repeated accusation that he was the only obstacle to peace, and repeated that he was ready at that moment to leave the land, and to close his lips for ever, if by so doing he could benefit his country, and restore her to honourable repose. The outcry, with the protestations of attachment and confidence which at once broke from the Assembly, convinced him, however, that he

[1] Strada, 2. iii. 130. Comp. Tassis, v. 339. [2] Ibid. [3] According to Father Strada, Alexander considered this ceremony as a payment of wages due to his Divine comrades, Peter and Paul: "Petro et Paulo gratias *quasi stipendium persolvit commilitonibus Divis*" (p. 130).

[4] Groen v Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 621, 622; vii 41, 42. Bor, xiii. Hoofd, xvi., passim.

was deeply rooted in the hearts of all patriotic Netherlanders, and that it was beyond the power of slanderers to loosen his hold upon their affection.[1]

Meantime his efforts had again and again been demanded to restore order in that abode of anarchy, the city of Ghent. After his visit during the previous winter, and the consequent departure of John Casimir to the palatinate, the pacific arrangements made by the Prince had for a short time held good. Early in March, however, that master of misrule, John van Imbize, had once more excited the populace to sedition. Again the property of Catholics, clerical and lay, was plundered; again the persons of Catholics of every degree was maltreated. The magistrates, with first senator Imbize at their head, rather encouraged than rebuked the disorder; but Orange, as soon as he received official intelligence of the event, hastened to address them in the words of earnest warning and wisdom.[2] He allowed that the inhabitants of the province had reason to be discontented with the presence and the misconduct of the Walloon soldiery. He granted that violence and the menaces of a foreign tyranny made it difficult for honest burghers to gain a livelihood. At the same time he expressed astonishment that reasonable men should seek a remedy for such evils in tumults which would necessarily bring utter destruction upon the land. "It was," he observed, "as if a patient should, from impatience, tear the bandages from his wounds, and, like a maniac, instead of allowing himself to be cured, plunge a dagger into his own heart."[3]

These exhortations exerted a wholesome effect for a moment, but matters soon went from bad to worse. Imbize, fearing the influence of the Prince, indulged in open-mouthed abuse of a man whose character he was unable even to comprehend. He accused him of intriguing with France for his own benefit, of being a Papist in disguise, of desiring to establish what he called a "religious peace" merely to restore Roman idolatry. In all these insane ravings, the demagogue was most ably seconded by the ex-monk. Incessant and unlicensed were the invectives hurled by Peter Dathenus from his pulpit upon William the Silent's head. He denounced him—as he had often done before—as an atheist in heart; as a man who changed his religion as easily as his garments; as a man who knew no God but state expediency, which was the idol of his worship; a mere politician, who would tear his shirt from his back and throw it in the fire if he thought it were tainted with religion.[4]

Such witless but vehement denunciation from a preacher who was both popular and comparatively sincere could not but affect the imagination of the weaker portion of his hearers. The faction of Imbize became triumphant. Ryhove, the ruffian whose hands were stained with the recent blood of Visch and Hessels, rather did damage than service to the cause of order. He opposed himself to the demagogue who was prating daily of Greece, Rome, and Geneva, while his clerical associate was denouncing William of Orange, but he opposed himself in vain. An attempt to secure the person of Imbize failed, but by the influence of Ryhove, however, a messenger was dispatched to Antwerp in the name of a considerable portion of the community of Ghent. The counsel and the presence of the man to whom all hearts in every part of the Netherlands instinctively turned in the hour of need, were once more invoked.[5]

The Prince again addressed them in language which none but he could employ with such effect. He told them that his life, passed in service and sacrifice, ought to witness sufficiently for his fidelity. Nevertheless, he thought

[1] Arch., etc., vii. 42, 43. [2] Ibid., vi. 586. [3] Ibid., 589. [4] Gh. Gesch., ii. 199, cited in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vii. 81, note. [5] Archives, etc., vi. 586, sqq. and vii. 18. Van der Vynckt, iii. 29, sqq.

it necessary—in view of the calumnies which were circulated—to repeat once more his sentiment that no treaty of peace, war, or alliance ought to be negotiated save with the consent of the people.[1] His course in Holland and Zealand had proved, he said, his willingness always to consult the wishes of his countrymen. As for the matter of religion, it was almost incredible that there should be any who doubted the zeal which he bore the religion for which he had suffered so much. "I desire," he continued fervently, "that men should compare that which has been done by my accusers during ten years past with that which I have done. In that which touches the true advancement of religion, I will yield to no man. They *who so boldly accuse me have no liberty of speech* save that which has been acquired for them by the blood of my kindred, by my labours, and my excessive expenditures. To me they owe it that they dare speak at all." This letter (which was dated on the 24th of July 1579) contained an assurance that the writer was about to visit Ghent.[2]

On the following day, Imbize executed a *coup d'état*. Having a body of near two thousand soldiers at his disposal, he suddenly secured the persons of all the magistrates and other notable individuals not friendly to his policy, and then, in violation of all law, set up a new board of eighteen irresponsible functionaries, according to a list prepared by himself alone. This was his way of enforcing the democratic liberty of Greece, Rome, and Geneva, which was so near to his heart. A proclamation, in fourteen articles, was forthwith issued justifying this arbitrary proceeding. It was declared that the object of the somewhat irregular measure "was to prevent the establishment of the religious peace, which was merely a method of replanting uprooted Papistry and the extirpated tyranny of Spain." Although the arrangements had not been made in strict accordance with formal usage and ceremony, yet they were defended upon the ground that it had been impossible by other means to maintain their ancient liberties and their religious freedom. At the same time a pamphlet, already prepared for the occasion by Dathenus, was extensively circulated. In this production the arbitrary revolution effected by a demagogue was defended with effrontery, while the character of Orange was loaded with customary abuse. To prevent the traitor from coming to Ghent, and establishing what he called his religious peace, these irregular measures, it was urged, had been wisely taken.[3]

Such were the efforts of John Imbize, such the calumnies of Peter Dathenus, in order to counteract the patriotic endeavours of the Prince; but neither the ruffianism of John nor the libels of Peter were destined upon this occasion to be successful. William the Silent treated the slanders of the scolding monk with dignified contempt. "Having been informed," said he to the magistrates of Ghent, "that Master Peter Dathenus has been denouncing me as a man without religion or fidelity, and full of ambition, with other propositions hardly becoming his cloth, I do not think it worth while to answer more at this time than that I willingly refer myself to the judgment of all who know me."[4]

The Prince came to Ghent, great as had been the efforts of Imbize and his partisans to prevent his coming. His presence was like magic. The demagogue and his whole flock vanished like unclean birds at the first rays of the sun. Imbize dared not look the father of his country in the face. Orange

[1] "Dieu merci, je ne suis pas si peu cognoissant que je ne sache bien qu'il faut nécessairement traicter, soit de paix, soit de guerre, soit d'alliance, avec le gré du peuple," etc.—Letter of Orange, Archives, etc., vii. 20, sqq.

[2] Ibid. The whole of this noble document should be read again and again by all who feel interested in the character of William of Orange.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 31. Van der Vynckt, iii. 38, sqq. Meteren, ix. 161, sqq. Bor, xiii. 84, 85.

[4] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 33, 34.

rebuked the populace in the strong and indignant language that public and private virtue, energy, and a high purpose enabled such a leader of the people to use. He at once set aside the board of eighteen—the Grecian-Roman-Genevese establishment of Imbize—and remained in the city until the regular election, in conformity with the privileges, had taken place. Imbize, who had shrunk at his approach, was meantime discovered by his own companions. He had stolen forth secretly on the night before the Prince's arrival, and was found cowering in the cabin of a vessel, half dead with fear, by an alehouse keeper who had been his warm partisan. "No skulking," cried the honest friend, seizing the tribune of the people by the shoulder; "no sailing away in the night-time. You have got us all into this bog, and must come back, and abide the issue with your supporters."[1]

In this collapsed state was the windy demagogue who had filled half Flanders with his sound and fury conveyed before the patriot Prince. He met with grave and bitter rebukes, but felt sufficiently relieved when allowed to depart unharmed.[2] Judging of his probable doom by the usual practice of himself and his fellows in similar cases, he had anticipated nothing short of the gibbet. That punishment, however, was to be inflicted at a later period by other hands, and not until he had added treason to his country, and a shameless recantation of all his violent professions in favour of civil and religious liberty to the list of his crimes. On the present occasion he was permitted to go free. In company with his clerical companion, Peter Dathenus, he fled to the abode of his excellent friend, John Casimir, who received both with open arms, and allowed them each a pension.[3]

Order being thus again restored in Ghent by the exertions of the Prince when no other human hand could have dispelled the anarchy which seemed to reign supreme, William the Silent, having accepted the government of Flanders, which had again and again been urged upon him, now returned to Antwerp.[4]

CHAPTER III.

The Cologne Conferences—Intentions of the parties—Preliminary attempt by Government to purchase the Prince of Orange—Offer and rejection of various articles among the plenipotentiaries—Departure of the imperial commissioners—Ultimatum of the States compared with that of the Royal Government—Barren negotiations terminated—Treason of De Bours, Governor of Mechlin—Liberal theories concerning the nature of Government—Abjuration of Philip imminent—Self-denial of Orange—Attitude of Germany—Of England—Marriage negotiations between Elizabeth and Anjou—Orange favours the election of the Duke as sovereign—Address and speeches of the Prince—Parsimony and interprovincial jealousy rebuked—Secret correspondence of Count Renneberg with the Royal Government—His treason at Groningen.

SINCE the beginning of May, the Cologne negotiations had been dragging their slow length along. Few persons believed that any good was likely to result from these stately and ponderous conferences; yet men were so weary of war, so desirous that a termination might be put to the atrophy under which the country was languishing, that many an eager glance was turned towards the place where the august Assembly was holding its protracted session. Certainly, if wisdom were to be found in mitred heads—if the power to heal angry passions and to settle the conflicting claims of prerogative and

[1] Bor, xiii. 85, sqq. Meteren, ix. 161, sqq. Van der Vynckt, iii. 38, sqq.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Van der Vynckt, ubi sup.

[3] Van der Vynckt, iii. 38–42. Compare Hoofd, xv. 145–150.

[4] Archives, vii. 60, and Meteren, ix. 163b; but the Prince says, in his Apologie, published eighteen months later (Dec. 1580), that he had hitherto, although often urged to accept, refused the government of Flanders.—Apologie, etc., 108, 109. It is probable that his acceptance was only conditional, as indeed Meteren observes.

conscience were to be looked for among men of lofty station, then the Cologne conferences ought to have made the rough places smooth and the crooked paths straight throughout all Christendom. There was the Archbishop of Rossano, afterwards Pope Urban VII., as plenipotentiary from Rome; there was Charles of Aragon, Duke of Terranova, supported by five councillors, as ambassador from his Catholic Majesty; there were the Duke of Aerschot, the Abbot of St. Gertrude, the Abbot of Marolles, Dr. Bucho Aytta, Caspar Schetz, Lord of Grobbendonck, that learned Frisian, Aggeus van Albada, with seven other wise men, as envoys from the States-general. There were their Serene Highnesses the Elector and Archbishops of Cologne and Treves, with the Bishop of Wurtzburg. There was also a numerous embassy from his imperial Majesty, with Count Otto de Schwartzenburg at its head.[1]

Here then were holiness, serenity, dignity, law, and learning in abundance. Here was a pope *in posse*, with archbishops, princes, dukes, jurisconsults, and doctors of divinity *in esse*, sufficient to remodel a world, if worlds were to be remodelled by such instruments. If protocols, replications, annotations, apostilles, could heal a bleeding country, here were the physicians to furnish those drugs in unlimited profusion. If reams of paper, scrawled over with barbarous technicalities, could smother and bury a quarrel which had its origin in the mutual antagonism of human elements, here were the men to scribble unflinchingly, till the reams were piled to a pyramid. If the same idea presented in many aspects could acquire additional life, here were the word-mongers who could clothe one shivering thought in a hundred thousand garments, till it attained all the majesty which decoration could impart. In truth, the envoys came from Spain, Rome, and Vienna, provided with but two ideas. Was it not a diplomatic masterpiece that from this frugal store they could contrive to eke out seven mortal months of negotiation? Two ideas—the supremacy of his Majesty's prerogative, the exclusive exercise of the Roman Catholic religion—these were the be-all and the end-all of their commission. Upon these two strings they were to harp, at least till the walls of Maestricht had fallen. The envoys did their duty well; they were sent to enact a solemn comedy, and in the most stately manner did they walk through their several parts. Not that the King was belligerent; on the contrary, he was heartily weary of the war. Prerogative was weary—Romanism was weary—Conscience was weary—the Spirit of Freedom was weary—but the Prince of Orange was not weary. Blood and treasure had been pouring forth so profusely during twelve flaming years, that all but that one tranquil spirit were beginning to flag.

At the same time, neither party had more disposition to concede than stomach to fight. Certainly the royal party had no inclination to yield. The King had granted easy terms to the Walloons, because upon the one great point of religion there was no dispute, and upon the others there was no intention of keeping faith.[2] With regard to the present negotiation, it was desirable to gain a little time. It was thought probable that the religious difference, judiciously managed at this juncture, might be used to effect a permanent severance of the provinces so lately banded together in a common union. "To divide them," wrote Tassis, in a very confidential letter, "no better method can be found than to amuse them with this peace negotiation. Some are ready for a pacification from their desire of repose, some from their fear of war, some from the differences which exist among themselves, and which

[1] Bor, xiii. 52. Meteren, ix. 155.

[2] This is most evident from the correspondence of Parma both before and after the treaty of Arras.—Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones, MS., in the Brussels Royal Archives, and particularly vols. iv. and v.

it is especially important to keep alive."[1] Above all things, it was desirable to maintain the religious distraction till Maestricht had been taken. That siege was the key to the whole situation. If the separate Walloon Accord could be quietly made in a corner, while Parma was battering that stronghold on the Meuse, and while decorous negotiation was smoothly holding its course on the Rhine, much disorganisation, it was hoped, would be handsomely accomplished before the end of the year.

"As for a suspension of arms," wrote Alexander to Terranova, on the 21st of May, "the longer 'tis deferred the better. With regard to Maestricht, everything depends upon it that we possess or desire to possess. Truly, if the Prince of Orange can relieve the city he will do it. If he does so, neither will this expedition of ours, nor any other expedition be brought to a good end. As soon as men are aware that our affairs are looking badly, they will come again to a true union, and all will join together in hope to accomplish their boasts."[2] Therefore, it was natural that the peace-wrights of Cologne should industriously ply their task.

It is not desirable to disturb much of that learned dust after its three centuries' repose. A rapid sketch of the course of the proceedings, with an indication of the spirit which animated the contending parties, will be all that is necessary. They came and they separated with precisely opposite views. "The desires of Terranova and of the Estates," says the royalist Tassis, "were diametrically contrary to each other. The King wished that the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion should be exclusively established, and the absolute prerogative preserved in its integrity."[3] On the other hand, the provinces desired their charters and a religious peace. In these perpetual lines and curves ran the asymptotical negotiation from beginning to end—and so it might have run for two centuries without hope of coincidence. Neither party was yet vanquished. The freshly united provinces were no readier now than before to admit that the Holy Office formed part of their national institutions. The despotic faction was not prepared to renounce that establishment. Foiled, but not disheartened, sat the Inquisition, like a beldame upon the border, impotently threatening the land whence she had been for ever excluded; while, industrious as the Parcæ, distaff in hand, sat in Cologne the inexorable three—Spain, the Empire, and Rome—grimly spinning and severing the web of mortal destinies.

The first step in the proceedings had been a secret one. If by any means the Prince of Orange could be detached from his party—if by bribery, however enormous, he could be induced to abandon a tottering cause, and depart for the land of his birth—he was distinctly but indirectly given to understand that he had but to name his terms. We have seen the issue of similar propositions made by Don John of Austria. Probably there was no man living who would care to make a distinct application of this dishonourable nature to the father of his country. The Aerschots, the Meluns, the Lalains, and a swarm of other nobles had their price, and were easily transferable from one to another, but it was not easy to make a direct offer to William of Orange. They knew—as he said shortly afterwards in his famous Apology—that "neither for property nor for life, neither for wife nor for children, would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason."[4] Nevertheless, he was distinctly given to understand that "there was nothing he could demand for himself

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 30. So also Du Plessis Mornay, in writing to a friend three years afterwards, observed: "Le traité de Cologne a suffisament monstré quelle a esté l'intention de l'ennemi en proposant ce beau nom de Paix, à scavoir de diviser et rompre les provinces et suborner les villes."—Mem. de Mornay, i. p. 75.

[2] Letter of Parma, May 21, 1579, from his camp before Maestricht, apud Bor, 2. xiii. 57.

[3] Com. de Tum. Belg., v. 367.

[4] "Si je ne veuille ni pour les biens ni pour la vie, ni pour femme ni pour enfans, mesler en mon breuvage une seule goutte de venin de trahison."—Apologie, p. 127.

personally that would not be granted." All his confiscated property, restoration of his imprisoned son, liberty of worship for himself, payment of all his debts, reimbursement of all his past expenses, and anything else which he could desire, were all placed within his reach. If he chose to retire into another land, his son might be placed in possession of all his cities, estates, and dignities, and himself indemnified in Germany, with a million of money over and above as a gratuity. The imperial envoy, Count Schwartzenburg, pledged his personal honour and reputation that every promise which might be made to the Prince should be most sacredly fulfilled.[1]

It was all in vain. The indirect applications of the imperial commissioners, made to his servants and his nearest relations, were entirely unsuccessful. The Prince was not to be drawn into a negotiation in his own name or for his own benefit. If the Estates were satisfied, he was satisfied. He wanted no conditions but theirs; "nor would he, directly or indirectly," he said, "separate himself from the cause on which hung all his evil or felicity." He knew that it was the object of the enemy to deprive the country of its head, and no inducements were sufficient to make him a party to the plot.[2] At the same time, he was unwilling to be an obstacle, in his own person, to the conclusion of an honourable peace. He would resign his offices, which he held at the solicitation of the whole country, if thus a negotiation were likely to be more successful. "The Prince of Parma and the *disunited* provinces," said he to the States-general, "affect to consider this war as one waged against me and in my name—as if the question alone concerned the name and person of the general. If it be so, I beg you to consider whether it is not because I have been ever faithful to the land. Nevertheless, if I am an obstacle, I am ready to remove it. If you, therefore, in order to deprive the enemy of every right to inculpate us, think proper to choose another head and conductor of your affairs, *I promise you to serve and to be obedient to him with all my heart.* Thus shall we leave the enemy no standing-place to work dissensions among us."[3] Such was his language to friend and foe; and here, at least, was one man in history whom kings were not rich enough to purchase.

On the 18th of May, the States' envoys at Cologne presented fourteen articles, demanding freedom of religion and the ancient political charters. Religion, they said, was to be referred, not to man, but to God. To Him the King was subject as well as the people. Both King and people—"and *by people was meant every individual in the land*"—were bound to serve God according to their conscience.[4]

The imperial envoys found such language extremely reprehensible, and promptly refused, as umpires, to entertain the fourteen articles. Others drawn up by Terranova and colleagues, embodying the claims of the royal and Roman party, were then solemnly presented, and as promptly rejected. Then the imperial umpires came forward with two bundles of propositions—approved beforehand by the Spanish plenipotentiaries. In the political bundle, obedience due to the King was insisted upon, "as in the time of the Emperor Charles." The religious category declared that "the Roman religion—*all others excluded*—should thenceforth be exercised in all the provinces." Both these categories were considered more objectionable by the States' envoys than the terms of Terranova, and astonishment was expressed

[1] "—— Que je n'eusse rien sçeu demander pour mon particulier, qu'on ne m'eust accordé, et me donner comptant un million"—Ibid. Compare Strada, who wrote with all the secret papers of the Farnese family before him. "Si hæc omnia abituro homini adhuc non sufficiant, neque hanc neque quamcumque persimilem conditionem repudiandam," etc.—(2. ii. 86). Compare particularly, Ev. Reidani, Ann., ii. 29. Compare Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., vol. iv. preface.

[2] Apologie, pp. 127, 128. Ev. Reidani, ii. 29.

[3] See the letter in Bor, xiii. 95–98.

[4] See the document in Bor, xiii. 54, sqq. Compare Meteren, ix. 156, sqq.

that "mention should again be made of the edicts—as if blood enough had not been shed already in the cause of religion."[1]

The Netherland envoys likewise gave the imperial commissioners distinctly to understand that in case peace were not soon made "the States would forthwith declare the King fallen from his sovereignty," would forever dispense the people from their oaths of allegiance to him, and would probably accept the Duke of Anjou in his place. The States-General, to which body the imperial propositions had been sent, also rejected the articles in a logical and historical argument of unmerciful length.[2]

An appeal secretly made by the imperial and Spanish commissioners from the States' envoys to the States themselves, and even to the people of the various provinces, had excited the anger of the plenipotentiaries. They complained loudly of this violation of all diplomatic etiquette, and the answer of the States-general, fully confirming the views of their ambassadors, did not diminish their wrath.

On the 13th of November 1579, the States' envoys were invited into the council chamber of the imperial commissioners to hear the last solemn commonplaces of those departing functionaries. Seven months long they had been waiting in vain, they said, for the States' envoys to accede to moderate demands. Patience was now exhausted. Moreover, their mediatory views had been the subject of bitter lampooning throughout the country, while the authorities of many cities had publicly declared that all the inhabitants would rather die the death than accept such terms. The peacemakers, accordingly, with endless protestations as to their own purity, wisdom, and benevolence, left the whole "in the hands of God and the parties concerned."[3]

The reply to this elaborate farewell was curt and somewhat crusty. "Had they known," said the States' envoys, "that their transparencies and worthinesses had no better intention, and the Duke of Terranova no ampler commission, the whole matter might have been dispatched, not in six months, but in six days."[4]

Thus ended the conferences, and the imperial commissioners departed. Nevertheless, Schwartzenburg remained yet a little time at Cologne, while five of the States' envoys also protracted their stay, in order to make their private peace with the King. It is hardly necessary to observe that the chief of these penitents was the Duke of Aerschot.[5] The ultimatum of the States was deposited by the departing envoys with Schwartzenburg,[6] and a comparison of its terms with those offered by the imperial mediators, as the best which could be obtained from Spain, shows the hopelessness of the pretended negotiation. Departure of the foreign troops, restitution of all confiscated property, unequivocal recognition of the Ghent treaty and the perpetual edict, appointment to office of none but natives, oaths of allegiance to the King and the States-general, exercise of the Reformed religion and of the Confession of Augsburg in all places where it was then publicly practised: such were the main demands of the patriot party.

In the secret instructions[7] furnished by the States to their envoys, they were told to urge upon his Majesty the absolute necessity, if he wished to retain the provinces, of winking at the exercise of the Reformed and the Augsburg creeds. "The new religion had taken too deep root," it was urged, "ever to be torn forth, save with the destruction of the whole country."

Thus, after seven dreary months of negotiation, after protocols and memoranda in ten thousand folia, the august diplomatists had travelled round to

[1] Bor, xiii. 58, 59.
[2] Ibid., 3. xiii. 58a, 115–118.
[3] Ibid., 101, sqq. Meteren, ix. 157, sqq.
[4] Bor, xiii. 101, sqq. Meteren, ix. 157, sqq. Compare Strada, 2. ii. 110, 111.
[5] Bor, xiii. 108.
[6] Apud Bor, 2. xiii. 108–110.
[7] Ibid., 110–113.

the points from which they had severally started. On the one side, unlimited prerogative and exclusive Catholicism; on the other, constitutional liberty, with freedom of conscience for Catholic and Protestant alike: these were the claims which each party announced at the commencement, and to which they held with equal firmness at the close of the conferences.[1]

The congress had been expensive. Though not much had been accomplished for the political or religious advancement of mankind, there had been much excellent eating and drinking at Cologne during the seven months. Those drouthy deliberations had needed moistening. The Bishop of Wurtzburg had consumed "eighty hogsheads of Rhenish wine and twenty great casks of beer."[2] The expense of the States' envoys were twenty-four thousand guldens. The Archbishop of Cologne had expended forty thousand thalers.[3] The deliberations were, on the whole, excessively detrimental to the cause of the provinces, "and a great personage" wrote to the States-general, that the King had been influenced by no motives save to cause dissension.[4] This was an exaggeration, for his Majesty would have been well pleased to receive the whole of the country on the same terms which had been accepted by the Walloons. Meantime, those southern provinces had made their separate treaty, and the Netherlands were permanently dissevered. Maestricht had fallen. Disunion and dismay had taken possession of the country.

During the course of the year other severe misfortunes had happened to the States. Treachery, even among the men who had done good service to the cause of freedom, was daily showing her hateful visage. Not only the great chieftains who had led the malcontent Walloon party, with the fickle Aerschot and the wavering Havré besides, had made their separate reconciliation with Parma, but the epidemic treason had mastered such bold partisans as the Seigneur de Bours, the man whose services in rescuing the citadel of Antwerp had been so courageous and valuable. He was Governor of Mechlin; Count Renneberg was Governor of Friesland. Both were trusted implicitly by Orange and by the Estates; both were on the eve of repaying the confidence reposed in them by the most venal treason.

It was already known that Parma had tampered with De Bours, but Renneberg was still unsuspected. "The Prince," wrote Count John, "is deserted by all the noblemen save the stadholder of Friesland and myself, and has no man else in whom he can repose confidence."[5] The brothers were doomed to be rudely awakened from this repose with regard to Renneberg, but previously the treason of a less important functionary was to cause a considerable but lest lasting injury to the national party.

In Mechlin was a Carmelite friar of audacious character and great eloquence, a man who, "with his sweet, poisonous tongue, could ever persuade the people to do his bidding."[6] This dangerous monk, Peter Lupus, or Peter Wolf, by name, had formed the design of restoring Mechlin to the Prince of Parma, and of obtaining the Bishopric of Namur as the reward of his services. To this end he had obtained a complete mastery over the intellect of the bold but unprincipled De Bours. A correspondence was immediately opened between Parma and the Governor, and troops were secretly admitted into the city. The Prince of Orange, in the name of the Archduke and the Estates, in vain endeavoured to recall the infatuated Governor to do his duty. In

[1] All the most important documents of this elaborate but sterile negotiation are given in full by Bor, iii. 13, seq. The whole mass of the protocols and arguments is also to be found in a volume entitled, "Acta pacificationis quæ coram sac. ces. maj. inter ser. reg. Hisp. et Princip. Matth. ordinumque Belg. leg. Coloniæ habita sunt," Leyden, 1580. Compare Strada, 2. ii. 82–112; Haraei, Tum. Belg., iii. 295–298; Tassis Com. Tum. Belg., v. 348–385; Meteren, ix. 155–161; Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 278–285, and 310–316; Hoofd, xv. 631, 632, and xvi. 658–672, et mult. al.

[2] Bor, xiii. 114. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

[5] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 36, 37, letter of July 31, 1579.

[6] "En konde met sijn soete fenijnige tonge het volk luiden en bewegen daer hy toe wilde."—Bor, xiii. 80.

vain he conjured him, by letter after letter, to be true to his own bright fame so nobly earned. An old friend of De Bours, and like himself a Catholic, was also employed to remonstrate with him. This gentleman, De Fromont by name, wrote him many letters;[1] but De Bours expressed his surprise that Fromont, whom he had always considered a good Catholic and a virtuous gentleman, should wish to force him into a connection with the Prince of Orange and his heretic supporters. He protested that his mind was quite made up, and that he had been guaranteed by Parma not only the post which he now held, but even still farther advancement.[2]

De Fromont reminded him, in reply, of the frequent revolutions of fortune's wheel, and warned him that the advancement of which he boasted would probably be an entire degradation. He bitterly recalled to the remembrance of the new zealot for Romanism his former earnest efforts to establish Calvinism. He reproached him, too, with having melted up the silver images of the Mechlin churches, including even the renowned shrine of St. Rombout, which the Prince of Orange had always respected. "I don't say how much you took of that plunder for your own share," continued the indignant De Fromont, "for the very children cry it in your ears as you walk the streets. 'Tis known that if God himself had been changed into gold you would have put Him in your pocket."[3]

This was plain language, but as just as it was plain. The famous shrine of St. Rombout—valued at seventy thousand guldens, of silver gilt, and enriched with precious stones—had been held sacred alike by the fanatical iconoclasts and the greedy Spaniards who had successively held the city. It had now been melted up, and appropriated by Peter Lupus the Carmelite and De Bours the Catholic convert, whose mouths were full of devotion to the ancient Church and of horror for heresy.[4]

The efforts of Orange and of the States were unavailing. De Bours surrendered the city and fled to Parma, who received him with cordiality, gave him five thousand florins—the price promised for his treason, besides a regiment of infantry—but expressed surprise that he should have reached the camp alive.[5] His subsequent career was short, and he met his death two years afterwards in the trenches before Tournay.[6] The archiepiscopal city was thus transferred to the royal party, but the gallant Van der Tympel, Governor of Brussels, retook it by surprise within six months of its acquisition by Parma, and once more restored it to the jurisdiction of the States. Peter Lupus, the Carmelite, armed to the teeth, and fighting fiercely at the head of the royalists, was slain in the street, and thus forfeited his chance for the mitre of Namur.[7]

During the weary progress of the Cologne negotiations, the Prince had not been idle, and should this august and slow-moving congress be unsuccessful in restoring peace, the provinces were pledged to an act of abjuration. They would then be entirely without a head. The idea of a nominal republic was broached by none. The contest had not been one of theory, but of facts; for the war had not been for revolution, but for conservation, so far as political rights were concerned. In religion, the provinces had advanced from one step to another, till they now claimed the largest liberty—freedom of conscience for all. Religion, they held, was God's affair, not man's, in which

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[1] Bor, xiii. 80–83. Hoofd, xv. 636, 637.

[2] Letter of Pontus de Noyelles, Seigneur de Bours, apud Bor, xiii. 83.

[3] Letter of J. v. Bourgoigne, Sr. de Fromont, apud Bor, 2. xii. 83.

[4] Meteren, x. 172. Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, xv. 636.

[5] Bor (xiii. 84) states that he was treated with great contempt by Parma, and deprived of his posts. In this the faithful old chronicler is mistaken; as it appears from the manuscript letters of the Prince that he received the traitor with many caresses and with much greater respect than he deserved. Reports to the contrary were very current, however, in consequence of the Seigneur de Rossignol having been appointed by Parma governor of Mechlin in place of De Bours.—Letter of Prince of Parma to Mansfeld, Rec. Prov. Wall. iv. f. 324–328, MS.

[6] Bor, xv. 288. [7] Ibid., xiv. 175.

neither people nor king had power over each other, but in which both were subject to God alone. In politics it was different. Hereditary sovereignty was acknowledged as a fact, but at the same time the spirit of freedom was already learning its appropriate language. It already claimed boldly the natural right of mankind to be governed according to the laws of reason and of Divine justice. If a prince were a shepherd, it was at least lawful to deprive him of his crook when he butchered the flock which he had been appointed to protect.

"What reason is there," said the States-general, "why the provinces should suffer themselves to be continually oppressed by their sovereign, with robbings, burnings, stranglings, and murderings?[1] Why, being thus oppressed, should they still give their sovereign—exactly *as if he were well conducting himself*[2]—the honour and title of lord of the land?" On the other hand, if hereditary rule were an established fact, so also were ancient charters. To maintain, not to overthrow, the political compact, was the purpose of the States. "*Je maintiendrai*" was the motto of Orange's escutcheon. That a compact existed between prince and people, and that the sovereign held office only on condition of doing his duty, were startling truths which men were beginning not to whisper to each other in secret, but to proclaim in the market-place. "'Tis well known to all," said the famous Declaration of Independence, two years afterwards, "that if a prince is appointed by God over the land, 'tis to protect them from harm, even as a shepherd to the guardianship of his flock. The subjects are not appointed by God for the behoof of the prince, but the prince for his subjects, without whom he is no prince. Should he violate the laws, he is to be forsaken by his meanest subject, and to be recognised no longer as prince."[3]

William of Orange always recognised these truths, but his scheme of government contemplated a permanent chief, and as it was becoming obvious that the Spanish sovereign would soon be abjured, it was necessary to fix upon a substitute. "As to governing these provinces in the form of a republic," said he, speaking for the States-general, "those who know the condition, privileges, and ordinances of the country can easily understand that 'tis hardly possible to dispense with a head or superintendent."[4] At the same time, he plainly intimated that this "head or superintendent" was to be, not a monarch—a one-ruler—but merely the hereditary chief magistrate of a free commonwealth.

Where was this hereditary chief magistrate to be found? His own claims he absolutely withdrew. The office was within his grasp, and he might easily have constituted himself sovereign of all the Netherlands.[5] Perhaps it would have been better at that time had he advanced his claims, and accepted the sovereignty which Philip had forfeited. As he did not believe in the possibility of a republic, he might honestly have taken into his own hands the sceptre which he considered indispensable. His self-abnegation was, however, absolute. Not only did he decline sovereignty, but he repeatedly avowed his readiness to lay down all the offices which he held, if a more useful substitute could be found. "Let no man think," said he, in a remarkable speech to the States-general, "that my good-will is in any degree changed or diminished. I agree to obey—as the least of the lords or gentlemen of the land could do—whatever person it may please you to select. You have but to

1 "Wat reden is dat de Landen altijd sollen van hunnen Heere getraivalleert, bedorven en met roven, branden, worgen en moorden continuelijk overvallen en verkracht worden," etc., etc.—Address of States-general, July 1579, Bor, xiii. 93b.

2 "Gelijk als ob hij wel dede," etc.—Ibid.

3 Bor, xv. 277.

4 Ibid., xiii. 93.

5 "U nog moet erkend worden dat er gelegenheiden waren in welke zijne *ver kiezinge met eene groote meer de rheid* doorgegaan zoude zijn—en *mischien zonder tegenspraek*, indien hij deze eerzucht gehad had. Echter verneemt men niet dat noch hij noch zijne aanhangelingen daartoe immer het voorstel gewaagd hebben," etc.—Van der Vynckt, iii. 72, 99

command my services wheresoever they are most wanted, to guard a province or a single city, or in any capacity in which I may be found most useful. I promise to do my duty, with all my strength and skill, as God and my conscience are witnesses that I have done it hitherto." [1]

The negotiations pointed to a speedy abjuration of Philip; the Republic was contemplated by none; the Prince of Orange absolutely refused to stretch forth his own hand;—who, then, was to receive the sceptre, which was so soon to be bestowed? A German prince had been tried—in a somewhat abnormal position—but had certainly manifested small capacity for aiding the provinces. Nothing could well be more insignificant than the figure of Matthias; and, moreover, his imperial brother was anything but favourably disposed. It was necessary to manage Rudolph. To treat the Archduke with indignity, now that he had been partly established in the Netherlands, would be to incur the Emperor's enmity. His friendship, however, could hardly be secured by any advancement bestowed upon his brother; for Rudolph's services against prerogative and the Pope were in no case to be expected. Nor was there much hope from the Protestant princes of Germany. The day had passed for generous sympathy with those engaged in the great struggle which Martin Luther had commenced. The present generation of German Protestants were more inclined to put down the Calvinistic schism at home than to save it from oppression abroad. Men were more disposed to wrangle over the thrice-gnawed bones of ecclesiastical casuistry, than to assist their brethren in the field. "I know not," said Gaultherus, "whether the calamity of the Netherlands, or the more than bestial stupidity of the Germans, be most deplorable. To the insane contests on theological abstractions we owe it that many are ready to breathe blood and slaughter against their own brethren. The hatred of the Lutherans has reached that point that they can rather tolerate Papists than ourselves." [2]

In England, there was much sympathy for the provinces, and there—although the form of government was still arbitrary—the instincts for civil and religious freedom, which have ever characterised the Anglo-Saxon race, were not to be repressed. Upon many a battle-field for liberty in the Netherlands, "men whose limbs were made in England" were found contending for the right. The blood and treasure of Englishmen flowed freely in the cause of their relatives by religion and race, but these were the efforts of individuals. Hitherto but little assistance had been rendered by the English Queen, who had, on the contrary, almost distracted the provinces by her fast-and-loose policy, both towards them and towards Anjou. The political rivalry between that Prince and herself in the Netherlands had, however, now given place to the memorable love-passage from which important results were expected, and it was thought certain that Elizabeth would view with satisfaction any dignity conferred upon her lover. [3]

Orange had a right to form this opinion. At the same time, it is well known that the chief councillors of Elizabeth—while they were all in favour of assisting the provinces—looked with anything but satisfaction upon the Anjou marriage. "The Duke," wrote Davidson to Walsingham (in July 1579), "seeks, forsooth, under a pretext of marriage with her Highness, the rather to espouse the Low Countries—the chief ground and object of his pretended love, howsoever it be disguised." The envoy believed both Elizabeth and the provinces in danger of taking unto themselves a very bad master. "Is

[1] Bor, xiv. 143. Speech of Nov. 26, 1579.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vii. 7. Hubert Languet, too, lamented the coldness of Germany towards her brethren in blood and creed. "Germania suo more," he writes to Sir Philip Sydney, "est otiosa spectatrix tragœdiarum, quæ apud vicinas ipsi gentes aguntur et ex alienis incommodis sua commoda capit."—Ep. 71, p. 254.

[3] Letter of Orange to the "Nearer-united States," apud Bor, 3, xiv. 132.

there any means," he added, "so apt to sound the very bottom of our estate, and to hinder and breake the neck of all such good purpose as the necessity of the tyme shall set abroch?"[1]

The provinces of Holland and Zealand, notwithstanding the love they bore to William of Orange, could never be persuaded by his arguments into favouring Anjou. Indeed, it was rather on account of the love they bore the Prince—whom they were determined to have for their sovereign—that they refused to listen to any persuasion in favour of his rival, although coming from his own lips. The States-general, in a report to the States of Holland, drawn up under the superintendence of the Prince, brought forward all the usual arguments for accepting the French Duke in case the abjuration should take place.[2] They urged the contract with Anjou (of 13th August 1578); the great expenses he had already incurred in their behalf; the danger of offending him; the possibility that in such case he would ally himself with Spain; the prospect that, in consequence of such a result, there would be three enemies in the field against them—the Walloons, the Spaniards, and the French, all whose forces would eventually be turned upon Holland and Zealand alone. It was represented that the selection of Anjou would, on the other hand, secure the friendship of France—an alliance which would inspire both the Emperor and the Spanish monarch with fear; for they could not contemplate without jealousy a possible incorporation of the provinces with that kingdom. Moreover, the geographical situation of France made its friendship inexpressibly desirable. The States of Holland and Zealand were, therefore, earnestly invited to send deputies to an assembly of the States-general, in order to conclude measures touching the declaration of independence to be made against the King, and concerning the election of the Duke of Anjou.[3]

The official communications by speech or writing of Orange to the different corporations and assemblies were at this period of enormous extent. He was moved to frequent anger by the parsimony, the inter-provincial jealousy, the dull perception of the different Estates, and he often expressed his wrath in unequivocal language. He dealt roundly with all public bodies. His eloquence was distinguished by a bold, uncompromising, truth-telling spirit, whether the words might prove palatable or bitter to his audience. His language rebuked his hearers more frequently than it caressed them; for he felt it impossible, at all times, to consult both the humours and the high interests of the people, and he had no hesitation, as guardian of popular liberty, in denouncing the popular vices by which it was endangered.[4]

By both great parties, he complained, his shortcomings were all noted, the good which he had accomplished passed over in silence.[5] He solemnly protested that he desired, out of his whole heart, the advancement of that religion which he publicly professed, and, with God's blessing, hoped to profess to the end of his life;[6] but nevertheless, he reminded the States that he had

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1 Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., vi. 646, sqq.

2 Report in Bor, xiii. 92–95.

3 Bor, xiii. 95a.

4 "Artes ad regendam plebem," says one who knew him well, "in eo omnes; quam licet præfracti obstinati animi, tandem ad obsequium flexit: nunc blanda aspera nunc ac violenta oratione, *cujus frequentior illi usus, quam lenociniorum.* Libertatis atque autoritatis sane adsiduus custos, ut liberé plebi sua objicere vitia posset."—Ev. Reidan., Ann. Belg., ii. 59.

5 Letter to the States-general. August 1579, apud Bor, xiv. 97, sqq. This was the opinion frequently expressed by Languet: "Cherish the friendship of the Prince, I beseech you," he writes to Sir Philip Sydney, "for there is no man like him in all Christendom. Nevertheless, his is the lot of all men of prudence—to be censured by all parties. The people complain that he despises them; the nobility declare that it is their order which he hates; and this is as sensible as if you were to tell me that you were the son of a clown (quasi v. dicebat mihi, ego sim patre rustico natus)."—Ep. ad Sydn., Ep. 76, p. 270. "Ego non possum satis admirari Auriaci prudentiam et æquanimitatem," he continues, "in tanta negotiorum mole sustinenda et ferendis tot injuriis. Obsecro respice ejus virtutem et ne deterreat a colenda cum eo amicitia ejus fortuna, quæ tandem etiam forte magis laeta fulgebit."—Ibid.

6 "—— Hoewel dat wy niet en willen ontkennen dat wy niet uit ganscher herten en souden begeert hebben de vorderinge van der Religie van de welke wy God lof openbare professie doen en verhopen 't selve te doen tot den einde onser leevens," etc.—Letter to the States-general, ubi sup.

sworn, upon taking office as Lieutenant-General, to keep "all the subjects of the land equally under his protection," and that he had kept his oath. He rebuked the parsimony which placed the accepted chief of the provinces in a sordid and contemptible position. "The Archduke has been compelled," said he, in August, to the States-general, "to break up housekeeping for want of means. How shameful and disreputable for the country if he should be compelled, for very poverty, to leave the land!" He offered to lay down all the power with which he had himself been clothed, but insisted, if he were to continue in office, upon being provided with larger means of being useful. "'Twas impossible," he said, "for him to serve longer on the same footing as heretofore; finding himself without power or authority, without means, without troops, without money, without obedience."[1] He reminded the States-general that the enemy, under pretext of peace negotiations, were ever circulating calumnious statements to the effect that he was personally the only obstacle to peace. The real object of these hopeless conferences was to sow dissension through the land, to set burgher against burgher, house against house. As in Italy, Guelphs and Ghibellines—as in Florence, the Neri and Bianchi—as in Holland, the Hooks and Cabbeljaws had, by their unfortunate quarrels, armed fellow-countrymen and families against each other—so also, nothing was so powerful as religious difference to set friend against friend, father against son, husband against wife.[2]

He warned the States against the peace propositions of the enemy. Spain had no intention to concede, but was resolved to extirpate. For himself, he had certainly everything to lose by continued war. His magnificent estates were withheld, and, added he with simplicity, there is no man who does not desire to enjoy his own.[3] The liberation of his son, too, from his foreign captivity, was, after the glory of God and the welfare of the fatherland, the dearest object of his heart. Moreover, he was himself approaching the decline of life. Twelve years he had spent in perpetual anxiety and labour for the cause. As he approached old age, he had sufficient reason to desire repose. Nevertheless, considering the great multitude of people who were leaning upon him, he should account himself disgraced if, for the sake of his own private advantage, he were to recommend a peace which was not perfectly secure. As regarded his own personal interests, he could easily place himself beyond danger, yet it would be otherwise with the people. The existence of the religion which, through the mercy of God, he professed, would be sacrificed, and countless multitudes of innocent men would, by his act, be thrown bodily into the hands of the bloodthirsty inquisitors who, in times past, had murdered so many persons, and so utterly desolated the land. In regard to the ceaseless insinuations against his character which men uttered "over their tables and in the streets," he observed philosophically, that "mankind were naturally inclined to calumny, particularly against those who exercised government over them. His life was the best answer to those slanders. Being overwhelmed with debt, he should doubtless do better in a personal point of view to *accept the excellent and profitable* offers which were daily made to him by the enemy."[4] He might be justified in such a course when it was remembered how many had deserted him and forsworn their religion. Nevertheless, he had ever refused, and should ever refuse, to listen to offers by which only his own personal interests were secured. As to the defence of the country, he had thus far done all in his power with the small

[1] Letter to the States-general, ubi sup.

[2] Letter to the States-general, Sept. 18, 1579, Bor, B. xiv. 131, sqq.

[3] "Daer is niemand hy soude wel begeren het sijne te gebruiken."—Ibid.

[4] "Om alsulke goede vorderlijke condition aen te nemen als de zelve zijn gepresenteert en aengeboden even verre hy daer na hadde willen luisteren en gedurende desen vredenhandel tot eenig particulier accord verstaen."—Letter to the States-general.

resources placed at his command. He was urged by the "Nearer-united States" to retain the post of Lieutenant-General. He was ready to consent. He was, however, not willing to hold office a moment, unless he had power to compel cities to accept garrisons, to enforce the collection of needful supplies throughout the provinces, and in general to do everything which he judged necessary for the best interests of the country.[1]

Three councils were now established—one to be in attendance upon the Archduke and the Prince of Orange, the two others to reside respectively in Flanders and in Utrecht. They were to be appointed by Matthias and the Prince, upon a double nomination from the Estates of the united provinces. Their decisions were to be made according to a majority of votes, and there was to be no secret cabinet behind and above their deliberations.[2] It was long, however, before these councils were put into working order. The fatal jealousy of the provincial authorities, the small ambition of local magistrates, interposed daily obstacles to the vigorous march of the generality.[3] Never was jealousy more mischievous, never circumspection more misapplied. It was not a land nor a crisis in which there was peril of centralisation. Local municipal government was, in truth, the only force left. There was no possibility of its being merged in a central authority which did not exist. The country was without a centre. There was small chance of apoplexy where there was no head. The danger lay in the mutual repulsiveness of these atoms of sovereignty—in the centrifugal tendencies which were fast resolving a nebulous commonwealth into chaos. Disunion and dissension would soon bring about a more fatal centralisation—that of absorption in a distant despotism.

At the end of November 1579, Orange made another remarkable speech in the States-general at Antwerp.[4] He handled the usual topics with his customary vigour, and with that grace and warmth of delivery which always made his eloquence so persuasive and impressive.[5] He spoke of the countless calumnies against himself, the chaffering niggardliness of the provinces, the slender result produced by his repeated warnings. He told them bluntly the great cause of all their troubles. It was the absence of a broad patriotism; it was the narrow power grudged rather than given to the deputies who sat in the General Assembly. They were mere envoys, tied by instructions. They were powerless to act, except after tedious reference to the will of their masters, the provincial boards. The deputies of the Union came thither, he said, as advocates of their provinces or their cities, not as councillors of a commonwealth, and sought to furthur those narrow interests, even at the risk of destruction to their sister states. The contributions, he complained, were assessed unequally, and expended selfishly. Upon this occasion, as upon all occasions, he again challenged inquiry into the purity of his government, demanded chastisement, if any act of maladministration on his part could be found, and repeated his anxious desire either to be relieved from his functions or to be furnished with the means of discharging them with efficiency.

On the 12th of December 1579, he again made a powerful speech in the States-general.[6] Upon the 9th of January 1580 following he made an elaborate address upon the state of the country, urging the necessity of raising instantly a considerable army of good and experienced soldiers. He fixed the indispensable number of such a force at twelve thousand foot, four thousand horse, and at least twelve hundred pioneers. "Weigh well the matters," said

[1] Letter to the States-general, Sept. 18, 1579. Bor, lib. xiv. 131, sqq.

[2] Bor, xiv. 135. Archives de la M. d'Orange, vii. 107.

[3] Archives, etc., vii. 94.

[4] In Bor, xiv. 141–143.

[5] "Avec un accent propre," says one of his most bitter enemies, "et action convenable, en quoi le Prince d'Oranges excelloit—donnant à l'assemblée si grande impression et persuasion qu'il remporta le fruict qu'il desiroit," etc.—Renom de France MS., t. iv. c. xi.

[6] Bor, xiv. 150, 151.

he in conclusion, "which I have thus urged, and which are of the most extreme necessity. Men in their utmost need are daily coming to me for refuge, *as if I held power over all things in my hand.*" At the same time he complained that by reason of the dilatoriness of the States, he was prevented from alleviating misery when he knew the remedy to be within reach. "I beg you, however, my masters," he continued, "to believe that this address of mine is no simple discourse. 'Tis a faithful presentment of matters which, if not reformed, will cause the speedy and absolute ruin of the land. Whatever betide, however, I pray you to hold yourselves assured that, with God's help, I am determined to live with you or to die with you."[1]

Early in the year 1580, the Prince was doomed to a bitter disappointment, and the provinces to a severe loss, in the treason of Count Renneberg, Governor of Friesland. This young noble was of the great Lalain family. He was a younger brother of Anthony, Count of Hoogstraaten—the unwavering friend of Orange. He had been brought up in the family of his cousin, the Count de Lalain, Governor of Hainault, and had inherited the title of Renneberg from an uncle, who was a dignitary of the Church.[2] For more than a year there had been suspicions of his fidelity. He was supposed to have been tampered with by the Duke of Terranova on the first arrival of that functionary in the Netherlands.[3] Nevertheless, the Prince of Orange was unwilling to listen to the whispers against him. Being himself the mark of calumny, and having a tender remembrance of the elder brother, he persisted in reposing confidence in a man who was in reality unworthy of his friendship. George Lalain, therefore, remained stadholder of Friesland and Drenthe, and in possession of the capital city, Groningen.

The rumours concerning him proved correct. In November 1579, he entered into a formal treaty with Terranova, by which he was to receive—as the price of "the virtuous resolution which he contemplated"—the sum of ten thousand crowns in hand, a further sum of ten thousand crowns within three months, and a yearly pension of ten thousand florins. Moreover, his barony of Ville was to be erected into a marquisate, and he was to receive the order of the Golden Fleece at the first vacancy. He was likewise to be continued in the same offices under the King which he now held from the Estates.[4] The bill of sale, by which he agreed with a certain Quislain le Bailly to transfer himself to Spain, fixed these terms with the technical scrupulousness of any other mercantile transaction. Renneberg sold himself as one would sell a yoke of oxen, and his motives were no whit nobler than the cynical contract would indicate. "See you not," said he in a private letter to a friend, "that this whole work is brewed by the Nassaus for the sake of their own greatness, and that they are everywhere provided with the very best crumbs? They are to be stadholders of the principal provinces, we are to content ourselves with Overyssel and Drente. Therefore I have

[1] Bor, xiv. 153–156. The estimated expenses of the States' army for the year 1580, to be assessed upon all the provinces, was, per month, 518,000 florins. This provided for 225 infantry companies, amounting to 32,162 men, at a monthly pay of 359,240 florins; 3750 cavalry at 80,590 florins monthly wages, besides 1200 German reiters at 40,000 florins per month, with other incidental expenses. A captain received 90 florins per month, a lieutenant 45, a sergeant 12, a surgeon 12, etc., etc.—Renom de France MS., t. iv. c. 37.

[2] Bor, xv. 276.

[3] Bor, xiv. 162, sqq. Met., x. 168. Hoofd, xvi. 681.

[4] Reconciliation de Groningen et du Comte de Renneberg, MS., i. f. 59, 69, 75. Under this euphemism, by way of title, the original agreements of Renneberg, together with a large mass of correspondence relative to his famous treason, are arranged in the Royal Archives at Brussels, in two folio vols. of MS. Compare Byvoegsel Auth. Stukk, tot P. Bor, ii. 3, 4. The terms of the bargain thus coldly set forth are worthy attention, as showing the perfectly mercantile manner in which these great nobles sold themselves. An honest attachment, such as was manifested by cavaliers like Berlaymont and his four brave sons, to the royal and Catholic cause, can be respected, even while we regret that so much bravery should have been expended in support of so infamous a tyranny. But while their fanaticism can be forgiven, no language is strong enough to stigmatise the men who deserted the cause of liberty and conscience for hire. It must be remembered that Renneberg was much more virtuous than a large number of his distinguished compeers, many of whom were transferred so often from one side to the other, that they at last lost all convertible value.

thought it best to make my peace with the King, from whom more benefits are to be got."[1]

Jealousy and selfishness, then, were the motives of his "virtuous resolution." He had another, perhaps a nobler incentive. He was in love with the Countess Meghen, widow of Lancelot Berlaymont, and it was privately stipulated that the influence of his Majesty's government should be employed to bring about his marriage with the lady. The treaty, however, which Renneberg had made with Quislain le Bailly was not immediately carried out. Early in February 1580, his sister and evil genius, Cornelia Lalain, wife of Baron Monceau, made him a visit at Groningen. She implored him not to give over his soul to perdition by oppressing the Holy Church. She also appealed to his family pride, which should keep him, she said, from the contamination of companionship with "base-born weavers and furriers." She was of opinion that to contaminate his high-born fingers with base bribes were a lesser degradation. The pension, the crowns in hand, the marquisate, the collar of the Golden Fleece, were all held before his eyes again. He was persuaded, moreover, that the fair hand of the wealthy widow would be the crowning prize of his treason, but in this he was destined to disappointment. The Countess was reserved for a more brilliant and a more bitter fate. She was to espouse a man of higher rank, but more worthless character, also a traitor to the cause of freedom, to which she was herself devoted, and who was even accused of attempting her life in her old age, in order to supply her place with a younger rival.[2]

The artful eloquence of Cornelia de Lalain did its work, and Renneberg entered into correspondence with Parma. It is singular with how much indulgence his conduct and character were regarded both before and subsequently to his treason. There was something attractive about the man. In an age when many German and Netherland nobles were given to drunkenness and debauchery, and were distinguished rather for coarseness of manner and brutality of intellect[3] than for refinement or learning, Count Renneberg, on the contrary, was an elegant and accomplished gentleman—the Sydney of his country in all but loyalty of character. He was a classical scholar, a votary of music and poetry, a graceful troubadour, and a valiant knight.[4] He was "sweet and lovely of conversation,"[5] generous and bountiful by nature. With so many good gifts, it was a thousand pities that the gift of truth had been denied him. Never did treason look more amiable, but it was treason of the blackest dye. He was treacherous in the hour of her utmost need to the country which had trusted him. He was treacherous to the great man who had leaned upon his truth when all others had abandoned him.[6] He was treacherous from the most sordid of motives—jealousy of his friend and love of place and pelf; but his subsequent remorse and his early death have cast a veil over the blackness of his crime.

While Cornelia de Lalain was in Groningen, Orange was in Holland. Intercepted letters left no doubt of the plot, and it was agreed that the Prince, then on his way to Amsterdam, should summon the Count to an interview. Renneberg's trouble at the proximity of Orange could not be suppressed.[7] He felt that he could never look his friend in the face again. His plans were not ripe; it was desirable to dissemble for a season longer; but how could he meet that tranquil eye which "looked quite through the deeds of men?"

[1] Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 176, note 5.
[2] Meteren, x. 168. Bor, xiv. 161, and Hoofd, xviii. 423.
[3] See the letters of Count John of Nassau and of the Landgrave William, in Archives, etc., vols. vi. and vii., passim.
[4] Hoofd, xviii. 773.
[5] "Soet en liefijk van conversatie."—Bor, xvi. 276a.
[6] "Je me suis trouvé," wrote the Prince in March 1580 to Lazarus Schwendi, "et trouve encore à présent abandonné non seulement de secours et assistance, mais mesme de communication et de conseil, en la plus grande difficulté du temps et dangereuses occurrences qui me tombent sur les bras."—Archives, vii. 231.
[7] Bor, xiv. 167.

it was obvious to Renneberg that *his* deed was to be done forthwith if he would escape discomfiture. The Prince would soon be in Groningen, and his presence would dispel the plots which had been secretly constructed.

On the evening of the 3d March 1580, the Count entertained a large number of the most distinguished families of the place at a ball and banquet. At the supper-table, Hildebrand, chief burgomaster of the city, bluntly interrogated his host concerning the calumnious reports which were in circulation, expressing the hope that there was no truth in these inventions of his enemies. Thus summoned, Renneberg, seizing the hands of Hildebrand in both his own, exclaimed, "Oh, my father! you whom I esteem as my father, can you suspect me of such guilt? I pray you, trust me, and fear me not!"[1]

With this he restored the burgomaster and all the other guests to confidence. The feast and dance proceeded, while Renneberg was quietly arranging his plot. During the night all the leading patriots were taken out of their beds, and carried to prison, notice being at the same time given to the secret adherents of Renneberg. Before dawn, a numerous mob of boatmen and vagrants, well armed, appeared upon the public square. They bore torches and standards, and amazed the quiet little city with their shouts. The place was formally taken into possession, cannon were planted in front of the town-house to command the principal streets, and barricades erected at various important points. Just at daylight, Renneberg himself, in complete armour, rode into the square, and it was observed that he looked ghastly as a corpse.[2] He was followed by thirty troopers, armed like himself from head to foot. "Stand by me now," he cried to the assembled throng; "fail me not at this moment, for now I am for the first time your stadholder."

While he was speaking, a few citizens of the highest class forced their way through the throng and addressed the mob in tones of authority. They were evidently magisterial persons endeavouring to quell the riot. As they advanced, one of Renneberg's men-at-arms discharged his carabine at the foremost gentleman, who was no other than Burgomaster Hildebrand. He fell dead at the feet of the stadholder—of the man who had clasped his hands a few hours before, called him father, and implored him to entertain no suspicions of his honour. The death of this distinguished gentleman created a panic, during which Renneberg addressed his adherents, and stimulated them to atone by their future zeal in the King's service for their former delinquency. A few days afterwards the city was formally reunited to the royal government, but the Count's measures had been precipitated to such an extent, that he was unable to carry the province with him, as he had hoped. On the contrary, although he had secured the city, he had secured nothing else. He was immediately beleaguered by the States' force in the province under the command of Barthold Entes, Hohenlo, and Philip Louis Nassau, and it was necessary to send for immediate assistance from Parma.[3]

The Prince of Orange, being thus bitterly disappointed by the treachery of his friend, and foiled in his attempt to avert the immediate consequences, continued his interrupted journey to Amsterdam. Here he was received with unbounded enthusiasm.[4]

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[1] Bor, xiv. 167. Meteren, x. 169. Hoofd, xvi. 682.

[2] Van 't hooft ten voete gewapent."—Bor, ubi sup. "In vollen harnas."—Hoofd, xvi. 682. "Hy sag anders niet dan een dood mensch."—Bor, xiv. 168b. "Heel bestorven om de kaaken."—Hoofd, ubi sup.

[3] MS. holographic letter of Renneberg to Prince of Parma, March 3, 1580, Rec. Groning. et Renneberg, i. 69. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd. Compare Apologie d'Orange, p. 121. Groen van Prinsterer, Archives, vii. 243–248; Strada, 2. iii. 135, 136. Ev. Reidani, ii. 30.

[4] Bor, xiv. 170. Hoofd, xvi. 684.

CHAPTER IV.

Captivity of La Noue—Cruel propositions of Philip—Siege of Groningen—Death of Barthold Entes—His character—Hohenlo commands in the North—His incompetence—He is defeated on Hardenberg Heath—Petty operations—Isolation of Orange—Dissatisfaction and departure of Count John—Remonstrance of Archduke Matthias—Embassy to Anjou—Holland and Zealand offer the sovereignty to Orange—Conquest of Portugal—Granvelle proposes the Ban against the Prince—It is published—The document analysed—The Apology of Orange analysed and characterised—Siege of Steenwyk by Renneberg—Forgeries—Siege relieved—Death of Renneberg—Institution of the "Land Council"—Duchess of Parma sent to the Netherlands—Anger of Alexander—Prohibition of Catholic worship in Antwerp, Utrecht, and elsewhere—Declaration of independence by the United Provinces—Negotiations with Anjou—The sovereignty of Holland and Zealand provisionally accepted by Orange—Tripartition of the Netherlands—Power of the Prince described—Act of abjuration analysed—Philosophy of Netherland politics—Views of the Government compact—Acquiescence by the people in the action of the Estates—Departure of Archduke Matthias.

THE war continued in a languid and desultory manner in different parts of the country. At an action near Ingelmunster the brave and accomplished De la Noue was made prisoner.[1] This was a severe loss to the States, a cruel blow to Orange, for he was not only one of the most experienced soldiers, but one of the most accomplished writers of his age. His pen was as celebrated as his sword.[2] In exchange for the illustrious Frenchman the States in vain offered Count Egmont, who had been made prisoner a few weeks before, and De Selles, who was captured shortly afterwards. Parma answered contemptuously that he would not give a lion for two sheep.[3] Even Champagny was offered in addition, but without success. Parma had written to Philip immediately upon the capture, that were it not for Egmont, Selles, and others, then in the power of Orange, he should order the execution of La Noue. Under the circumstances, however, he had begged to be informed as to his Majesty's pleasure, and in the meantime had placed the prisoner in the castle of Limburg, under charge of De Billy.[4] His Majesty, of course, never signified his pleasure, and the illustrious soldier remained for five years in a loathsome dungeon more befitting a condemned malefactor than a prisoner of war. It was in the donjon keep of the castle, lighted only by an aperture in the roof, and was therefore exposed to the rain and all inclemencies of the sky, while rats, toads, and other vermin housed in the miry floor.[5] Here this distinguished personage, Francis with the Iron Arm, whom all Frenchmen, Catholic or Huguenot, admired for his genius, bravery, and purity of character, passed five years of close confinement. The Government was most anxious to take his life, but the captivity of Egmont and others prevented the accomplishment of their wishes. During this long period, the wife and numerous friends of La Noue were unwearied in their efforts to effect his ransom or exchange,[6] but none of the prisoners in the hands of the patriots were considered a fair equivalent. The hideous proposition was even made by Philip the Second to La Noue, that he should receive his liberty if he would *permit his eyes to be put out* as a preliminary condition. The fact is attested by several letters written by La Noue to his wife. The prisoner, wearied, shattered in health, and sighing for air and liberty, was disposed and even anxious to accept the infamous offer, and discussed the matter philosophically in his letters. That lady, however, horror-struck at the suggestion, implored him to reject the condition, which he accordingly consented to do. At last, in June 1585, he was exchanged, on

1 Bor, xv. 194. 195. Hoofd, xvi. 690.

2 "Che egli habbia saputo," says Ribadeneyra, "cosi ben maneggiare la penna come la spada; e valere in pace non punto meno che in guerra."—Guerra di Fiandra, 2. i. 249.

3 Ev. Reidan. Ann., ii. 39.

4 Strada, d. 2. iii. 155, 156. Parma is said to have hinted to Philip that De Billy would willingly undertake the private assassination of La Noue.—Popelinière, Hist. des Pays Bas, 1556–84.

5 Moyse Amirault, La Vie de François, Seigneur de la Noue dit Bras de Fer (Leyde, 1661), pp. 267–277.

6 Amirault, 267–298.

extremely rigorous terms, for Egmont. During his captivity in this vile dungeon he composed not only his famous political and military discourses, but several other works, among the rest, Annotations upon Plutarch and upon the Histories of Guicciardini.[1]

The siege of Groningen proceeded, and Parma ordered some forces under Martin Schenck to advance to its relief. On the other hand, the meagre States' forces under Sonoy, Hohenlo, Entes, and Count John of Nassau's young son, William Louis, had not yet made much impression upon the city.[2] There was little military skill to atone for the feebleness of the assailing army, although there was plenty of rude valour. Barthold Entes, a man of desperate character, was impatient at the dilatoriness of the proceedings. After having been in disgrace with the States since the downfall of his friend and patron, the Count de la Marck, he had recently succeeded to a regiment in place of Colonel Ysselstein, "dismissed for a homicide or two."[3] On the 17th of May he had been dining at Rolda, in company with Hohenlo and the young Count of Nassau. Returning to the trenches in a state of wild intoxication, he accosted a knot of superior officers, informing them that they were but boys, and that he would show them how to carry the faubourg of Groningen on the instant. He was answered that the faubourg, being walled and moated, could be taken only by escalade or battery. Laughing loudly, he rushed forward toward the counterscarp, waving his sword, and brandishing on his left arm the cover of a butter firkin, which he had taken instead of his buckler. He had advanced, however, but a step, when a bullet from the faubourg pierced his brain, and he fell dead without a word.[4]

So perished one of the wild founders of the Netherland commonwealth—one of the little band of reckless adventurers who had captured the town of Brill in 1572, and thus laid the foundation-stone of a great republic, which was to dictate its laws to the empire of Charles the Fifth. He was in some sort a type. His character was emblematical of the worst side of the liberating movement. Desperate, lawless, ferocious—a robber on land, a pirate by sea—he had rendered great service in the cause of his fatherland, and had done it much disgrace. By the evil deeds of men like himself, the fair face of liberty had been profaned at its first appearance. Born of a respectable family, he had been noted, when a student in this very Groningen where he had now found his grave, for the youthful profligacy of his character. After dissipating his patrimony, he had taken to the sea, the legalised piracy of the mortal struggle with Spain offering a welcome refuge to spendthrifts like himself. In common with many a banished noble of ancient birth and broken fortunes, the riotous student became a successful corsair, and it is probable that his prizes were made as well among the friends as the enemies of his country. He amassed in a short time one hundred thousand crowns—no contemptible fortune in those days. He assisted La Marck in the memorable attack upon Brill, but behaved badly and took to flight when Mondragon made his memorable expedition to relieve Tergoes.[5] He had subsequently been imprisoned with La Marck for insubordination, and during his confinement had dissipated a large part of his fortune. In 1576, after the violation of the Ghent treaty, he had returned to his piratical pursuits, and having prospered again as rapidly as he had done during his former cruises, had been

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[1] "Enfin on en vint jusques à ce degré de barbarie que de luy faire suggerer sous main, que pour donner une suffisante caution de ne porter jamais les armes contre le Roy Catholicque, il falloit qu'il se laissait crever les yeux. A peine l'eusse-je creu si je ne l'avois sçeu que par la lecture des histoires et par le rapport d'un tiers. *Mais 7 ou 8 lettres* qu'il en a faites de sa propre main à sa femme m'ont rendu *la chose si indubitable*, que sur sa foy je la donne icy pour telle."—Amirault, pp. 280–298. Compare Strada, 2. iii. 156.

[2] Bor, xv. 203–205. Hoofd, xvi. 691, sqq. Meteren, x. 169, 170.

[3] Hoofd, xvi. 691.

[4] Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, x. 170a. Compare Bor, 3. xv. 205.

[5] Meteren, x. 170a

glad to exchange the ocean for more honourable service on shore. The result was the tragic yet almost ludicrous termination which we have narrated. He left a handsome property, the result of his various piracies, or, according to the usual euphemism, prizes. He often expressed regret at the number of traders whom he had cast into the sea, complaining, in particular, of one victim whom he had thrown overboard, who would never sink, but who for years long ever floated in his wake, and stared him in the face whenever he looked over his vessel's side. A gambler, a profligate, a pirate, he had yet rendered service to the cause of freedom, and his name—sullying the purer and nobler ones of other founders of the commonwealth—"is enrolled in the capitol."[1]

Count Philip Hohenlo, upon whom now devolved the entire responsibility of the Groningen siege and of the Friesland operations, was only a few degrees superior to this northern corsair. A noble of high degree, nearly connected with the Nassau family, sprung of the best blood in Germany, handsome and dignified in appearance, he was, in reality, only a debauchee and a drunkard. Personal bravery was his main qualification for a general, a virtue which he shared with many of his meanest soldiers. He had never learned the art of war, nor had he the least ambition to acquire it. Devoted to his pleasures, he depraved those under his command, and injured the cause for which he was contending.[2] Nothing but defeat and disgrace were expected by the purer patriots from such guidance. "The benediction of God," wrote Albada, "cannot be hoped for under this chieftain, who by life and manners is fitter to drive swine than to govern pious and honourable men."[3]

The event justified the prophecy. After a few trifling operations before Groningen, Hohenlo was summoned to the neighbourhood of Coewerden by the reported arrival of Martin Schenck at the head of a considerable force. On the 15th of June, the Count marched all night and a part of the following morning in search of the enemy. He came up with them upon Hardenberg Heath, in a broiling summer forenoon. His men were jaded by the forced march, overcome with the heat, tormented with thirst, and unable to procure even a drop of water. The royalists were fresh, so that the result of the contest was easily to be foreseen. Hohenlo's army was annihilated in an hour's time, the whole population fled out of Coewerden, the siege of Groningen was raised, Renneberg was set free to resume his operations on a larger scale, and the fate of all the north-eastern provinces was once more swinging in the wind.[4] The boors of Drenthe and Friesland rose again. They had already mustered in the field at an earlier season of the year in considerable force. Calling themselves "the desperates," and bearing on their standard an egg-shell with the yolk running out—to indicate that having lost the meat they were yet ready to fight for the shell—they had swept through the open country, pillaging and burning. Hohenlo had defeated them in two encounters, slain a large number of their forces, and reduced them for a time to tranquillity.[5] His late overthrow once more set them loose. Renneberg, always apt to be over-elated in prosperity, as he was unduly dejected in adversity, now assumed all the airs of a conqueror. He had hardly eight thousand men under his orders,[6] but his strength lay in the weakness of his adversaries. A small war now succeeded, with small generals, small armies, small campaigns, small sieges. For the time, the Prince of Orange was even obliged to content him-

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[1] Meteren, x. 170. Bor, xv. 205. Hoofd, xvi. 691. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 370. The names of the band of adventurers who seized Brill are all carefully preserved in the old records of the Republic.

[2] Letter of Albada, Archives et Correspondance, vii. 370. Ev. Reidani, Ann. Belg., ii. 34.

[3] "—— Qui porcis regendis vita et moribus magis est idoneus quam bonis piisque defendendis."—Archives et Correspondance, vii. 370.

[4] Bor, xv 207. Meteren, x. 170, 171. Hoofd, xvi. 693, 694. Strada, 2. iv. 169–172.

[5] Bor, xiv. 177–178. [6] Ibid., xv. 221a.

self with such a general as Hohenlo. As usual, he was almost alone. "Donec eris felix," said he emphatically—

"Multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora cum erunt nubila, nullus erit;"[1]

and he was this summer doomed to a still harder deprivation by the final departure of his brother John from the Netherlands.

The Count had been wearied out by petty miseries.[2] His stadholderate of Gelderland had overwhelmed him with annoyance, for throughout the north-eastern provinces there was neither system nor subordination. The magistrates could exercise no authority over an army which they did not pay, or a people whom they did not protect. There were endless quarrels between the various boards of municipal and provincial government—particularly concerning contributions and expenditures.[3] During this wrangling, the country was exposed to the forces of Parma, to the private efforts of the Malcontents, to the unpaid soldiery of the States, to the armed and rebellious peasantry. Little heed was paid to the admonitions of Count John, who was of a hotter temper than was the tranquil Prince. The stadholder gave way to fits of passion at the meanness and the insolence to which he was constantly exposed. He readily recognised his infirmity, and confessed himself unable to accommodate his irascibility to the "humores" of the inhabitants. There was often sufficient cause for his petulance. Never had prætor of a province a more penurious civil list. "The baker has given notice," wrote Count John in November, "that he will supply no more bread after to-morrow unless he is paid." The States would furnish no money to pay the bill. It was no better with the butcher. "The cook has often no meat to roast," said the Count in the same letter, "so that we are often obliged to go supperless to bed." His lodgings were a half-roofed, half-finished, unfurnished barrack, where the stadholder passed his winter days and evenings in a small, dark, freezing-cold chamber, often without firewood.[4] Such circumstances were certainly not calculated to excite envy. When, in addition to such wretched parsimony, it is remembered that the Count was perpetually worried by the quarrels of the provincial authorities with each other and with himself, he may be forgiven for becoming thoroughly exhausted at last. He was growing "grey and grizzled" with perpetual perplexity. He had been fed with annoyance as if—to use his own homely expression—"he had eaten it with a spoon." Having already loaded himself with a debt of six hundred thousand florins, which he had spent in the States' service, and having struggled manfully against the petty tortures of his situation, he cannot be severely censured for relinquishing his post.[5] The affairs of his own Countship were in great confusion. His children—boys and girls—were many, and needed their father's guidance, while the eldest, William Louis, was already in arms for the Netherlands, following the instincts of his race. Distinguished

[1] Archives, vii. 231, Letter to Lazarus Schwendi.

[2] See the letters of Count John in Archives, vol. vii. passim; particularly letters 929, 930, 931, 932, 974, 1019, and the Memoir on pages 510–530.

[3] When the extraordinary generosity of the Count himself, and the altogether unexampled sacrifices of the Prince, are taken into account, it may well be supposed that the patience of the brothers would be sorely tried by the parsimony of the States. It appears by a document laid before the States-general in the winter of 1580–81, that the Count had himself advanced to Orange 570,000 florins in the cause. The total of money spent by the Prince himself for the sake of Netherland liberty was 2,200,000. These vast sums had been raised in various ways and from various personages. His estates were deeply hypothecated, and his creditors so troublesome, that, in his own language, he was unable to attend properly to public affairs, so frequent and so threatening were the applications made upon him for payment. Day by day he felt the necessity advancing more closely upon him of placing himself personally in the hands of his creditors, and making over his estates to their mercy until the uttermost farthing should be paid. In his two campaigns against Alva (1568 and 1572) he had spent 1,050,000 florins. He owed the Elector Palatine 150,000 florins, the Landgrave 60,000, Count John 570,000, and other sums to other individuals.—Staat ende kort begrip van het geen, M. E. Heere den P. van Orange betalt mag hebben mitsgaders het geene syne V. G. schuldig is gebleeven, etc. Ordin. Depechen Boek, Ao. 1580–81, f. 245vo, sqq., MS., Hague Archives.

[4] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 109, 113, 328, 329.

[5] Ibid., 334, 487.

for a rash valour, which had already gained the rebuke of his father and the applause of his comrades, he had commenced his long and glorious career by receiving a severe wound at Coewerden, which caused him to halt for life.[1] Leaving so worthy a representative, the Count was more justified in his departure.

His wife, too, had died in his absence, and household affairs required his attention. It must be confessed, however, that if the memory of his deceased spouse had its claims, the selection of her successor was still more prominent among his anxieties. The worthy gentleman had been supernaturally directed as to his second choice ere that choice seemed necessary; for before the news of his wife's death had reached him, the Count dreamed that he was already united in second nuptials to the fair Cunigunda, daughter of the deceased Elector Palatine—a vision which was repeated many times. On the morrow, he learned, to his amazement, that he was a widower, and entertained no doubt that he had been specially directed towards the princess seen in his slumbers, whom he had never seen in life.[2] His friends were in favour of his marrying the Electress Dowager rather than her daughter, whose years numbered less than half his own. The honest Count, however, "after ripe consideration," decidedly preferred the maid to the widow. "I confess," he said, with much gravity, "that the marriage with the old Electress, in respect of her God-fearing disposition, her piety, her virtue, and the like, would be much more advisable. Moreover, as she hath borne her cross, and knows how to deal with gentlemen, so much the better would it be for me. Nevertheless, inasmuch as she has already had two husbands, is of a tolerable age, and is *taller of stature than myself*, my inclination is less towards her than towards her daughter."[3]

For these various considerations, Count John, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his brother, definitely laid down his government of Gelderland, and quitted the Netherlands about midsummer.[4] Enough had not been done, in the opinion of the Prince, so long as aught remained to do, and he could not bear that his brother should desert the country in the hour of its darkness, or doubt the Almighty when His hand was veiled in clouds. "One must do one's best," said he, "and believe that when such misfortunes happen, God desires to prove us. If He sees that we do not lose our courage, He will assuredly help us. Had we thought otherwise, we should never have pierced the dykes on a memorable occasion, for it was an uncertain thing and a great sorrow for the poor people; yet did God bless the undertaking. He will bless us still, for His arm hath not been shortened."[5]

On the 22d of July 1580, the Archduke Matthias, being fully aware of the general tendency of affairs, summoned a meeting of the generality in Antwerp. He did not make his appearance before the assembly, but requested that a deputation might wait upon him at his lodgings, and to this committee he unfolded his griefs. He expressed his hope that the States were not, in violation of the laws of God and man, about to throw themselves into the arms of a foreign prince. He reminded them of their duty to the holy Catholic religion, and to the illustrious house of Austria, while he also pathetically called their attention to the necessities of his own household, and hoped that they would at least provide for the arrears due to his domestics.[6]

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[1] Bor, xv. 216. Archives, etc., vii. 383–386. Hoofd, xvii. 707.

[2] Archives, etc., vii. 323, sqq. This conviction of Divine interposition was inserted in the marriage contract. Vide Memorial von Gr. Ernst zu Schawenburg and Dr. Jacob Schwartz, Archives et Correspondance, vii. 361, sqq.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 325 and 364, note. "Item," says the marriage memorial already cited, "the widow is a tolerably stout person, which would be almost derogatory to his Grace. When they should be in company of other gentlemen and ladies, or should be walking together in the streets, his Grace would seem almost little at her side."—Memoir of Dr. Schwartz.

[4] Archives, etc., vii. 390.

[5] Ibid., 316.

[6] Bor, xv. 212, 213.

The States-general replied with courtesy as to the personal claims of the Archduke. For the rest, they took higher grounds, and the coming declaration of independence already pierced through the studied decorum of their language. They defended their negotiation with Anjou on the ground of necessity, averring that the King of Spain had proved inexorable to all intercession, while, through the intrigues of their bitterest enemies, they had been entirely forsaken by the Empire.[1]

Soon afterwards a special legation, with St. Aldegonde at its head, was dispatched to France to consult with the Duke of Anjou, and settled terms of agreement with him by the treaty of Plessis les Tours (on the 29th of September 1580), afterwards definitely ratified by the convention of Bordeaux, signed on the 23d of the following January.[2]

The States of Holland and Zealand, however, kept entirely aloof from this transaction, being from the beginning opposed to the choice of Anjou. From the first to the last, they would have no master but Orange, and to him, therefore, this year they formally offered the sovereignty of their provinces; but they offered it in vain.

The conquest of Portugal had effected a diversion in the affairs of the Netherlands. It was but a transitory one. The provinces found the hopes which they had built upon the necessity of Spain for large supplies in the peninsula—to their own consequent relief—soon changed into fears, for the rapid success of Alva in Portugal gave his master additional power to oppress the heretics of the north. Henry, the Cardinal King, had died in 1580, after succeeding to the youthful adventurer, Don Sebastian, slain during his chivalrous African campaign (4th of August 1578). The contest for the succession which opened upon the death of the aged monarch was brief, and in fifty-eight days, the bastard Antonio, Philip's only formidable competitor, had been utterly defeated and driven forth to lurk, like a hunted wild beast, among rugged mountain caverns, with a price of a hundred thousand crowns upon his head.[3] In the course of the succeeding year, Philip received homage at Lisbon as King of Portugal.[4] From the moment of this conquest, he was more disposed, and more at leisure than ever, to vent his wrath against the Netherlands, and against the man whom he considered the incarnation of their revolt.

Cardinal Granvelle had ever whispered in the King's ear the expediency of taking off the Prince by assassination. It has been seen how subtly distilled and how patiently hoarded was this priest's venom against individuals, until the time arrived when he could administer the poison with effect. His hatred of Orange was intense and of ancient date. He was of opinion, too, that the Prince might be scared from the post of duty, even if the assassin's hand were not able to reach his heart. He was in favour of publicly setting a price upon his head—thinking that if the attention of all the murderers in the world were thus directed towards the illustrious victim, the Prince would tremble at the dangers which surrounded him. "A sum of money would be well employed in this way," said the Cardinal, "and as the Prince of Orange *is a vile coward*, fear alone will throw him into confusion."[5] Again, a few months later, renewing the subject, he observed, "'twould be well to offer a reward of thirty or forty thousand crowns to any one who will deliver the Prince, dead or alive;

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[1] Bor, xv. 212, 213.

[2] Ibid., 214.

[3] Cabrera, xii. cap. 29; xiii. cap. 1, 2, 5, 6, pp. 1095–1139. Bor, xiv. 178, sqq. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vii. 398, sqq.

[4] He wore on the occasion of the ceremony "a cassock of cramoisy brocade, with large folds." With his sceptre grasped in his right hand, and his crown upon his head, he looked, says his enthusiastic biographer, "like King David—red, handsome, and venerable." "Parecia al Rey David, rojo, hermoso à .a vista, i venerable en la Majestad que representaba."—Cabrera, xiii. 1126.

[5] Archives, etc., vii. 166. "Y qualquier dinero seria muy bien empleado——y como es vil y cobarde, el miedo le pondria en confusion."—Letter of the Cardinal to Philip, August 8, 1579.

since from very fear of it—as he is pusillanimous—it would not be unlikely that *he should die of his own accord.*" [1]

It was insulting even to Philip's intelligence to insinuate that the Prince would shrink before danger or die of fear. Had Orange ever been inclined to bombast, he might have answered the churchman's calumny as Cæsar the soothsayer's warning—

"———Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he;"

and, in truth, Philip had long trembled on his throne before the genius of the man who had foiled Spain's boldest generals and wiliest statesmen. The King, accepting the priest's advice, resolved to fulminate a ban against the Prince, and to set a price upon his head. "It will be well," wrote Philip to Parma, "to offer thirty thousand crowns or so to any one who will deliver him dead or alive. Thus the country may be rid of a man so pernicious, or at any rate he will be held in perpetual fear, and therefore prevented from executing leisurely his designs." [2]

In accordance with these suggestions and these hopes, the famous ban was accordingly drawn up, and dated on the 15th of March 1580. It was, however, not formally published in the Netherlands until the month of June of the same year.[3]

This edict will remain the most lasting monument to the memory of Cardinal Granvelle. It will be read when all his other state papers and epistles —able as they incontestably are—shall have passed into oblivion. No panegyric of friend, no palliating magnanimity of foe, can roll away this rock of infamy from his tomb. It was by Cardinal Granvelle and by Philip that a price was set upon the head of the foremost man of his age as if he had been a savage beast, and that admission into the ranks of Spain's haughty nobility was made the additional bribe to tempt the assassin.

The ban[4] consisted of a preliminary narrative to justify the penalty with which it was concluded. It referred to the favours conferred by Philip and his father upon the Prince; to his signal ingratitude and dissimulation. It accused him of originating the Request, the image-breaking, and the public preaching. It censured his marriage with an abbess, even during the lifetime of his wife; alluded to his campaigns against Alva, to his rebellion in Holland, and to the horrible massacres committed by Spaniards in that province—as the necessary consequences of his treason. It accused him of introducing liberty of conscience, of procuring his own appointment as Ruward, of violating the Ghent treaty, of foiling the efforts of Don John, and of frustrating the counsels of the Cologne commissioners by his perpetual distrust. It charged him with a newly-organised conspiracy in the erection of the Utrecht Union; and for these and similar crimes—set forth with involutions, slow, spiral, and cautious as the head and front of the indictment was direct and deadly—it denounced the chastisement due to the "wretched hypocrite" who had committed such offences.

"For these causes," concluded the ban, "we declare him traitor and miscreant, enemy of ourselves and of the country. As such, we banish him perpetually from all our realms, forbidding all our subjects, of whatever quality, to communicate with him openly or privately—to administer to him victuals, drink, fire, or other necessaries. We allow all to injure him in property or life.

[1] "Tambien se podria al Principe d'Oranges poner talla de 30 o 40 mil escudos, á quien le matasse o diésse vivo, como hazen todos los potentados de Italia, pues con miedo solo desto *como es pusillanime*, no seria mucho moriésse de suyo," etc.—Letter of the Cardinal to Philip, August 8, 1579.

[2] Archives, vii. 165–170, Letter of Philip to Prince of Parma, Nov. 30, 1579. The letter, says Groen v. Prinsterer, was doubtless dictated by Granvelle.

[3] Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 345, 346.

[4] It is appended to the "Apologie," in the edition of Sylvius, pp. 145–160.

We expose the said William Nassau as an enemy of the human race, giving his property to all who may seize it. And if any one of our subjects or any stranger should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him, immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. *If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valour.*"

Such was the celebrated ban against the Prince of Orange. It was answered before the end of the year by the memorable "Apology of the Prince of Orange," one of the most startling documents in history. No defiance was ever thundered forth in the face of a despot in more terrible tones. It had become sufficiently manifest to the royal party that the Prince was not to be purchased by "millions of money" or by unlimited family advancement—not to be cajoled by flattery or offers of illustrious friendship. It had been decided, therefore, to terrify him into retreat or to remove him by murder. The Government had been thoroughly convinced that the only way to finish the revolt was to "finish Orange," according to the ancient advice of Antonio Perez. The mask was thrown off. It had been decided to forbid the Prince bread, water, fire, and shelter; to give his wealth to the fisc, his heart to the assassin, his soul, as it was hoped, to the Father of Evil. The rupture being thus complete, it was right that the "wretched hypocrite" should answer ban with ban, royal denunciation with sublime scorn. He had ill-deserved, however, the title of hypocrite, he said. When the friend of Government, he had warned them that by their complicated and perpetual persecutions they were twisting the rope of their own ruin. Was that hypocrisy? Since becoming their enemy, there had likewise been little hypocrisy found in him—unless it were hypocrisy to make open war upon Government, to take their cities, to expel their armies from the country.

The proscribed rebel, towering to a moral and even social superiority over the man who affected to be his master by right divine, swept down upon his antagonist with crushing effect. He repudiated the idea of a king in the Netherlands. The word might be legitimate in Castille, or Naples, or the Indies, but the provinces knew no such title. Philip had inherited in those countries only the power of Duke or Count—a power closely limited by constitutions more ancient than his birthright. Orange was no rebel then—Philip no legitimate monarch. Even were the Prince rebellious, it was no more than Philip's ancestor, Albert of Austria, had been towards *his* anointed sovereign, Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, ancestor of William. The ties of allegiance and conventional authority being severed, it had become idle for the King to affect superiority of lineage to the man whose family had occupied illustrious stations when the Habsburgs were obscure squires in Switzerland, and had ruled as sovereign in the Netherlands before that overshadowing house had ever been named.

But whatever the hereditary claims of Philip in the country, he had forfeited them by the violation of his oaths, by his tyrannical suppression of the charters of the land; while by his personal crimes he had lost all pretension to sit in judgment upon his fellow-man. Was a people not justified in rising against authority when all their laws had been trodden under foot, "not once only, but a million of times?"—and was William of Orange, lawful husband of the virtuous Charlotte de Bourbon, to be denounced for moral delinquency by a lascivious, incestuous, adulterous, and murderous king? With horrible distinctness he laid before the monarch all the crimes of which he believed him guilty, and having thus told Philip to his beard, "Thus diddest thou," he

had a withering word for the priest who stood at his back. "Tell me," he cried, "by whose command Cardinal Granvelle administered poison to the Emperor Maximilian? I know what the Emperor told me, and how much fear he felt afterwards for the King and for all Spaniards."

He ridiculed the effrontery of men like Philip and Granvelle in charging "distrust" upon others, when it was the very atmosphere of their own existence. He proclaimed that sentiment to be the only salvation for the country. He reminded Philip of the words which his namesake of Macedon—a schoolboy in tyranny compared to himself—had heard from the lips of Demosthenes—that the strongest fortress of a free people against a tyrant was *distrust*. That sentiment, worthy of eternal memory, the Prince declared that he had taken from the "divine philippic," to engrave upon the heart of the nation, and he prayed God that he might be more readily believed than the great orator had been by his people.

He treated with scorn the price set upon his head, ridiculing this project to terrify him for its want of novelty, and asking the monarch if he supposed the rebel ignorant of the various bargains which had frequently been made before with cutthroats and poisoners to take away his life. "I am in the hand of God," said William of Orange; "my worldly goods and my life have been long since dedicated to His service. He will dispose of them as seems best for His glory and my salvation."

On the contrary, however, if it could be demonstrated, or even hoped, that his absence would benefit the cause of the country, he proclaimed himself ready to go into exile. "Would to God," said he, in conclusion, "that my perpetual banishment, or even my death, could bring you a true deliverance from so many calamities. Oh, how consoling would be such banishment—how sweet such a death! For why have I exposed my property? Was it that I might enrich myself? Why have I lost my brothers? Was it that I might find new ones? Why have I left my son so long a prisoner? Can you give me another? Why have I put my life so often in danger? What reward can I hope after my long services, and the almost total wreck of my earthly fortunes, if not the prize of having acquired, perhaps at the expense of my life, your liberty? If then, my masters, you judge that my absence or my death can serve you, behold me ready to obey. Command me—send me to the ends of the earth—I will obey. Here is my head, over which no prince, no monarch, has power but yourselves. Dispose of it for your good, for the preservation of your Republic, but if you judge that the moderate amount of experience and industry which is in me, if you judge that the remainder of my property and of my life can yet be of service to you, I dedicate them afresh to you and to the country."[1]

His motto—most appropriate to his life and character—"*Je maintiendrai*," was the concluding phrase of the document. His arms and signature were also formally appended, and the Apology, translated into most modern languages, was sent to nearly every potentate in Christendom.[2] It had been previously, on the 13th of December 1580, read before the Assembly of the United States at Delft, and approved as cordially as the ban was indignantly denounced.[3]

During the remainder of the year 1580, and the half of the following year,

[1] Apologie, pp. 140, 141. [2] Wagenaer, vii. 354. [3] Ibid. Archives et Correspondance, vii. 480. The "Apologie" was drawn up by Villiers, a clergyman of learning and talent. (Vide Duplessis Mornay, note to De Thou, v. 813, La Haye, 1740.) No man, however, at all conversant with the writings and speeches of the Prince, can doubt that the entire substance of the famous document was from his own hand. The whole was submitted to him for his final emendations, and it seems by no means certain that it derived anything from the hand of Villiers, save the artistic arrangement of the parts, together with certain inflations of style, by which the severe sublimity of the general effect is occasionally marred. The appearance of the Apology created both admiration and alarm among the friends of its author. "Now is the Prince a dead man," cried St. Aldegonde, when he read it in France.—Hoofd, xvii. 735.

the seat of hostilities was mainly in the north-east—Parma, while waiting the arrival of fresh troops, being inactive. The operations, like the armies and the generals, were petty. Hohenlo was opposed to Renneberg. After a few insignificant victories, the latter laid siege to Steenwyk,[1] a city in itself of no great importance, but the key to the province of Drenthe. The garrison consisted of six hundred soldiers and half as many trained burghers. Renneberg, having six thousand foot and twelve hundred horse, summoned the place to surrender, but was answered with defiance. Captain Cornput, who had escaped from Groningen after unsuccessfully warning the citizens of Renneberg's meditated treason, commanded in Steenwyk, and his courage and cheerfulness sustained the population of the city during a close winter siege. Tumultuous mobs in the streets demanding that the place should be given over ere it was too late, he denounced to their faces as "flocks of gabbling geese," unworthy the attention of brave men. To a butcher who, with the instinct of his craft, begged to be informed what the population were to eat when the meat was all gone, he coolly observed, "We will eat you, villain, first of all, when the time comes: so go home and rest assured that you, at least, are not to die of starvation."[2] With such rough but cheerful admonitions did the honest soldier, at the head of his little handful, sustain the courage of the beleaguered city. Meantime Renneberg pressed it hard. He bombarded it with red-hot balls, a new invention, introduced five years before by Stephen Bathor, King of Poland, at the siege of Dantzig.[3] Many houses were consumed, but still Cornput and the citizens held firm. As the winter advanced, and the succour which had been promised still remained in the distance, Renneberg began to pelt the city with sarcasms, which it was hoped might prove more effective than the red-hot balls. He sent a herald to know if the citizens had eaten all their horses yet; a question which was answered by an ostentatious display of sixty starving hacks—all that could be mustered—upon the heights. He sent them on another occasion a short letter, which ran as follows:—

"MOST HONOURABLE, MOST STEADFAST,—As, during the present frost, you have but little exercise in the trenches—as you cannot pass your time in twirling your finger-rings, seeing that they have all been sold to pay your soldiers' wages—as you have nothing to rub your teeth upon, nor to scour your stomachs withal, and as, nevertheless, you require something if only to occupy your minds, I send you the enclosed letter, in hope it may yield amusement. —January 15, 1581."[4]

The enclosure was a letter from the Prince of Orange to the Duke of Anjou, which, as it was pretended, had been intercepted. It was a clumsy forgery, but it answered the purpose of more skilful counterfeiting at a period when political and religious enmity obscured men's judgment. "As to the point of religion," the Prince was made to observe, for example, to his illustrious correspondent, "that is all plain and clear. No sovereign who hopes to come to any great advancement ought to consider religion, or hold it in regard. Your Highness, by means of the garrisons and fortresses, will be easily master of the principal cities in Flanders and Brabant, even if the citizens were opposed to you. Afterwards you will compel them without difficulty to any religion which may seem most conducive to the interests of your Highness."[5]

Odious and cynical as was the whole tone of the letter, it was extensively

[1] Bor, xv. 219, 221. Hoofd, xvii. 710. Meteren, x. 176, sqq.
[2] Hoofd, xvii. 715. Meteren, x. 178a.
[3] Meteren, x. 169d. Wagenaer, vii. 359. Meteren, x. 178c.
[5] The whole letter is given by Bor, of course as a forgery (xvi. 239–241). It was probably prepared by Assonleville.—Ibid. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 380.

circulated. There were always natures base and brutal enough to accept the calumny and to make it current among kindred souls. It may be doubted whether Renneberg attached faith to the document; but it was natural that he should take a malicious satisfaction in spreading this libel against the man whose perpetual scorn he had so recently earned. Nothing was more common than such forgeries, and at that very moment a letter, executed with equal grossness, was passing from hand to hand, which purported to be from the Count himself to Parma.[1] History has less interest in contradicting the calumnies against a man like Renneberg. The fictitious epistle of Orange, however, was so often republished, and the copies so carefully distributed, that the Prince had thought it important to add an express repudiation of its authorship by way of appendix to his famous Apology. He took the occasion to say, that if a particle of proof could be brought that he had written the letter, or any letter resembling it, he would forthwith leave the Netherlands, never to show his face there again.[2]

Notwithstanding this well-known denial, however, Renneberg thought it facetious to send the letter into Steenwyk, where it produced but small effect upon the minds of the burghers. Meantime they had received intimation that succour was on its way. Hollow balls containing letters were shot into the town, bringing the welcome intelligence that the English colonel, John Norris, with six thousand States' troops, would soon make his appearance for their relief, and the brave Cornput added his cheerful exhortations to heighten the satisfaction thus produced. A day or two afterwards, three quails were caught in the public square, and the commandant improved the circumstance by many quaint homilies. The number three, he observed, was typical of the Holy Trinity, which had thus come symbolically to their relief. The Lord had sustained the fainting Israelites with quails. The number three indicated three weeks, within which time the promised succour was sure to arrive. Accordingly, upon the 22d of February 1581, at the expiration of the third week, Norris succeeded in victualling the town, the merry and steadfast Cornput was established as a true prophet, and Count Renneberg abandoned the siege in despair.[3]

The subsequent career of that unhappy nobleman was brief. On the 19th of July his troops were signally defeated by Sonoy and Norris, the fugitive royalists retreating into Groningen at the very moment when their general, who had been prevented by illness from commanding them, was receiving the last sacraments. Remorse, shame, and disappointment had literally brought Renneberg to his grave. "His treason," says a contemporary, "was a nail in his coffin," and on his deathbed he bitterly bemoaned his crime. "Groningen! Groningen! would that I had never seen thy walls!" he cried repeatedly in his last hours. He refused to see his sister, whose insidious counsels had combined with his own evil passions to make him a traitor; and he died on the 23d of July 1581, repentant and submissive.[4] His heart, after his decease, was found "shrivelled to the dimensions of a walnut,"[5] a circumstance attributed to poison by some, to remorse by others. His regrets, his early death, and his many attractive qualities, combined to save his character from universal denunciation, and his name, although indelibly stained by treason, was ever mentioned with pity rather than with rancour.[6]

[1] This letter, the fictitious character of which is as obvious as that of the forged epistle of Orange, is given at length by Bor, xv. 211, 212. It is amusing to see the gravity with which the historian introduces the ridiculous document, evidently without entertaining a doubt as to its genuineness.

[2] Bor, xvi. 239b.

[3] Strada, 2. iv. 172. Meteren, x. 179. Bor, xvi. 238. Hoofd, xvii. 717, 718.

[4] Bor, xvi. 276. Hoofd, xviii. 773. Meteren, x. 184.

[5] "So verdorret en kleen als een walse note."—Bor, xvi. 276.

[6] His death was attributed by the royalists to regret at his ill success in accomplishing the work for which he had received so large a price.—MS. Letter of Henri de Nebra to Prince of Parma, July 22, 1581, Rec. Gron. und Renneberg, ii. f. 164, Royal Archives, Brussels.

Great changes, destined to be perpetual, were steadily preparing in the internal condition of the provinces. A preliminary measure of an important character had been taken early this year by the Assembly of the united provinces held in the month of January at Delft. This was the establishment of a general executive council. The constitution of the board was arranged on the 13th of the month, and was embraced in eighteen articles. The number of councillors was fixed at thirty, all to be native Netherlanders; a certain proportion to be appointed from each province by its Estates. The advice and consent of this body as to treaties with foreign powers were to be indispensable, but they were not to interfere with the rights and duties of the States-general, nor to interpose any obstacle to the arrangements with the Duke of Anjou.[1]

While this additional machine for the self-government of the provinces was in the course of creation, the Spanish monarch, on the other hand, had made another effort to recover the authority which he felt slipping from his grasp. Philip was in Portugal, preparing for his coronation in that new kingdom—an event to be nearly contemporaneous with his deposition from the Netherland sovereignty, so solemnly conferred upon him a quarter of a century before in Brussels; but although thus distant, he was confident that he could more wisely govern the Netherlands than the inhabitants could do, and unwilling as ever to confide in the abilities of those to whom he had delegated his authority. Provided, as he unquestionably was at that moment, with a more energetic representative than any who had before exercised the functions of royal governor in the provinces, he was still disposed to harass, to doubt, and to interfere. With the additional cares of the Portuguese conquest upon his hands, he felt as irresistibly impelled as ever to superintend the minute details of provincial administration. To do this was impossible. It was, however, not impossible, by attempting to do it, to produce much mischief. "It gives me pain," wrote Granvelle, "to see his Majesty working as before—choosing to understand everything and to do everything. By this course, as I have often said before, he really accomplishes much less."[2] The King had, moreover, recently committed the profound error of sending the Duchess Margaret of Parma to the Netherlands again. He had the fatuity to believe her memory so tenderly cherished in the provinces as to ensure a burst of loyalty at her reappearance, while the irritation which he thus created in the breast of her son he affected to disregard. The event was what might have been foreseen. The Netherlanders were very moderately excited by the arrival of their former regent, but the Prince of Parma was furious. His mother actually arrived at Namur in the month of August 1580 to assume the civil administration of the provinces,[3] and he was himself, according to the King's request, to continue in the command of the army. Any one who had known human nature at all would have recognised that Alexander Farnese was not the man to be put into leading-strings. A sovereign who was possessed of any administrative sagacity would have seen the absurdity of taking the reins of government at that crisis from the hands of a most determined and energetic man to confide them to the keeping of a woman. A king who was willing to reflect upon the consequences of his own acts must have foreseen the scandal likely to result from an open quarrel for precedence between such a mother and son. Margaret of Parma was instantly informed, however, by Alexander, that a divided authority like that proposed was entirely out of the question. Both offered to resign; but Alexander was unflinching in his determination to retain all the power or none. The Duchess, as docile to her son after her arrival as she

[1] The Constitution of the "Land Raed" is given in full by Bor, xvi. 241–243.

[2] Archives, etc., vii. 568.

[3] Wagenaer, vii. 344, 345. Strada, 2 iii. 156.

had been to the King on undertaking the journey, and feeling herself unequal to the task imposed upon her, implored Philip's permission to withdraw almost as soon as she had reached her destination. Granvelle's opinion was likewise opposed to this interference with the administration of Alexander, and the King at last suffered himself to be overruled. By the end of the year 1581, letters arrived confirming the Prince of Parma in his government, but requesting the Duchess of Parma to remain privately in the Netherlands. She accordingly continued to reside there under an assumed name until the autumn of 1583, when she was at last permitted to return to Italy.[1]

During the summer of 1581, the same spirit of persecution which had inspired the Catholics to inflict such infinite misery upon those of the Reformed faith in the Netherlands began to manifest itself in overt acts against the Papists by those who had at last obtained political ascendency over them. Edicts were published in Antwerp, in Utrecht, and in different cities of Holland, suspending the exercise of the Roman worship. These statutes were certainly a long way removed in horror from those memorable placards which sentenced the Reformers by thousands to the axe, the cord, and the stake, but it was still melancholy to see the persecuted becoming persecutors in their turn. They were excited to these stringent measures by the noisy zeal of certain Dominican monks in Brussels, whose extravagant discourses[2] were daily inflaming the passions of the Catholics to a dangerous degree. The authorities of the city accordingly thought it necessary to suspend, by proclamation, the public exercise of the ancient religion, assigning, as their principal reason for this prohibition, the shocking jugglery by which simple-minded persons were constantly deceived. They alluded particularly to the practice of working miracles by means of relics, pieces of the holy cross, bones of saints, and the perspiration of statues. They charged that bits of lath were daily exhibited as fragments of the cross; that the bones of dogs and monkeys were held up for adoration as those of saints; and that oil was poured habitually into holes drilled in the heads of statues, that the populace might believe in their miraculous sweating. For these reasons, and to avoid the tumult and possible bloodshed to which the disgust excited by such charlatanry might give rise, the Roman Catholic worship was suspended until the country should be restored to greater tranquillity.[3] Similar causes led to similar proclamations in other cities. The Prince of Orange lamented the intolerant spirit thus showing itself among those who had been its martyrs, but it was not possible at that moment to keep it absolutely under control.

A most important change was now to take place in his condition, a most vital measure was to be consummated by the provinces. The step, which could never be retraced, was, after a long hesitation, finally taken upon the 26th of July 1581, upon which day the united provinces, assembled at the Hague, solemnly declared their independence of Philip, and renounced their allegiance for ever.[4]

This act was accomplished with the deliberation due to its gravity. At the same time it left the country in a very divided condition. This was inevitable. The Prince had done all that one man could do to hold the Netherlands together and unite them perpetually into one body politic, and perhaps, if he had been inspired by a keener personal ambition, this task might have been accomplished. The seventeen provinces might have accepted his dominion, but they would agree to that of no other sovereign. Providence

[1] Strada, 2. iii. 156–165. Wagenaer, vii. 344, 345. Compare Meteren, x. 174, who states, erroneously, that the Duchess retired during the year following her arrival.

[2] Bor, xvi. 260.

[3] See the proclamation in Bor, xiv. 260, 261.

[4] Bor, xvi. 276. Meteren, x. 187. Strada, 2. iv. 178, 199.

had not decreed that the country, after its long agony, should give birth to a single and perfect commonwealth. The Walloon provinces had already fallen off from the cause, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Prince. The other Netherlands, after long and tedious negotiation with Anjou, had at last consented to his supremacy, but from this arrangement Holland and Zealand held themselves aloof. By a somewhat anomalous proceeding, they sent deputies along with those of the other provinces to the conferences with the Duke, but it was expressly understood that they would never accept him as sovereign. They were willing to contract with him and with their sister provinces—over which he was soon to exercise authority—a firm and perpetual league, but as to their own chief, their hearts were fixed. The Prince of Orange should be their lord and master, and none other. It lay only in his self-denying character that he had not been clothed with this dignity long before. He had, however, persisted in the hope that all the provinces might be brought to acknowledge the Duke of Anjou as their sovereign, under conditions which constituted a free commonwealth with an hereditary chief, and in this hope he had constantly refused concession to the wishes of the northern provinces. He in reality exercised sovereign power over nearly the whole population of the Netherlands. Already in 1580, at the Assembly held in April, the States of Holland had formally requested him to assume the full sovereignty over them, with the title of Count[1] of Holland and Zealand, forfeited by Philip. He had not consented, and the proceedings had been kept comparatively secret. As the negotiations with Anjou advanced, and as the corresponding abjuration of Philip was more decisively indicated, the consent of the Prince to this request was more warmly urged. As it was evident that the provinces, thus bent upon placing him at their head, could by no possibility be induced to accept the sovereignty of Anjou—as, moreover, the act of renunciation of Philip could no longer be deferred, the Prince of Orange reluctantly and provisionally accepted the supreme power over Holland and Zealand. This arrangement was finally accomplished upon the 24th of July 1581,[2] and the act of abjuration took place two days afterwards. The offer of the sovereignty over the other united provinces had been accepted by Anjou six months before.

Thus, the Netherlands were divided into three portions—the reconciled provinces, the united provinces under Anjou, and the northern provinces under Orange; the last division forming the germ, already nearly developed, of the coming Republic. The constitution, or catalogue of conditions, by which the sovereignty accorded to Anjou was reduced to such narrow limits as to be little more than a nominal authority, while the power remained in the hands of the representative body of the provinces, will be described somewhat later, together with the inauguration of the Duke. For the present, it is necessary that the reader should fully understand the relative position of the Prince and of the northern provinces. The memorable act of renunciation—the Netherland declaration of independence—will then be briefly explained.

On the 29th of March 1580, a resolution passed the Assembly of Holland and Zealand never to make peace or enter into any negotiations with the King of Spain on the basis of his sovereignty. The same resolution provided that his name—hitherto used in all public acts—should be for ever discarded, that his seal should be broken, and that the name and seal of the Prince of Orange should be substituted in all commissions and public documents. At almost the same time the States of Utrecht passed a similar resolution. These offers

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vii. 307. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 308, n. 42. Correspondence between Prince of Orange and States of Holland, in Bor, xv. 182, sqq., 186a particularly.

[2] Bor, xv. 185, 186.

were, however, not accepted, and the affair was preserved profoundly secret.[1] On the 5th of July 1581, "the knights, nobles, and cities of Holland and Zealand," again, in an urgent and solemn manner, requested the Prince to accept the "entire authority as sovereign and chief of the land, *as long as the war should continue.*"[2] This limitation as to time was inserted *most reluctantly* by the States, and because it was perfectly well understood that without it the Prince would not accept the sovereignty at all.[3] The act by which this dignity was offered conferred full power to command all forces by land and sea, to appoint all military officers, and to conduct all warlike operations, without the control or advice of any person whatsoever. It authorised him, with consent of the States, to appoint all financial and judicial officers, created him the supreme executive chief and fountain of justice and pardon, and directed him "to maintain the exercise only of the Reformed evangelical religion, without, however, permitting that inquiries should be made into any man's belief or conscience, or that any injury or hindrance should be offered to any man on account of his religion."[4]

The sovereignty thus pressingly offered, and thus limited as to time, was finally accepted by William of Orange, according to a formal act dated at the Hague, 5th of July 1581,[5] but it will be perceived that no powers were conferred by this new instrument beyond those already exercised by the Prince. It was, as it were, a formal continuance of the functions which he had exercised since 1576 as the King's stadholder, according to his old commission of 1555, although a vast difference existed in reality. The King's name was now discarded and his sovereignty disowned, while the proscribed rebel stood in his place, exercising supreme functions, not vicariously, but in his own name. The *limitation as to time* was, moreover, soon afterwards *secretly, and without the knowledge of Orange, cancelled by the States.*[6] They were determined that the Prince should be their sovereign—if they could make him so—for the term of his life.

The offer having thus been made and accepted upon the 5th of July, oaths of allegiance and fidelity were exchanged between the Prince and the Estates upon the 24th of the same month. In these solemnities, the States, as representing the provinces, declared that because the King of Spain, contrary to his oath as Count of Holland and Zealand, had not only not protected these provinces, but had sought with all his might to reduce them to eternal slavery, it had been found necessary to forsake him. They therefore proclaimed every inhabitant absolved from allegiance, while at the same time, in the name of the population, they swore fidelity to the Prince of Orange, as representing the supreme authority.[7]

Two days afterwards, upon the 26th of July 1581, the memorable declaration of independence was issued by the deputies of the united provinces, then solemnly assembled at the Hague. It was called the Act of Abjuration.[8] It deposed Philip from his sovereignty, but was not the proclamation of a new form of government, for the united provinces were not ready to dispense with an hereditary chief. Unluckily, they had already provided themselves with a very bad one to succeed Philip in the dominion over most of their territory, while the northern provinces were fortunate enough and wise enough to take the father of the country for their supreme magistrate.

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1 Bor, xv. 181, 182.
2 Ibid., 184, 185.
3 Ibid. Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 213, sqq.; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 304–309.
4 Bor, xv. 183, 184.
5 Ibid.
6 Kluit, i. 213, 214.
7 Bor, xv. 185, 186.
8 The document is given in full by Bor, xvi. 276–280, by Meteren, x. 187–190. The nature and consequences of the measure are commented upon by Kluit, the constitutional historian of Holland, in a masterly manner (x. Hoofd, vol. i. 196–280). See also Wagenaer, vii. 391. Compare Strada, who introduces his account of the abjuration with sepulchral solemnity: "Jam mihi dicendum est facinus, cujus a commemoratione, quasi abhorrente animo, hactenus supersedi," etc.—Bell. Belg., 2. iv. 178, sqq.

The document by which the provinces renounced their allegiance was not the most felicitous of their state papers. It was too prolix and technical. Its style had more of the formal phraseology of legal documents than befitted this great appeal to the whole world and to all time. Nevertheless, this is but matter of taste. The Netherlanders were so eminently a law-abiding people, that, like the American patriots of the eighteenth century, they on most occasions preferred punctilious precision to florid declamation. They chose to conduct their revolt according to law. At the same time, while thus decently wrapping herself in conventional garments, the spirit of Liberty revealed none the less her majestic proportions.

At the very outset of the Abjuration, these fathers of the Republic laid down wholesome truths, which at that time seemed startling blasphemies in the ears of Christendom. "All mankind know," said the preamble, "that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfil his duty as protector, when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered, not a prince, but a tyrant. As such, the Estates of the land may lawfully and reasonably depose him, and elect another in his room."[1]

Having enunciated these maxims, the Estates proceeded to apply them to their own case, and certainly never was an ampler justification for renouncing a prince since princes were first instituted. The States ran through the history of the past quarter of a century, patiently accumulating a load of charges against the monarch, a tithe of which would have furnished cause for his dethronement. Without passion or exaggeration, they told the world their wrongs. The picture was not highly coloured. On the contrary, it was rather a feeble than a striking portrait of the monstrous iniquity which had so long been established over them. Nevertheless, they went through the narrative conscientiously and earnestly. They spoke of the King's early determination to govern the Netherlands not by natives but by Spaniards; to treat them not as constitutional countries, but as conquered provinces; to regard the inhabitants not as liege subjects, but as enemies; above all, to supersede their ancient liberty by the Spanish Inquisition, and they alluded to the first great step in this scheme—the creation of the new bishoprics, each with its staff of inquisitors.[2]

They noticed the memorable Petition, the mission of Berghen and Montigny, their imprisonment and taking off, in violation of all national law, even that which had ever been held sacred by the most cruel and tyrannical princes.[3] They sketched the history of Alva's administration; his entrapping the most eminent nobles by false promises, and delivering them to the executioner; his countless sentences of death, outlawry, and confiscation; his erection of citadels to curb, his imposition of the tenth and twentieth penny to exhaust the land; his Blood Council and its achievements; and the immeasurable woe produced by hanging, burning, banishing, and plundering during his seven years of residence. They adverted to the Grand Commander as having been sent, not to improve the condition of the country, but to pursue the same course of tyranny by more concealed ways. They spoke of the horrible mutiny which broke forth at his death; of the Antwerp Fury; of the express approbation rendered to that great outrage by the King, who had not only praised the crime, but promised to recompense the criminals. They alluded to Don John of Austria and his duplicity; to his pretended

[1] Act of Abjuration.

[2] "—— En door de voorsz Canoniken de Spaense Inquisitie ingebrocht de welke in dese altijt so schrickelijk en odieus als deuitterste slavernye," etc.—Ibid.

[3] "Ook onder de wreetste en tyrannigste Princen altijd onverbrekelijk onderhouden."—Act of Abjuration.

confirmation of the Ghent Treaty; to his attempts to divide the country against itself; to the Escovedo policy; to the intrigues with the German regiments. They touched upon the Cologne negotiations, and the fruitless attempt of the patriots upon that occasion to procure freedom of religion, while the object of the royalists was only to distract and divide the nation. Finally, they commented with sorrow and despair upon that last and crowning measure of tyranny—the ban against the Prince of Orange.

They calmly observed, after this recital, that they were sufficiently justified in forsaking a sovereign who for more than twenty years had forsaken them.[1] Obeying the law of nature—desirous of maintaining the rights, charters, and liberties of their fatherland—determined to escape from slavery to Spaniards—and making known their decision to the world, they declared the King of Spain deposed from his sovereignty, and proclaimed that they should recognise thenceforth neither his title nor jurisdiction. Three days afterwards, on the 29th of July, the Assembly adopted a formula by which all persons were to be required to signify their abjuration.[2]

Such were the forms by which the United Provinces threw off their allegiance to Spain, and *ipso facto* established a Republic which was to flourish for two centuries. This result, however, was not exactly foreseen by the congress which deposed Philip. The fathers of the commonwealth did not baptize it by the name of Republic. They did not contemplate a change in their form of government. They had neither an aristocracy nor a democracy in their thoughts.[3] Like the actors in our own great national drama, these Netherland patriots were struggling to sustain, not to overthrow; unlike them, they claimed no theoretical freedom for humanity—promulgated no doctrine of popular sovereignty: they insisted merely on the fulfilment of actual contracts, signed, sealed, and sworn to by many successive sovereigns. Acting upon the principle that government should be for the benefit of the governed, and in conformity to the dictates of reason and justice, they examined the facts by those Divine lights, and discovered cause to discard their ruler. They did not object to being ruled. They were satisfied with their historical institutions, and preferred the mixture of hereditary sovereignty with popular representation to which they were accustomed. They did not devise an *à priori* constitution. Philip having violated the law of reason and the statutes of the land, was deposed, and a new chief magistrate was to be elected in his stead. This was popular sovereignty in fact, but not in words. The deposition and election could be legally justified only by the inherent right of the people to depose and to elect; yet the provinces, in their Declaration of Independence, spoke of the Divine right of kings, even while dethroning, by popular right, their own King!

So also, in the instructions given by the States to their envoys charged to justify the abjuration before the Imperial Diet held at Augsburg,[4] twelve months later, the highest ground was claimed for the popular right to elect or depose the sovereign, while at the same time kings were spoken of as "appointed by God." It is true that they were described, in the same clause, as "chosen by the people"—which was, perhaps, as exact a concurrence in the maxim of *Vox populi, vox Dei*, as the boldest democrat of the day could demand. In truth, a more democratic course would have defeated its own

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1 "—— Te meer dat in al sulken desordre en overlaet de Landen bet dan 20 jaren van haren Coning sijn verlaten geweest," etc.—Act of Abjuration.

2 Bor, xvi. 280. It ran as follows: "I solemnly swear that I will henceforward not respect, nor obey, nor recognise the King of Spain as my prince and master; but that I renounce the King of Spain, and abjure the allegiance by which I may have formerly been bound to him. At the same time I swear fidelity to the United Netherlands—to wit, the provinces of Brabant, Flanders, Gueldres, Holland, Zealand, etc., etc., and also to the national council established by the Estates of these provinces; and promise my assistance, according to the best of my abilities, against the King of Spain and his adherents."

3 Kluit, i. 199.

4 The instructions are given in Bor, xvii. 324–327.

ends. The murderous and mischievous pranks of Imbize, Ryhove, and such demagogues, at Ghent and elsewhere, with their wild theories of what they called Grecian, Roman, and Helvetian republicanism, had inflicted damage enough on the cause of freedom, and had paved the road for the return of royal despotism. The senators assembled at the Hague gave more moderate instructions to their delegates at Augsburg. They were to place the King's tenure upon contract—not an implied one, but a contract as literal as the lease of a farm. The house of Austria, they were to maintain, had come into the possession of the seventeen Netherlands upon certain express conditions, and with the understanding that its possession was to cease with the first condition broken. It was a question of law and fact, not of royal or popular right. They were to take the ground, not only that the contract had been violated, but that the foundation of perpetual justice upon which it rested had likewise been undermined. It was time to vindicate both written charters and general principles. "*God has given absolute power to no mortal man*," said St. Aldegonde, "*to do his own will against all laws and all reasons.*" [1] "The contracts which the King has broken are no pedantic fantasies," said the Estates, "but laws planted by nature in the universal heart of mankind, and expressly acquiesced in by prince and people." [2] All men, at least who speak the English tongue, will accept the conclusion of the provinces, that when laws which protected the citizen against arbitrary imprisonment and guaranteed him a trial in his own province—which forbade the appointment of foreigners to high office—which secured the property of the citizen from taxation, except by the representative body—which forbade intermeddling on the part of the sovereign with the conscience of the subject in religious matters—when such laws had been subverted by blood-tribunals, where drowsy judges sentenced thousands to stake and scaffold without a hearing by excommunication, confiscation, banishment, by hanging, beheading, burning, to such enormous extent and with such terrible monotony that the executioner's sword came to be looked upon as the only symbol of justice—then surely it might be said, without exaggeration, that the complaints of the Netherlanders were "no pedantic fantasies," and that the King had ceased to perform his functions as dispenser of God's justice.

The Netherlanders dealt with facts. They possessed a body of laws, monuments of their national progress, by which as good a share of individual liberty was secured to the citizen as was then enjoyed in any country of the world. Their institutions admitted of great improvement, no doubt; but it was natural that a people so circumstanced should be unwilling to exchange their condition for the vassalage of "Moors or Indians."

At the same time it may be doubted whether the instinct for political freedom only would have sustained them in the long contest, and whether the bonds which united them to the Spanish crown would have been broken, had it not been for the stronger passion for religious liberty by which so large a portion of the people was animated. Boldly as the United States of the Netherlands laid down their political maxims, the quarrel might perhaps have been healed if the religious question had admitted of a peaceable solution. Philip's bigotry amounting to frenzy, and the Netherlanders of "the religion" being willing, in their own words, "to die the death" rather than abandon the Reformed faith, there was upon this point no longer room for hope. In the Act of Abjuration, however, it was thought necessary to give offence to no class of the inhabitants, but to lay down such principles only as enlightened Catholics would not oppose. All parties abhorred the Inquisition, and hatred to that institution is ever prominent among the causes assigned for the deposi

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 277. [2] Instructions to the envoys, etc., apud Bor, 3. xvii. 324–327.

tion of the monarch. "Under pretence of maintaining the Roman religion," said the Estates, "the King has sought by evil means to bring into operation the whole strength of the placards and of the Inquisition—*the first and true cause of all our miseries.*"[1]

Without making any assault upon the Roman Catholic faith, the authors of the great act by which Philip was for ever expelled from the Netherlands showed plainly enough that religious persecution had driven them at last to extremity. At the same time they were willing—for the sake of conciliating all classes of their countrymen—to bring the political causes of discontent into the foreground, and to use discreet language upon the religious question.[2]

Such, then, being the spirit which prompted the provinces upon this great occasion, it may be asked, Who were the men who signed a document of such importance? In whose name and by what authority did they act against the sovereign? The signers of the Declaration of Independence acted in the name and by the authority of the Netherland people. The Estates were the constitutional representatives of that people. The statesmen of that day discovering, upon cold analysis of facts, that Philip's sovereignty was legally forfeited, formally proclaimed that forfeiture. Then inquiring what had become of the sovereignty, they found it not in the mass of the people, but in the representative body which actually personated the people. The Estates of the different provinces—consisting of the knights, nobles, and burgesses of each—sent, accordingly, their deputies to the General Assembly at the Hague, and by this congress the decree of abjuration was issued. It did not occur to any one to summon the people in their primary assemblies, nor would the people of that day have comprehended the objects of such a summons. They were accustomed to the action of the Estates, and those bodies represented as large a number of political capacities as could be expected of assemblies chosen *then* upon general principles. The hour had not arrived for more profound analysis of the social compact. Philip was accordingly deposed justly, legally, formally—justly, because it had become necessary to abjure a monarch who was determined not only to oppress but to exterminate his people; legally, because he had habitually violated the constitutions which he had sworn to support; formally, because the act was done in the name of the people, by the body historically representing the people.

What, then, was the condition of the nation, after this great step had been taken? It stood, as it were, with its sovereignty in its hand, dividing it into two portions, and offering it, thus separated, to two distinct individuals. The sovereignty of Holland and Zealand had been reluctantly accepted by Orange. The sovereignty of the united provinces had been offered to Anjou, but the terms of agreement with that Duke had not yet been ratified. The movement was therefore triple, consisting of an abjuration and of two separate elections of hereditary chiefs; these two elections being accomplished in the same manner by the representative bodies respectively of the United Provinces and of Holland and Zealand. Neither the abjuration nor the elections were acted upon beforehand by the communities, the train-bands, or the guilds of the cities—all represented, in fact, by the magistrates and councils of each; nor by the peasantry of the open country—all supposed to be represented by the knights and nobles. All classes of individuals, however, arranged in various political or military combinations, gave their acquiescence afterwards, together

[1] Transactions between the envoys of the States-general and the Duke of Anjou, Bor, 3. xvii. 304–307. So also in the remarkable circular addressed in the year 1583 (May 6) by the States of Holland to those of Utrecht and other provinces, the same intolerable grievance is described in the strongest language. "Under pretext of the new bishoprics," say the Estates, "the Inquisition and Council of Trent have been established. Thus the Spaniards and their adherents have been empowered to accuse all persons who are known to be not of their humour, to bring them into the snares of the Inquisition, and to rob them of life, honour, and property."—Bor, 3. xv. 188.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 388.

with their oaths of allegiance. The people approved the important steps taken by their representatives.[1]

Without a direct intention on the part of the people or its leaders to establish a republic, the Republic established itself. Providence did not permit the whole country, so full of wealth, intelligence, healthy political action—so stocked with powerful cities and an energetic population, to be combined into one free and prosperous commonwealth. The factious ambition of a few grandees, the cynical venality of many nobles, the frenzy of the Ghent democracy, the spirit of religious intolerance, the consummate military and political genius of Alexander Farnese, the exaggerated self-abnegation and the tragic fate of Orange, all united to dissever this group of flourishing and kindred provinces.

The want of personal ambition on the part of William the Silent inflicted, perhaps, a serious damage upon his country. He believed a single chief requisite for the United States; he might have been, but always refused to become, that chief; and yet he has been held up for centuries by many writers as a conspirator and a self-seeking intriguer. "It seems to me," said he, with equal pathos and truth, upon one occasion, "that I was born in this bad planet that all which I do might be misinterpreted."[2] The people worshipped him, and there was many an occasion when his election would have been carried with enthusiasm.[3] "These provinces," said John of Nassau, "are coming very unwillingly into the arrangement with the Duke of Alençon. The majority feel much more inclined *to elect the Prince, who is daily and without intermission implored to give his consent.* His grace, however, will in no wise agree to this; not because he fears the consequences, such as loss of property or increased danger, for therein he is plunged as deeply as he ever could be;—on the contrary, if he considered only the interests of his race and the grandeur of his house, he could expect nothing but increase of honour, gold, and gear, with all other prosperity. *He refuses only on this account—that it may not be thought that, instead of religious freedom for the country, he has been seeking a kingdom for himself and his own private advancement.* Moreover, he believes that the connection with France will be of more benefit to the country and to Christianity than if a peace should be made with Spain, or than if he should himself accept the sovereignty, as he is desired to do."[4]

The unfortunate negotiations with Anjou, to which no man was more opposed than Count John, proceeded therefore. In the meantime, the sovereignty over the united provinces was provisionally held by the national council, and, at the urgent solicitation of the States-general, by the Prince.[5] The Archduke Matthias, whose functions were most unceremoniously brought to an end by the transactions which we have been recording, took his leave of the States, and departed in the month of October.[6] Brought to the country a beardless boy by the intrigues of a faction who wished to use him as a tool against William of Orange, he had quietly submitted, on the contrary, to serve as the instrument of that great statesman. His personality during his residence was null, and he had to expiate, by many a petty mortification, by many a bitter tear, the boyish ambition which brought him to the Netherlands. He had certainly had ample leisure to repent the haste with which he had got out of his warm bed in Vienna to take his bootless journey to Brussels. Nevertheless, in a country where so much baseness, cruelty, and treachery was habitually practised by men of high position, as was the case

[1] Kluit, i. 247–250.
[2] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 387.
[3] Bor, xix. 455b. Comnare Van d' Vyncht, iii. 73.
[4] Archives, etc., vii. 332, 333.
[5] Ibid., 589.
[6] Bor, xvi. 282. Meteren, x. 190. Wagenaer, vii 414, 415.

in the Netherlands, it is something in favour of Matthias that he had not been base, or cruel, or treacherous.[1] The States voted him, on his departure, a pension of fifty thousand guldens annually,[2] which was probably not paid with exemplary regularity.[3]

CHAPTER V.

Policy of electing Anjou as sovereign—Commoda et incommoda—Views of Orange—Opinions at the French court—Anjou relieves Cambray—Parma besieges Tournay—Brave defence by the Princess of Espinoy—Honourable capitulation—Anjou's courtship in England—The Duke's arrival in the Netherlands—Portrait of Anjou—Festivities in Flushing—Inauguration at Antwerp—The conditions or articles subscribed to by the Duke—Attempt upon the life of Orange—The assassin's papers—Confession of Venero—Gasper Anastro—His escape—Execution of Venero and Zimmermann—Precarious condition of the Prince—His recovery—Death of the Princess—Premature letters of Parma—Further negotiations with Orange as to the sovereignty of Holland and Zealand—Character of the revised constitution—Comparison of the positions of the Prince before and after his acceptance of the Countship.

THUS it was arranged that, for the present at least, the Prince should exercise sovereignty over Holland and Zealand, although he had himself used his utmost exertions to induce those provinces to join the rest of the United Netherlands in the proposed election of Anjou.[4] This, however, they sternly refused to do. There was also a great disinclination felt by many in the other states to this hazardous offer of their allegiance,[5] and it was the personal influence of Orange that eventually carried the measure through. Looking at the position of affairs and at the character of Anjou as they appear to us now, it seems difficult to account for the Prince's policy. It is so natural to judge only by the result, that we are ready to censure statesmen for consequences which beforehand might seem utterly incredible, and for reading falsely human characters whose entire development only a late posterity has had full opportunity to appreciate.[6] Still one would think that Anjou had been sufficiently known to inspire distrust.

There was but little, too, in the aspect of the French court to encourage hopes of valuable assistance from that quarter. It was urged, not without reason, that the French were as likely to become as dangerous as the Spaniards; that they would prove nearer and more troublesome masters; that France intended the incorporation of the Netherlands into her own kingdom; that the provinces would therefore be dispersed for ever from the German Empire; and that it was as well to hold to the tyrant under whom they had been born, as to give themselves voluntarily to another of their own making.[7] In short, it was maintained, in homely language, that "France and Spain

1 He is, however, accused by Meteren of having entered at last into secret intrigues with the King of Spain against William of Orange.—Nederl. Hist., x. 190c. Hoofd repeats the story.—Nederl. Hist., xviii. 779. Wagenaer discredits it (vii. 414).

2 Bor, xvi. 282. Meteren, Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.

3 Wagenaer, vii. 414, 415. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vii. 588.

4 Bor, xiv. 183.

5 See, in particular, two papers from the hand of Count John upon the subject. Archives et Correspondance, vii. 48–51, and 162–165.

6 St. Aldegonde, for instance, wrote from Paris to an intimate friend, that after a conversation with Anjou of an hour and a half's duration, he had formed the very highest estimate of his talents and character. He praised to the skies the elegance of his manners, the liveliness of his mind, his remarkable sincerity—in which last gifts he so particularly resembled the Netherlanders themselves. Above all, he extolled the Duke's extreme desire to effect the liberation of the provinces. He added, that if the opportunity should be let slip of securing such a prince, "posterity would regret it with bitter tears for a thousand years to come."—Hoofd, xvii. 736. The opinion expressed by Henry the Fourth to Sully is worth placing in juxtaposition with this extravagant eulogium of Marnix: "Il me trompera bien s'il ne trompe tous ceux qui se fieront en luy, et surtout s'il aime jamais ceux de la Religion, ny leur fait aucuns advantages; car je scay pour lui avoir ouy dire plus d'une fois, *qu'il les hait comme le diable dans son cœur*, et puis il a le cœur si double et si malin, a le courage si lasche, le corps si mal basty, et est tant inhabile à toutes sortes de vertueux exercices, que je ne me sçaurois persuader qu'il fasse jamais rien ne généreux."—Memoires de Sully, i. 102. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vii. 4–13.

7 "Incommoda et commoda," etc.—Archives et Correspondance, vii. 48.

were both under one coverlid."[1] It might have been added, that only extreme misery could make the provinces take either bedfellow. Moreover, it was asserted, with reason, that Anjou would be a very expensive master, for his luxurious and extravagant habits were notorious—that he was a man in whom no confidence could be placed, and one who would grasp at arbitrary power by any means which might present themselves.[2] Above all, it was urged that he was not of the true religion, that he hated the professors of that faith in his heart, and that it was extremely unwise for men whose dearest interests were their religious ones, to elect a sovereign of opposite creed to their own. To these plausible views the Prince of Orange and those who acted with him had, however, sufficient answers. The Netherlands had waited long enough for assistance from other quarters. Germany would not lift a finger in the cause; on the contrary, the whole of Germany, whether Protestant or Catholic, was either openly or covertly hostile. It was madness to wait till assistance came to them from unseen sources. It was time for them to assist themselves, and to take the best they could get; for when men were starving they could not afford to be dainty. They might be bound hand and foot, they might be overwhelmed a thousand times, before they would receive succour from Germany, or from any land but France. Under the circumstances in which they found themselves, hope delayed was but a cold and meagre consolation.[3]

"To speak plainly," said Orange, "asking us to wait is very much as if you should keep a man three days without any food in the expectation of a magnificent banquet—should persuade him to refuse bread, and at the end of three days should tell him that the banquet was not ready, but that a still better one was in preparation. Would it not be better, then, that the poor man, to avoid starvation, should wait no longer, but accept bread wherever he might find it? Such is our case at present."[4]

It was in this vein that he ever wrote and spoke. The Netherlands were to rely upon their own exertions, and to procure the best alliance together with the most efficient protection possible. They were not strong enough to cope single-handed with their powerful tyrant, but they were strong enough if they used the instruments which Heaven offered. It was not trusting but tempting Providence to wait supinely, instead of grasping boldly at the means of rescue within reach. It became the character of brave men to act, not to expect. "Otherwise," said the Prince, "we may climb to the tops of trees, like the Anabaptists of Munster, and expect God's assistance to drop from the clouds."[5] It is only by listening to these arguments, so often repeated, that we can comprehend the policy of Orange at this period. "God has said that He would furnish the ravens with food, and the lions with their prey," said he; "but the birds and the lions do not, therefore, sit in their nests and their lairs waiting for their food to descend from heaven, but they seek it where it is to be found."[6] So also, at a later day, when events seemed to have justified the distrust so generally felt in Anjou, the Prince, nevertheless, held similar language. "I do not," said he, "calumniate those who tell us to put our trust in God. That is my opinion also. But it *is* trusting God to use the means which He places in our hands, and to ask that His blessings may come upon them."[7]

There was a feeling entertained by the more sanguine that the French King would heartily assist the Netherlands after his brother should be fairly

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[1] "Dasz Franckreich und Spanien mit einander under einer decke liegen."—Archives et Correspondance, vii. 48.
[2] Ibid.
[3] "Une froide et bien maigre consolation."—Ibid., 240.
[4] Ibid., 240 and 225; Letter to Lazarus Schwendi.
[5] Archives, etc., vii. 576.
[6] Letter to Count John, Archives et Correspondance, vii. 576.
[7] Letter to States-general, apud Bor, xvii. 349-354 (one of the noblest state papers that ever came from his hand).

installed. He had expressly written to that effect, assuring Anjou that he would help him with all his strength, and would enter into close alliance with those Netherlands which should accept him as prince and sovereign.[1] In another and more private letter to the Duke, the King promised to assist his brother "even to his last shirt."[2] There is no doubt that it was the policy of the statesmen of France to assist the Netherlands, while the "*mignons*" of the worthless King were of a contrary opinion. Many of them were secret partisans of Spain, and found it more agreeable to receive the secret pay of Philip than to assist his revolted provinces. They found it easy to excite the jealousy of the monarch against his brother—a passion which proved more effective than the more lofty ambition of annexing the Low Countries, according to the secret promptings of many French politicians.[3] As for the Queen Mother, she was fierce in her determination to see fulfilled in this way the famous prediction of Nostradamus. Three of her sons had successively worn the crown of France. That she might be "the mother of four kings," without laying a third child in the tomb, she was greedy for this proffered sovereignty to her youngest and favourite son. This well-known desire of Catherine de Medici was duly insisted upon by the advocates of the election; for her influence, it was urged, would bring the whole power of France to support the Netherlands.[4]

At any rate, France could not be worse—could hardly be so bad—as their present tyranny. "Better the government of the Gaul, though suspect and dangerous," said Everard Reyd, "than the truculent dominion of the Spaniard. Even thus will the partridge fly to the hand of man to escape the talons of the hawk."[5] As for the individual character of Anjou, proper means would be taken, urged the advocates of his sovereignty, to keep him in check, for it was intended so closely to limit the power conferred upon him, that it would be only supreme in name. The Netherlands were to be, in reality, a republic, of which Anjou was to be a kind of Italian or Frisian podesta. "The Duke is not to act according to his pleasure," said one of the negotiators, in a private letter to Count John; "we shall take care to provide a good muzzle for him."[6] How conscientiously the "muzzle" was prepared, will appear from the articles by which the States soon afterwards accepted the new sovereign. How basely he contrived to slip the muzzle—in what cruel and cowardly fashion he bathed his fangs in the blood of the flock committed to him, will also but too soon appear.

As for the religious objection to Anjou, on which more stress was laid than upon any other, the answer was equally ready. Orange professed himself "not theologian enough" to go into the subtleties brought forward. As it was intended to establish most firmly a religious peace, with entire tolerance for all creeds, he did not think it absolutely essential to require a prince of the Reformed faith. It was bigotry to dictate to the sovereign when full liberty in religious matters was claimed for the subject. Orange was known to be a zealous professor of the Reformed worship himself; but he did not therefore reject political assistance, even though afforded by a not very enthusiastic member of the ancient Church.

"If the priest and the Levite pass us by when we are fallen among thieves," said he, with much aptness and some bitterness, "shall we reject the aid proffered by the Samaritan because he is of a different faith from the worthy

[1] The letter, dated Blois, Dec. 26, 1580, is given by Hoofd, xviii. 754. According to Duplessis Mornay, the Duke had, however, been expressly instructed by his royal brother to withdraw the letter as soon as the deputies had seen it. He was always commanded never to importune his Majesty on the subject.—Vide Borgnet, Philippe II. et la Belgique, p. 147.

[2] Quotation in Archives, etc., vii. 403.

[3] De Thou, ix. 28–33.

[4] Renom de France MS., tom. v. c. 5. Compare Strada, ii. 214, 215.

[5] Reidani, Ann. Belg., ii. 31.

[6] Archives et Correspondance, vii. 298.

fathers who have left us to perish?"[1] In short, it was observed with perfect truth, that Philip had been removed, not because he was a Catholic, but because he was a tyrant; not because his faith was different from that of his subjects, but because he was resolved to exterminate all men whose religion differed from his own. It was not, therefore, inconsistent to choose another Catholic for a sovereign, if proper guarantees could be obtained that he would protect, and not oppress, the Reformed Churches. "If the Duke have the same designs as the King," said St. Aldegonde, "it would be a great piece of folly to change one tyrant and persecutor for another. If, on the contrary, instead of oppressing our liberties, he will maintain them, and in place of extirpating the disciples of the true religion, he will protect them, then are all the reasons of our opponents without vigour."[2]

By midsummer the Duke of Anjou made his appearance in the western part of the Netherlands. The Prince of Parma had recently come before Cambray with the intention of reducing that important city. On the arrival of Anjou, however, at the head of five thousand cavalry—nearly all of them gentlemen of high degree serving as volunteers—and of twelve thousand infantry, Alexander raised the siege precipitately, and retired towards Tournay. Anjou victualled the city, strengthened the garrison, and then, as his cavalry had only enlisted for a summer's amusement, and could no longer be held together, he disbanded his forces. The bulk of the infantry took service for the States under the Prince of Espinoy, Governor of Tournay. The Duke himself, finding that, notwithstanding the treaty of Plessis les Tours and the present showy demonstration upon his part, the States were not yet prepared to render him formal allegiance, and being, moreover, in the heyday of what was universally considered his prosperous courtship of Queen Elizabeth, soon afterwards took his departure for England.[3]

Parma, being thus relieved of his interference, soon afterwards laid siege to the important city of Tournay. The Prince of Espinoy was absent with the army in the north, but the Princess commanded in his absence. She fulfilled her duty in a manner worthy of the house from which she sprang, for the blood of Count Horn was in her veins. The daughter of Mary de Montmorency, the Admiral's sister, answered the summons of Parma to surrender at discretion with defiance. The garrison was encouraged by her steadfastness. The Princess appeared daily among her troops superintending the defences and personally directing the officers. During one of the assaults, she is said, but perhaps erroneously, to have been wounded in the arm, notwithstanding which she refused to retire.[4]

The siege lasted two months. Meantime, it became impossible for Orange and the Estates, notwithstanding their efforts, to raise a sufficient force to drive Parma from his entrenchments. The city was becoming gradually and surely undermined from without, while at the same time the insidious art of a Dominican friar, Father Géry by name, had been as surely sapping the fidelity of the garrison from within. An open revolt of the Catholic population being on the point of taking place, it became impossible any longer to hold the city. Those of the Reformed faith insisted that the place should be surrendered; and the Princess, being thus deserted by all parties, made an honourable capitulation with Parma. She herself, with all her garrison, was allowed to retire with personal property, and with all the honours of war, while the sack of the city was commuted for one hundred thousand crowns, levied upon the inhabitants. The Princess, on leaving the gates, was received with

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[1] Archives et Corresp., vii. 573. [2] Ibid., 278. [3] Bor, xvi. 287. Strada, 2. iv 185–192. Famis vi. 428. Hoofd, xviii. 785. [4] Bor, xvi. 287, 288. Meteren, x. 190. H xviii. 785, 786. Strada, 2. iv. 195–213, et al.

such a shout of applause from the royal army that she seemed less like a defeated commander than a conqueror. Upon the 30th November Parma accordingly entered the place which he had been besieging since the 1st of October.[1]

By the end of the autumn, the Prince of Orange, more than ever dissatisfied with the anarchical condition of affairs, and with the obstinate jealousy and parsimony of the different provinces, again summoned the country in the most earnest language to provide for the general defence and to take measures for the inauguration of Anjou. He painted in sombre colours the prospect which lay before them if nothing was done to arrest the progress of the internal disorders and of the external foe, whose forces were steadily augmenting. Had the provinces followed his advice, instead of quarrelling among themselves, they would have had a powerful army on foot to second the efforts of Anjou and subsequently to save Tournay. They had remained supine and stolid, even while the cannonading against these beautiful cities was in their very ears. No man seemed to think himself interested in public affairs, save when his own province or village was directly attacked.[2] The general interests of the commonwealth were forgotten in local jealousy. Had it been otherwise, the enemy would have long since been driven over the Meuse. "When money," continued the Prince, "is asked for to carry on the war, men answer as if they were talking with the dead Emperor.[3] To say, however, that they will pay no more, is as much as to declare that they will give up their land and their religion both. I say this not because I have any desire to put my hands into the common purse. You well know that I have never touched the public money; but it is important that you should feel that there is no war in the country except the one which concerns you all."

The States, thus shamed and stimulated, set themselves in earnest to obey the mandates of the Prince, and sent a special mission to England to arrange with the Duke of Anjou for his formal installation as sovereign. St. Aldegonde and other commissioners were already there. It was the memorable epoch in the Anjou wooing when the rings were exchanged between Elizabeth and the Duke, and when the world thought that the nuptials were on the point of being celebrated. St. Aldegonde wrote to the Prince of Orange on the 22d of November that the marriage had been finally settled upon that day.[4] Throughout the Netherlands, the auspicious tidings were greeted with bonfires, illuminations, and cannonading,[5] and the measures for hailing the Prince, thus highly favoured by so great a Queen, as sovereign master of the provinces were pushed forward with great energy.

Nevertheless, the marriage ended in smoke. There were plenty of tourneys, pageants, and banquets—a profusion of nuptial festivities, in short, where nothing was omitted but the nuptials. By the end of January 1582, the Duke was no nearer the goal than upon his arrival three months before. Acceding, therefore, to the wishes of the Netherland envoys, he prepared for a visit to their country, where the ceremony of his joyful entrance as Duke of Brabant and sovereign of the other provinces was to take place. No open rupture with Elizabeth occurred. On the contrary, the Queen accompanied the Duke, with a numerous and stately retinue, as far as Canterbury, and sent a most brilliant train of her greatest nobles and gentlemen to escort him to the Netherlands communicating at the same time, by special letter, her

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[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Strada, Bentivoglio.

[2] Remonstrance to the States-general, December 1, 1581, in Bor, xvi. 289, 290.

[3] "—— So varen sy in de sake voort en antwoorden daer op als sy spraken met den doden Kayser."—Bor, xvi. 289, 290.

[4] Strada, 2. iv. 214. sqq. Bor, xvi. 290. De Thou viii. 536, sqq.

[5] Bor, De Thou, Hoofd, ubi sup.

wishes to the States-general, that he should be treated with as much honour "as if he were her second self."[1]

On the 10th of February, fifteen large vessels cast anchor at Flushing. The Duke of Anjou, attended by the Earl of Leicester, the Lords Hunsdon, Willoughby, Sheffield, Howard, Sir Philip Sidney, and many other personages of high rank and reputation,[2] landed from this fleet. He was greeted on his arrival by the Prince of Orange, who, with the Prince of Espinoy and a large deputation of the States-general, had been for some days waiting to welcome him. The man whom the Netherlands had chosen for their new master stood on the shores of Zealand. Francis Hercules, Son of France, Duke of Alençon and Anjou, was at that time just twenty-eight years of age; yet not even his flatterers or his "minions," of whom he had as regular a train as his royal brother, could claim for him the external graces of youth or of princely dignity. He was below the middle height, puny and ill-shaped. His hair and eyes were brown, his face was seamed with the smallpox, his skin covered with blotches, his nose so swollen and distorted that it seemed to be double. This prominent feature did not escape the sarcasms of his countrymen, who, among other gibes, were wont to observe that the man who always wore two faces might be expected to have two noses also. It was thought that his revolting appearance was the principal reason for the rupture of the English marriage, and it was in vain that his supporters maintained that if he could forgive her age, she might, in return, excuse his ugliness. It seemed that there was a point of hideousness beyond which even royal princes could not descend with impunity, and the only wonder seemed that Elizabeth, with the handsome Robert Dudley ever at her feet, could even tolerate the addresses of Francis Valois.[3]

His intellect was by no means contemptible. He was not without a certain quickness of apprehension and vivacity of expression which passed current among his admirers for wit and wisdom. Even the experiencd St. Aldegonde was deceived in his character, and described him, after an hour and a half's interview, as a Prince overflowing with bounty, intelligence, and sincerity. That such men as St. Aldegonde and the Prince of Orange should be at fault in their judgment, is evidence not so much of their want of discernment, as of the difference between the general reputation of the Duke at that period and that which has been eventually established for him in history. Moreover, subsequent events were to exhibit the utter baseness of his character more signally than it had been displayed during his previous career, however vacillating. No more ignoble yet more dangerous creature had yet been loosed upon the devoted soil of the Netherlands. Not one of the personages who had hitherto figured in the long drama of the revolt had enacted so sorry a part. Ambitious but trivial, enterprising but cowardly, an intriguer and a dupe, without religious convictions or political principles, save that he was willing to accept any creed or any system which might advance his own schemes, he was the most unfit protector for a people who, whether wrong or right, were at least in earnest, and who were accustomed to regard truth as one of the virtues. He was certainly not deficient in self-esteem. With a figure which was insignificant, and a countenance which was repulsive, he had hoped to

[1] "Oblectatus distractusque juvenis——videt se in medîis nuptiis celebrare omnia præter nuptias."—Strada, 2. iv. 217. Compare De Thou, viii. 600, sqq. Hoofd, xix. 795. "—— Qu'il allast accompagné de la recommendation d'une Princesse——qui estime avoir tel interest en vous que vous en serez poussés d'avantage à honnorer un Prince qui lui est si cher qu'elle fait autant de lui comme d'un autre soi-même," etc., etc. Lettre de la Serenissime Reine d'Angleterre aux Etats-généraux, February 6, 1581, MS. Ordinaris Depêchen Boek der Staten-general, A°, 1582–83, f. 1vo, Hague Archives.

[2] De Thou, Hoofd, ubi sup. Bor, xvii. 296. Meteren, xi. 192.

[3] Bor, xvii. 296. Meteren, xi. 192. Hoofd, ubi sup. Mem. de Sully, loc. cit. "Fu piccioli di statura e poco ben fatto della persona."—Bentivoglio, G. di Fiandra, 2. ii. 275. "Pusillo ac deformi in corpore."—Ev. Reidan., Ann. Belg., ii. 34; iii. 42. Van der Vynckt, iii. 69. Strada, 2. iv. 215.

efface the impression made upon Elizabeth's imagination by the handsomest man in Europe. With a commonplace capacity and with a narrow political education, he intended to circumvent the most profound statesman of his age. And there, upon the pier at Flushing, he stood between them both; between the magnificent Leicester, whom he had thought to outshine, and the silent Prince of Orange, whom he was determined to outwit. Posterity has long been aware how far he succeeded in the one and the other attempt.

The Duke's arrival was greeted with the roar of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of a large concourse of the inhabitants; suitable speeches were made by the magistrates of the town, the deputies of Zealand, and other functionaries,[1] and a stately banquet was provided, so remarkable "for its sugarwork and other delicacies, as to entirely astonish the French and English lords who partook thereof."[2] The Duke visited Middelburg, where he was received with great state, and to the authorities of which he expressed his gratification at finding two such stately cities situate so close to each other on one little island.[3]

On the 17th of February he set sail for Antwerp. A fleet of fifty-four vessels, covered with flags and streamers, conveyed him and his retinue, together with the large deputation which had welcomed him at Flushing, to the great commercial metropolis. He stepped on shore at Keil within a bow-shot of the city—for, like other Dukes of Brabant, he was not to enter Antwerp until he had taken the oaths to respect the constitution—and the ceremony of inauguration was to take place outside the walls. A large platform had been erected for this purpose, commanding a view of the stately city, with its bristling fortifications and shady groves.[4] A throne, covered with velvet and gold, was prepared, and here the Duke took his seat, surrounded by a brilliant throng, including many of the most distinguished personages in Europe.

It was a bright winter's morning. The gaily bannered fleet lay conspicuous in the river, while an enormous concourse of people were thronging from all sides to greet the new sovereign. Twenty thousand burgher troops, in bright uniforms, surrounded the platform, upon the tapestried floor of which stood the magistrates of Antwerp, the leading members of the Brabant Estates, with the Prince of Orange at their head, together with many other great functionaries. The magnificence everywhere displayed, and especially the splendid costumes of the military companies, excited the profound astonishment of the French, who exclaimed that every soldier seemed a captain, and who regarded with vexation their own inferior equipments.[5]

Andrew Hessels, *doctor utriusque juris*, delivered a salutatory oration, in which, among other flights of eloquence, he expressed the hope of the provinces that the Duke, with the beams of his greatness, wisdom, and magnanimity, would dissipate all the mists, fogs, and other exhalations which were pernicious to their national prosperity, and that he would bring back the sunlight of their ancient glory.[6]

Anjou answered these compliments with equal courtesy, and had much to say of his willingness to shed every drop of his blood in defence of the Brabant liberties; but it might have damped the enthusiasm of the moment could the curtain of the not very distant future have been lifted. The audience, listening to these promises, might have seen that it was not so much his blood as theirs which he was disposed to shed, and less, too, in defence than in violation of those same liberties which he was swearing to protect.

Orator Hessels then read aloud the articles of the Joyous Entry in the

[1] Bor, xvii. 296. Hoofd, xix. 795.
[2] Bor, xvii. 297.
[3] Ibid.
[4] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée du Monseign^r François Fils de France, Duc d'Anjou, etc., en sa très renommée ville d'Anvers," Anvers, Plantin, 1582. Compare Bor. xvii 297. Hoofd, xix. 795.
[5] Renom de France MS., v. 2.
[6] The oration is given in full by Bor, xvii. 297, 298

Flemish language, and the Duke was asked if he required any explanations of that celebrated constitution. He replied that he had thoroughly studied its provisions, with the assistance of the Prince of Orange, during his voyage from Flushing, and was quite prepared to swear to maintain them. The oaths, according to the antique custom, were then administered. Afterwards the ducal hat and the velvet mantle lined with ermine were brought, the Prince of Orange assisting his Highness to assume this historical costume of the Brabant Dukes, and saying to him, as he fastened the button at the throat, "I must secure this robe so firmly, my lord, that no man may ever tear it from your shoulders."[1]

Thus arrayed in his garment of sovereignty, Anjou was compelled to listen to another oration from the pensionary of Antwerp, John van der Werken. He then exchanged oaths with the magistrates of the city, and received the keys, which he returned for safe keeping to the burgomaster. Meanwhile the trumpets sounded, largess of gold and silver coins was scattered among the people, and the heralds cried aloud, "Long live the Duke of Brabant."[2]

A procession was then formed to escort the new Duke to his commercial capital. A stately and striking procession it was. The Hanseatic merchants in ancient German attire, the English merchants in long velvet cassocks, the heralds in their quaint costume, the long train of civic militia with full bands of music, the chief functionaries of city and province in their black mantles and gold chains, all marching under emblematical standards or time-honoured blazons, followed each other in dignified order. Then came the Duke himself, on a white Barbary horse, caparisoned with cloth of gold. He was surrounded with English, French and Netherland grandees, many of them of world-wide reputation. There was the stately Leicester; Sir Philip Sidney, the mirror of chivalry; the gaunt and imposing form of William the Silent; his son, Count Maurice of Nassau, destined to be the first captain of his age, then a handsome dark-eyed lad of fifteen; the Dauphin of Auvergne; the Maréchal de Biron and his sons; the Prince of Espinoy; the Lords Sheffield, Willoughby, Howard, Hunsdon, and many others of high degree and distinguished reputation.[3] The ancient guilds of the crossbow-men and archers of Brabant, splendidly accoutred, formed the bodyguard of the Duke, while his French cavaliers, the life-guardsmen of the Prince of Orange, and the troops of the line, followed in great numbers, their glittering uniforms all gaily intermingled, "like the flowers de luce upon a royal mantle." The procession, thus gorgeous and gay, was terminated by a dismal group of three hundred malefactors, marching in fetters, and imploring pardon of the Duke, a boon which was to be granted at evening. Great torches, although it was high noon, were burning along the road, at intervals of four or five feet, in a continuous line reaching from the platform at Kiel to the portal of St. Joris, through which the entrance to the city was to be made.

Inside the gate a stupendous allegory was awaiting the approach of the new sovereign.[4] A huge gilded car, crowded with those emblematical and highly bedizened personages so dear to the Netherlanders, obstructed the advance of the procession. All the virtues seemed to have come out for an airing in one chariot, and were now waiting to offer their homage to Francis Hercules Valois. Religion in "red satin," holding the gospel in her hand, was supported by Justice "in orange velvet," armed with blade and beam. Prudence

[1] Bor, xvii. 298. Hoofd, xix. 796. Meteren, xi. 192.

[2] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée," etc. Bor, xvii. 297, sqq., who conscientiously gives all the long speeches at full length. Meteren, xi. 192. Tassis, vi. 429.

[3] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée," etc. Bor, xvii. 300, sqq. Hoofd, xix. 797, 898.

[4] "La joyeuse et magnifique entrée," etc., in which contemporary pamphlet are many beautifully executed engravings of the wonders exhibited on this occasion. Bor, xvii. 300, 301.

and Fortitude embraced each other near a column enwreathed by serpents, "with their tails in their ears to typify deafness to flattery;" while Patriotism as a pelican, and Patience as a brooding-hen, looked benignantly upon the scene. This greeting duly acknowledged, the procession advanced into the city. The streets were lined with troops and with citizens; the balconies were filled with fair women; "the very gables," says an enthusiastic contemporary, "seemed to laugh with ladies' eyes."[1] The market-place was filled with waxen torches and with blazing tar-barrels, while in its centre stood the giant Antigonus—founder of the city thirteen hundred years before the Christian era—the fabulous personage who was accustomed to throw the right hands of all smuggling merchants into the Scheld.[2] This colossal individual, attired in a "surcoat of sky-blue," and holding a banner emblazoned with the arms of Spain, turned its head as the Duke entered the square, saluted the new sovereign, and then dropping the Spanish scutcheon upon the ground, raised aloft another bearing the arms of Anjou.[3]

And thus, amid exuberant outpouring of confidence, another lord and master had made his triumphal entrance into the Netherlands. Alas! how often had this sanguine people greeted with similar acclamations the advent of their betrayers and their tyrants! How soon were they to discover that the man whom they were thus receiving with the warmest enthusiasm was the most treacherous tyrant of all.

It was nightfall before the procession at last reached the palace of St. Michael, which had been fitted up for the temporary reception of the Duke.[4] The next day was devoted to speech-making; various deputations waiting upon the new Duke of Brabant with congratulatory addresses. The Grand Pensionary delivered a pompous oration upon a platform hung with sky-blue silk, and carpeted with cloth of gold. A committee of the German and French Reformed Churches made a long harangue, in which they expressed the hope that the Lord would make the Duke "as valiant as David, as wise as Solomon, and as pious as Hezekiah."[5] A Roman Catholic deputation informed his Highness that for eight months the members of the ancient Church had been forbidden all religious exercises, saving baptism, marriage, visitation of the sick, and burials. A promise was therefore made that this prohibition, which had been the result of the disturbances recorded in a preceding chapter, should be immediately modified, and on the 15th of March accordingly it was arranged, by command of the magistrates, that all Catholics should have permission to attend public worship, according to the ancient ceremonial, in the Church of St. Michael, which had been originally designated for the use of the new Duke of Brabant. It was, however, stipulated that all who desired to partake of this privilege should take the oath of abjuration beforehand, and go to the church without arms."[6]

Here then had been oaths enough, orations enough, compliments enough, to make any agreement steadfast, so far as windy suspirations could furnish a solid foundation for the social compact. Bells, trumpets, and the brazen throats of men and of cannons had made a sufficient din, torches and tar-barrels had made a sufficient glare, to confirm—so far as noise and blazing pitch could confirm—the decorous proceedings of church and townhouse, but time was soon to show the value of such demonstrations. Meantime, the

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1 Hoofd, xix. 798.

2 "La joyeuse entrée," etc.

"Hic fuit Antigoni castrum insigne Gigantis,
Quem Brabo devicit, de quo Brabonica tellus,"
etc., etc.

—Ancient verses quoted by Ludov. Guicciardini, in his description of Antwerp, "but by whom written," says that author, "*novit Deus.*"—Tot. Belg. Descript., 131.

3 "La joyeuse entrée," etc. Bor, xvii. 301.

4 Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, xix. 798, 799. "Maer de geheele stadt was vol Tortsen, Fackelen ende Vyeren op alle de straden, ende op de kerck torens, dat de stadt scheen in een vyer te staen." Meteren, xi. 193c.

5 Bor, xvii. 303.

6 Ibid.

"muzzle" had been fastened with solemnity and accepted with docility. The terms of the treaty concluded at Plessis les Tours and Bordeaux were made public. The Duke had subscribed to twenty-seven articles, which made as stringent and sensible a constitutional compact as could be desired by any Netherland patriot. These articles,[1] taken in connection with the ancient charters which they expressly upheld, left to the new sovereign no vestige of arbitrary power. He was merely the hereditary president of a representative republic. He was to be Duke, Count, Margrave, or Seignior of the different provinces on the same terms which his predecessors had accepted. He was to transmit the dignities to his children. If there were more than one child, the provinces were to select one of the number for their sovereign. He was to maintain all the ancient privileges, charters, statutes, and customs, and to forfeit his sovereignty at the first violation. He was to assemble the States-general at least once a year. He was always to reside in the Netherlands. He was to permit none but natives to hold office. His right of appointment to all important posts was limited to a selection from three candidates, to be proposed by the Estates of the province concerned at each vacancy. He was to maintain "the Religion" and the Religious Peace in the same state in which they then were, or as should afterwards be ordained by the Estates of each province, without making any innovation on his own part.[2] Holland and Zealand were to remain as they were, both in the matter of religion *and otherwise.*[3] His Highness was not to permit that any one should be examined or molested in his house or otherwise in the matter or under pretext of religion.[4] He was to procure the assistance of the King of France for the Netherlands. He was to maintain a perfect and a perpetual league, offensive and defensive, between that kingdom and the provinces, without, however, permitting any incorporation of territory. He was to carry on the war against Spain with his own means and those furnished by his royal brother, in addition to a yearly contribution by the Estates of two millions four hundred thousand guldens.[5] He was to dismiss all troops at command of the States-general. He was to make no treaty with Spain without their consent.

It would be superfluous to point out the great difference between the notions entertained upon international law in the sixteenth century and in our own. A state of nominal peace existed between Spain, France, and England; yet here was the brother of the French monarch, at the head of French troops, and attended by the grandees of England, solemnly accepting the sovereignty over the revolted provinces of Spain.[6] It is also curious to observe that the constitutional compact by which the new sovereign of the Netherlands was admitted to the government, would have been repudiated as revolutionary and republican by the monarchs of France or England, if an attempt had been made to apply it to their own realms; for the ancient charters—which in reality constituted a republican form of government—had all been re-established by the agreement with Anjou.

The first-fruits of the ban now began to display themselves. Sunday, 18th of March 1582, was the birthday of the Duke of Anjou, and a great festival had been arranged accordingly for the evening at the palace of St. Michael, the Prince of Orange as well as all the great French lords being of course invited. The Prince dined, as usual, at his house in the neighbourhood of the citadel, in company with the Counts Hohenlo and Laval, and the two distinguished French commissioners, Bonnivet and Des Pruneaux. Young

[1] The articles are given by Bor, 3. xvii. 307–309.
[2] Article 12.
[3] "Holland en Zeland sullen blijven als sy tegenwoordlijk sijn in 't stuk van den Religie *en andersins.*"—Art. 13.
[4] Art. 14.
[5] Art. 18.
[6] On the other hand, the denial by England of an asylum to the refugees in 1572, and their forcible expulsion from her shores, led to the occupation of Brill and the foundation of the Dutch Republic.

Maurice of Nassau and two nephews of the Prince, sons of his brother John, were also present at table. During dinner the conversation was animated, many stories being related of the cruelties which had been practised by the Spaniards in the provinces. On rising from the table, Orange led the way from the diningroom to his own apartments, showing the noblemen inh is company, as he passed along, a piece of tapestry upon which some Spanish soldiers were represented. At this moment, as he stood upon the threshold of the antechamber, a youth of small stature, vulgar mien, and pale dark complexion, appeared from among the servants and offered him a petition. He took the paper, and as he did so, the stranger suddenly drew a pistol and discharged it at the head of the Prince. The ball entered the neck under the right ear, passed through the roof of the mouth, and came out under the left jawbone, carrying with it two teeth.[1] The pistol had been held so near, that the hair and beard of the Prince were set on fire by the discharge. He remained standing, but blinded, stunned, and for a moment entirely ignorant of what occurred. As he afterwards observed, he thought perhaps that a part of the house had suddenly fallen. Finding very soon that his hair and beard were burning, he comprehended what had occurred, and called out quickly, "Do not kill him—I forgive him my death!"[2] and turning to the French noblemen present, he added, "Alas? what a faithful servant does his Highness lose in me!"[3]

These were his first words, spoken when, as all believed, he had been mortally wounded. The message of mercy came, however, too late; for two of the gentlemen present, by an irresistible impulse, had run the assassin through with their rapiers. The halberdiers rushed upon him immediately afterwards, so that he fell pierced in thirty-two vital places.[3] The Prince, supported by his friends, walked to his chamber, where he was put to bed, while the surgeons examined and bandaged the wound. It was most dangerous in appearance, but a very strange circumstance gave more hope than could otherwise have been entertained. The flame from the pistol had been so close that it had actually cauterised the wound inflicted by the ball. But for this, it was supposed that the flow of blood from the veins which had been shot through would have proved fatal before the wound could be dressed. The Prince, after the first shock, had recovered full possession of his senses, and believing himself to be dying, he expressed the most unaffected sympathy for the condition in which the Duke of Anjou would be placed by his death. "Alas, poor Prince!" he cried frequently; "alas, what troubles will now beset thee!"[4] The surgeons enjoined and implored his silence, as speaking might cause the wound to prove immediately fatal. He complied, but wrote incessantly.[5] As long as his heart could beat, it was impossible for him not to be occupied with his country.

Lion Petit, a trusty captain of the city guard, forced his way to the chamber, it being absolutely necessary, said the honest burgher, for him to see with his own eyes that the Prince was living, and report the fact to the townspeople; otherwise, so great was the excitement, it was impossible to say what might be the result. It was, in fact, believed that the Prince was already dead, and

[1] Hoofd, xix. 804. Bor, xvii. 313. Meteren, xi. 194c. Tassis, vi. 431. Strada, 2. iv. 219. "Korte Verhaal van den moorddadigen aanslag, bedreven op den persoon van den zeer doorluchtigen vorst, den heere Prins van Oranje, door Jan Jauregui, een Spanjard." This is the title of a pamphlet published at the time with authentic documents by Plantin at Antwerp. There is also a French edition, printed simultaneously with that in Flemish, intituled, "Bref Recueil de l'Assassinat," etc. Reiffenberg has republished it in his edition of Van der Vynckt. Letter of Derens, March 27, 1582, in Arch. et Corr., viii. 77.

[2] "Doodt hem niet, ik vergeef hem mijen dood!"—Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 312. Hoofd, xix. 804. Meteren, xi. 194.

[3] Ibid Letter of Herle, Archives et Correspondance, Supplément, pp. 220, sqq. Letter of Derens, Archives et Correspondance, viii. 78.

[4] "Ach arme vorst, arme vorst! wat zult gij nog moeijelijkheden ont moeten!"—Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 313. Meteren, xi. 194c. Hoofd, xix. 805.

[5] Korte Verhaal, etc.—"Met oene vaste hauden vlug schreef."

it was whispered that he had been assassinated by the order of Anjou. This horrible suspicion was flying through the city, and producing a fierce exasperation,[1] as men talked of the murder of Coligny, of St. Bartholomew, of the murderous propensities of the Valois race. Had the attempt taken place in the evening, at the birth-night banquet of Anjou, a horrible massacre would have been the inevitable issue. As it happened, however, circumstances soon occurred to remove the suspicion from the French, and to indicate the origin of the crime. Meantime, Captain Petit was urged by the Prince, in writing, to go forth instantly with the news that he yet survived, but to implore the people, in case God should call him to Himself, to hold him in kind remembrance, to make no tumult, and to serve the Duke obediently and faithfully.[2]

Meantime, the youthful Maurice of Nassau was giving proof of that cool determination which already marked his character. It was natural that a boy of fifteen should be somewhat agitated at seeing such a father shot through the head before his eyes. His situation was rendered doubly grave by the suspicions which were instantly engendered as to the probable origin of the attempt. It was already whispered in the hall that the gentlemen who had been so officious in slaying the assassin were his accomplices, who—upon the principle that dead men would tell no tales—were disposed, now that the deed was done, to preclude inconvenient revelations as to their own share in the crime. Maurice, notwithstanding these causes for perturbation, and despite his grief at his father's probable death, remained steadily by the body of the murderer. He was determined, if possible, to unravel the plot, and he waited to possess himself of all papers and other articles which might be found upon the person of the deceased.[3]

A scrupulous search was at once made by the attendants, and everything placed in the young Count's own hands. This done, Maurice expressed a doubt lest some of the villain's accomplices might attempt to take the articles from him,[4] whereupon a faithful old servant of his father came forward, who, with an emphatic expression of the importance of securing such important documents, took his young master under his cloak, and led him to a retired apartment of the house. Here, after a rapid examination, it was found that the papers were all in Spanish, written by Spaniards to Spaniards, so that it was obvious that the conspiracy, if one there were, was not a French conspiracy. The servant, therefore, advised Maurice to go to his father, while he would himself instantly descend to the hall with this important intelligence. Count Hohenlo had, from the instant of the murder, ordered the doors to be fastened, and had permitted no one to enter or to leave the apartment without his permission. The information now brought by the servant as to the character of the papers caused great relief to the minds of all; for, till that moment, suspicion had even lighted upon men who were the firm friends of the Prince.[5]

St. Aldegonde, who had meantime arrived, now proceeded, in company of the other gentlemen, to examine the papers and other articles take from the assassin. The pistol with which he had done the deed was lying upon the floor; a naked poniard, which he would probably have used also, had his thumb not been blown off by the discharge of the pistol, was found in his trunk-hose. In his pockets were an *Agnus Dei*, a taper of green wax, two bits of hare skin, two dried toads—which were supposed to be sorcerer's charms—a crucifix, a Jesuit catechism, a prayer-book, a pocket-book containing two,

[1] Korte Verhaal, 591. Bor, ubi sup. Meteren, xi 194. Hoofd, xix. 804. Strada, 2 iv. 219. Bor, xvii. 313.
[2] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Korte Verhaal.
[3] Korte Verhaal, etc. Bor, xvii. 313. Hoofd, xix. 805. Meteren, xi. 194.
[4] Korte Verhaal. "Helas," said the boy, "ik ben zoo bevreest dat hier eenig andere booswicht zij, die mij die papieren afneemt."
[5] Korte Verhaal, Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Strada, 2. iv. 219.

Spanish bills of exchange—one for two thousand, and one for eight hundred and seventy-seven crowns—and a set of writing tablets.[1] These last were covered with vows and pious invocations in reference to the murderous affair which the writer had in hand. He had addressed fervent prayers to the Virgin Mary, to the Angel Gabriel, to the Saviour, and *to the Saviour's son* —"as if," says the Antwerp chronicler, with simplicity, "the Lord Jesus had a son"[2]—that they might all use their intercession with the Almighty towards the certain and safe accomplishment of the contemplated deed. Should he come off successful and unharmed, he solemnly vowed to fast a week on bread and water. Furthermore, he promised to Christ a "new coat of costly pattern;" to the Mother of God at Guadalupe, a new gown; to Our Lady of Montserrat, a crown, a gown, and a lamp; and so on through a long list of similar presents thus contemplated for various shrines.[3] The poor fanatical fool had been taught by deeper villains than himself that his pistol was to rid the world of a tyrant, and to open his own pathway to heaven, if his career should be cut short on earth. To prevent so undesirable a catastrophe to himself, however, his most natural conception had been to bribe the whole heavenly host, from the Virgin Mary downwards, for he had been taught that absolution for murder was to be bought and sold like other merchandise. He had also been persuaded that, after accomplishing the deed, *he would become invisible.*[4]

St. Aldegonde hastened to lay the result of this examination before the Duke of Anjou. Information was likewise instantly conveyed to the magistrates at the townhouse, and these measures were successful in restoring confidence throughout the city as to the intentions of the new Government. Anjou immediately convened the State Council, issued a summons for an early meeting of the States-general, and published a proclamation that all persons having information to give concerning the crime which had just been committed should come instantly forward, upon pain of death. The body of the assassin was forthwith exposed upon the public square, and was soon recognised as that of one Juan Jaureguy, a servant in the employ of Gaspar d'Anastro, a Spanish merchant of Antwerp. The letters and bills of exchange had also, on nearer examination at the townhouse, implicated Anastro in the affair. His house was immediately searched, but the merchant had taken his departure upon the previous Tuesday, under pretext of pressing affairs at Calais. His cashier, Venero, and a Dominican friar named Antony Zimmermann, both inmates of his family, were, however, arrested upon suspicion. On the following day the watch stationed at the gate carried the foreign postbags, as soon as they arrived, to the magistracy, when letters were found from Anastro to Venero, which made the affair quite plain.[5] After they had been thoroughly studied, they were shown to Venero, who, seeing himself thus completely ruined, asked for pen and ink, and wrote a full confession.

It appeared that the crime was purely a commercial speculation on the part of Anastro. That merchant, being on the verge of bankruptcy, had entered into a mutual contract with Philip, which the King had signed with his hand and sealed with his seal, and according to which Anastro, within a certain period, was to take the life of William of Orange, and for so doing was to

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[1] Korte Verhaal, etc., 589, 590. Strada, 2. iv. 219. Compare Haraei, Tum. Belg., iii. 336. "Twee stukken huid, zoo het scheen van eenen haas; het geen velen aanleiding gaf om te zeggen, dat hij padden en toovery bij zich had."—Korte Verhaal, etc. Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] "Als of Christus noch eenen sonne hadde."—Meteren, xi. 194. The following extracts from the assassin's memorandum-book are worthy of attention. The papers were published by authority immediately after the deed. "Al Angel Gabriel me encomiendo con todo mi spiritu y coraçon para que agora y siempre me sea mi intercessor à nuestro Señor Jesu Christo *y a su hijo preciosissimo*, y a la Virgen Sancta Maria y a todos los sanctos y sanctas de la corte del cielo de guardarme," etc., etc.—Korte Verhaal.

[3] Korte Verhaal. Meteren. Bor, xvii. 313.

[4] Letter of P. van Reigersberg, March 19, 1582, apud van Wyn op Wagenaer, 7. iii. 112. Letter of Hierle, before cited.

[5] Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 313. Hoofd, xix. 805 Meteren, xi. 194.

receive eighty thousand ducats and the cross of Santiago.[1] To be a knight-companion of Spain's proudest order of chivalry was the guerdon, over and above the eighty thousand pieces of silver, which Spain's monarch promised the murderer if he should succeed. As for Anastro himself, he was too frugal and too wary to risk his own life, or to lose much of the premium. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he painted to his faithful cashier the picture which his master would present when men should point at him and say, "Behold yon bankrupt!" protesting, therefore, that he would murder Orange and secure the reward, or perish in the attempt.[2] Saying this, he again shed many tears. Venero, seeing his master thus disconsolate, wept bitterly likewise, and begged him not to risk his own precious life.[3] After this pathetic commingling of their grief, the merchant and his bookkeeper became more composed, and it was at last concerted between them that John Jaureguy should be intrusted with the job. Anastro had intended—as he said in a letter afterwards intercepted—"to accomplish the deed with his own hand; but, as God had probably reserved him for other things, and particularly to be of service to his very affectionate friends, he had thought best to intrust the execution of the design to his servant."[4] The price paid by the master to the man for the work seems to have been but two thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven crowns. The cowardly and crafty principal escaped. He had gone post-haste to Dunkirk, pretending that the sudden death of his agent in Calais required his immediate presence in that city. Governor Sweveseel, of Dunkirk, sent an orderly to get a passport for him from La Motte, commanding at Gravelingen. Anastro being on tenter-hooks lest the news should arrive that the projected murder had been consummated before he had crossed the border, testified extravagant joy on the arrival of the passport, and gave the messenger who brought it thirty pistoles. Such conduct naturally excited vague suspicion in the mind of the Governor, but the merchant's character was good, and he had brought pressing letters from Admiral Treslong. Sweveseel did not dare to arrest him without cause, and he neither knew that any crime had been committed, nor that the man before him was the criminal. Two hours after the traveller's departure, the news arrived of the deed, together with orders to arrest Anastro, but it was too late. The merchant had found refuge within the lines of Parma.[5]

Meanwhile, the Prince lay in a most critical condition. Believing that his end was fast approaching, he dictated letters to the States-general, entreating them to continue in their obedience to the Duke, than whom he affirmed that he knew no better prince for the government of the provinces. These letters were dispatched by St. Aldegonde to the Assembly, from which body a deputation, in obedience to the wishes of Orange, was sent to Anjou, with expressions of condolence and fidelity.[6]

On Wednesday a solemn fast was held, according to proclamation, in Antwerp, all work and all amusements being prohibited, and special prayers commanded in all the churches for the recovery of the Prince. "Never within men's memory," says an account published at the moment in Antwerp, "had such crowds been seen in the churches, nor so many tears been shed."[7]

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[1] Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 313. Hoofd, xix. 802. Meteren, xi. 194b.

[2] "Mirad aquel hombre que ha hecho bancarote," etc.—Confession of Venero in Bref Recueil.

[3] "Todo lo dezia llorando e yo viendole tan desconsolado llorava mucho."—Ibid.

[4] "—— Doch het mag wesen dat God mij noch heeft willen bewaren om dienst en vrundschap te mogen doen mijn geaffectioneerde vrienden, gelijk ik die hebbe op *sekere lijste*."—Letter of Anastro to the "very magnificent Lord Martin Drogue, sea-captain in Flushing," dated March 28, 1582, in Bor, xvii. 315. It must have been disagreeable to the very magnificent Drogue—and to Admiral Treslong, who received a letter of similar purport from Anastro—to find themselves inscribed on the list of "his affectionate friends" by this consummate villain.

[5] Bor, xvii. 314. Hoofd, xix. 803, 804.

[6] Korte Verhaal.

[7] Ibid

The process against Venero and Zimmermann was rapidly carried through, for both had made a full confession of their share in the crime. The Prince had enjoined from his sick-bed, however, that the case should be conducted with strict regard to justice, and when the execution could no longer be deferred, he had sent a written request, by the hands of St. Aldegonde, that they should be put to death in the least painful manner. The request was complied with, but there can be no doubt that the criminals, had it not been made, would have expiated their offence by the most lingering tortures. Owing to the intercession of the man who was to have been their victim, they were strangled, before being quartered, upon a scaffold erected in the market-place, opposite the townhouse. This execution took place on Wednesday, the 28th of March.[1]

The Prince, meanwhile, was thought to be mending, and thanksgivings began to be mingled with the prayers offered almost every hour in the churches; but for eighteen days he lay in a most precarious state. His wife hardly left his bedside, and his sister, Catherine, Countess of Schwartzburg, was indefatigable in her attentions. The Duke of Anjou visited him daily, and expressed the most filial anxiety for his recovery, but the hopes which had been gradually growing stronger were on the 5th of April exchanged for the deepest apprehensions. Upon that day the cicatrix by which the flow of blood from the neck had been prevented, almost from the first infliction of the wound, fell off. The veins poured forth a vast quantity of blood; it seemed impossible to check the hæmorrhage, and all hope appeared to vanish. The Prince resigned himself to his fate, and bade his children "good-night for ever," saying calmly, "It is now all over with me."[2]

It was difficult, without suffocating the patient, to fasten a bandage tightly enough to stanch the wound, but Leonardo Botalli, of Asti, body physician of Anjou, was nevertheless fortunate enough to devise a simple mechanical expedient which proved successful. By his advice a succession of attendants, relieving each other day and night, prevented the flow of blood by keeping the orifice of the wound slightly but firmly compressed with the thumb. After a period of anxious expectation the wound again closed, and by the end of the month the Prince was convalescent. On the 2d of May he went to offer thanksgiving in the Great Cathedral, amid the joyful sobs of a vast and most earnest throng.[3]

The Prince was saved, but unhappily the murderer had yet found an illustrious victim. The Princess of Orange, Charlotte de Bourbon—the devoted wife who for seven years had so faithfully shared his joys and sorrows—lay already on her deathbed. Exhausted by anxiety, long watching, and the alternations of hope and fear during the first eighteen days, she had been prostrated by despair at the renewed hæmorrhage. A violent fever seized her, under which she sank on the 5th of May, three days after the solemn thanksgiving for her husband's recovery.[4] The Prince, who loved her tenderly, was in great danger of relapse upon the sad event, which, although not sudden, had not been anticipated. She was laid in her grave on the 9th

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[1] Bor, xvii. 314. The following is the text of this most interesting letter:—"Monsieur de St. Aldegonde: j'ay entendu que l'on doibt demain faire justice de deux prisonniers, estans complices de celuy qui m'a tiré le coup. De ma part, je leur pardonne tres volontiers de ce qu'ils me peuvent avoir offensé, et s'ils ont peut etre merité un chastoy et rigoureux, je vous prie vouloir tenir la main devers Messrs du Magistrat qu'ils ne les veuillent faire souffrir grand tourment et se contenter, s'ils l'ont merité d'une courte mort. Votre bien bon amy à vous faire service, Guillaume de Nassau."—Bref Recueil de l'Assassinat commis en la personne du tres illustre Prince d'Orange (Anvers, Chr. Plantin, 1582).

[2] Bor, xvii. 314 Korte Verhaal. Bor, xvii. 316. Hoofd, xix. 806. Meteren, xi. 194. Letter of Mary of Orange to Count John, Archives et Corr., viii. 88.

[3] Hoofd, xix. 806, ascribes the superintendence of the cure to Botalli (as stated in the text). Bor and Meteren, however, only mention the name of Joseph Michaeli, of Lucca. Bor does not speak at all of the singular expedient employed to stop the effusion of blood; Hoofd, Meteren, and others allude to it.

[4] Hoofd, Meteren, Bor, ubi sup.

of May,' amid the lamentations of the whole country,[1] for her virtues were universally known and cherished. She was a woman of rare intelligence, accomplishment, and gentleness of disposition, whose only offence had been to break, by her marriage, the Church vows to which she had been forced in her childhood, but which had been pronounced illegal by competent authority, both ecclesiastical and lay. For this, and for the contrast which her virtues afforded to the vices of her predecessor, she was the mark of calumny and insult. These attacks, however, had cast no shadow upon the serenity of her married life, and so long as she lived she was the trusted companion and consoler of her husband. "His Highness," wrote Count John in 1580, "is in excellent health, and, in spite of adversity, incredible labour, perplexity, and dangers, is in such good spirits that it makes me happy to witness it. No doubt a chief reason is the consolation he derives from the pious and highly-intelligent wife whom the Lord has given him—a woman who ever conforms to his wishes, and is inexpressibly dear to him."[2]

The Princess left six daughters—Louisa Juliana, Elizabeth, Catharina Belgica, Flandrina, Charlotta Brabantica, and Emilia Secunda.[3]

Parma received the first intelligence of the attempt from the mouth of Anastro himself, who assured him that the deed had been entirely successful, and claimed the promised reward. Alexander, in consequence, addressed circular letters to the authorities of Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, and other cities, calling upon them, now that they had been relieved of their tyrant and their betrayer, to return again to the path of their duty and to the ever open arms of their lawful monarch.[4] These letters were premature. On the other hand, the States of Holland and Zealand remained in permanent session, awaiting with extreme anxiety the result of the Prince's wound. "With the death of his Excellency, if God should please to take him to Himself," said the magistracy of Leyden, "in the death of the Prince we all foresee our own death." It was, in truth, an anxious moment, and the revulsion of feeling consequent on his recovery was proportionately intense.[5]

In consequence of the excitement produced by this event, it was no longer possible for the Prince to decline accepting the Countship of Holland and Zealand, which he had refused absolutely two years before, and which he had again rejected, except for a limited period, in the year 1581.[6] It was well understood, as appears by the treaty with Anjou, and afterwards formally arranged, "that the Duke was never to claim sovereignty over Holland and Zealand,"[7] and the offer of the sovereign Countship of Holland was again made to the Prince of Orange in most urgent terms. It will be recollected that he had accepted the sovereignty on the 5th of July 1581, only for the term of the war. In a letter dated Bruges, 14th of August 1582, he accepted the dignity without limitation.[8] This offer and acceptance, however, constituted but the preliminaries, for it was further necessary that the letters of "*Renversal*" should be drawn up, that they should be formally delivered, and that a new constitution should be laid down, and confirmed by mutual oaths. After these steps had been taken, the ceremonious inauguration or rendering of homage was to be celebrated.

All these measures were duly arranged, except the last. The installation of the new Count of Holland was prevented by his death, and

1 "With a stately procession of two thousand mourning mantles," says Hoofd, xix. 807.
2 Apologie d'Orange, Archives, etc., vii. 333.
3 Bor, xvii. 316. Meteren, xi. 195.
4 Bor (xvii. 314, 315) gives the letters. Meteren, xi. 195.
5 Bor, xvii. 316. Kluit, i. 295
6 Kluit, i. 262; 201, sqq.
7 Kluit, i. 246, 247. Bor, xv. 182, 183.
8 Bor, xv. 183-185. Compare Kluit, i. 213, 214. The deeds of offer and of acceptance were dated 5th July 1581. The oaths were exchanged between the Estates and the Prince 24th July, two days before the act of abjuration. The letter of 14th August 1582 is given in Bor, xv. 186, 187.

the northern provinces remained a Republic, not only in fact but also in name.[1]

In political matters, the basis of the new constitution was the "Great Privilege" of the Lady Mary, the Magna Charta of the country. That ever memorable monument in the history of the Netherlands and of municipal progress had been overthrown by Mary's son, with the forced acquiescence of the States, and it was therefore stipulated by the new article, that even such laws and privileges as had fallen into disuse should be revived. It was furthermore provided that the little state should be a free Countship, and should thus silently sever its connection with the Empire.[2]

With regard to the position of the Prince, as hereditary chief of the little commonwealth, his actual power was rather diminished than increased by his new dignity. What was his position at the moment? He was sovereign *during the war*, on the general basis of the authority originally bestowed upon him by the King's commission of stadholder. In 1581, his Majesty had been abjured and the stadholder had become sovereign. He held in his hands the supreme power, *legislative, judicial, executive.* The Counts of Holland—and Philip as their successor—were the great fountains of that triple stream. Concessions and exceptions had become so extensive, no doubt, that the provincial charters constituted a vast body of "liberties" by which the whole country was reasonably well supplied. At the same time, all the power not expressly granted away remained in the breast of the Count.[3] If ambition, then, had been William's ruling principle, he had exchanged substance for shadow, for the new State now constituted was a free commonwealth—a republic in all but name.

By the new constitution he ceased to be the source of governmental life, or to derive his own authority from above by right divine. The sacred oil which had flowed from Charles the Simple's beard was dried up. Orange's sovereignty was from the Estates as legal representatives of the people, and, instead of exercising all the powers not otherwise granted away, he was content with those especially conferred upon him. He could neither declare war nor conclude peace without the co-operation of the representative body.

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[1] As the measures therefore were, after all, inchoate, a brief indication of these dates and objects will suffice to show the relative position of the Prince and the people of Holland and Zealand. The act of acceptance by William the Silent of the proffered sovereignty was dated August 12, 1582 (Bor, xv. 186, 187). The letters patent, or the Renversal, as they were technically called, were drawn up and signed and sealed by the "three eldest nobles" (Bor, xv. 187; Kluit, i. 311, 312). They were then sent to all the cities, and received their twenty-five separate seals at different dates (Kluit, i. 311, 312, and Bijlagen, 451–463). The original was afterwards delivered to the Prince, and still exists, with its twenty-eight seals, among the Archives of the now royal family of Orange-Nassau (Kluit, i. 316). On the 6th of May 1583, the States of Holland addressed a remarkable circular, which Bor (xv. 187–190) states was addressed only to the States of Utrecht, while Kluit (i. 322) shows that it was a general circular to the States of Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, Brabant, Flanders, Gelderland, and to the States-general also, giving an historical sketch of the life and services of William the Silent, together with the weighty reason which had induced them to urge the ancient Countship of Holland upon his acceptance. This step they declared themselves to have taken "after frequent communication with our cities, and each of them, after ripe deliberation and council, after having heard the advice of the colleges and communities of the cities, as well as that of the magistracies and senates, and of all other persons whom it behoved to consult, and whose counsel in matters of consequence is usually asked." (See the Commentary of Kluit, i. 322–326.) They moreover expressed the hope that the measure would meet with the approval of all their sister provinces, and with the especial co-operation of those Estates with which they were accustomed to act. On the 15th of November 1583, the deputies of Zealand and Utrecht, thus especially alluded to, formally declared their intention to remain in their ancient friendship and union with Holland, "under one sovereignty and government" (Kluit, i. 329, 330). An act to this effect was drawn up, to be referred for ratification to their principals at the next Assembly. It had, however, not been ratified when the proceedings were for ever terminated by the Prince's death (Kluit, 330, 351–353; Bor, xv. 186). Holland accepted this formality as sufficient, and the act of Renversal was accordingly delivered on the 7th of December 1583 (Kluit, i. 330). On the 30th of the same month, forty-nine articles (they are given in full by Bor, xv. 191–194), containing as sensible a plan for a free commonwealth as had ever been drawn up previously to that day in Christendom, were agreed upon by the Prince and the Estates, as the fundamental conditions under which he should be invested with the Countship. The Prince, however, accepted the dignity and the articles only upon the further condition that the whole proceeding should be once more approved and confirmed by the senates of the cities (Kluit, i. 335. Compare Bor, iii. xv. 194b).

[2] Kluit, i. 346, 347. See introduction to this work, Article 5. Kluit, i. 337, note 63.

[3] Kluit, i. 12–16 and 346, sqq.

The appointing power was scrupulously limited. Judges, magistrates, governors, sheriffs, provincial and municipal officers, were to be nominated by the local authorities or by the Estates on the triple principle. From these triple nominations he had only the right of selection by advice and consent of his council. He was expressly enjoined to see that the law was carried to every man's door, without *any distinction* of persons, to submit himself to its behests, to watch against all impediments to the even flow of justice, to prevent false imprisonments, and to secure trials for every accused person by the local tribunals. This was certainly little in accordance with the arbitrary practice of the past quarter of a century.

With respect to the great principle of taxation, stricter bonds even were provided than those which already existed. Not only the right of taxation remained with the States, but the Count was to see that, except for war purposes, every impost was levied by a unanimous vote. He was expressly forbidden to tamper with the currency. As executive head, save in his capacity as commander-in-chief by land or sea, the new sovereign was, in short, strictly limited by self-imposed laws. It had rested with him to dictate or to accept a constitution. He had in his memorable letter of August 1582, from Bruges, laid down generally the articles prepared at Plessis and Bordeaux for Anjou, together with all applicable provisions of the Joyous Entry of Brabant, as the outlines of the constitution for the little commonwealth then forming in the north. To these provisions he was willing to add any others which, after ripe deliberation, might be thought beneficial to the country.

Thus limited were his executive functions. As to his judicial authority, it had ceased to exist. The Count of Holland was now the guardian of the laws, but the judges were to administer them. He held the sword of justice to protect and to execute, while the scales were left in the hands which had learned to weigh and to measure.

As to the Count's legislative authority, it had become co-ordinate with, if not subordinate to, that of the representative body. He was strictly prohibited from interfering with the right of the separate or the general States to assemble as often as they should think proper; and he was also forbidden to summon them outside their own territory.[1] This was one immense step in the progress of representative liberty, and the next was equally important. It was now formally stipulated that the Estates were to deliberate upon all measures which "concerned justice and polity," and that no change was to be made—that is to say, no new law was to pass—without their consent as well as that of the council.[2] Thus, the principle was established of two legislative chambers, with the right, but not the exclusive right, of initiation on the part of Government; and in the sixteenth century one would hardly look for broader views of civil liberty and representative government. The foundation of a free commonwealth was thus securely laid, which, had William lived, would have been a representative monarchy, but which his death converted into a federal republic. It was necessary for the sake of unity to give a connected outline of these proceedings with regard to the sovereignty of Orange. The formal inauguration only remained, and this, as will be seen, was for ever interrupted.

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[1] Kluit, i. 347. [2] Article 20. Compare Kluit, i. 348.

CHAPTER VI.

Parma recalls the foreign troops—Siege of Oudenarde—Coolness of Alexander—Capture of the city and of Ninove—Inauguration of Anjou at Ghent—Attempt upon his life and that of Orange—Lamoral Egmont's implication in the plot—Parma's unsuccessful attack upon Ghent—Secret plans of Anjou—Dunkirk, Ostend, and other towns surprised by his adherents—Failure at Bruges—Suspicions at Antwerp—Duplicity of Anjou—The "French Fury"—Details of that transaction—Discomfiture and disgrace of the Duke—His subsequent effrontery—His letters to the magistracy of Antwerp, to the Estates, and to Orange—Extensive correspondence between Anjou and the French court with Orange and the Estates—Difficult position of the Prince—His policy—Remarkable letter to the States-general—Provisional arrangement with Anjou—Marriage of the Archbishop of Cologne—Marriage of Orange with Louisa de Coligny—Movements in Holland, Brabant, Flanders, and other provinces to induce the Prince to accept sovereignty over the whole country—His steady refusal—Treason of Van den Berg in Gueldres—Intrigues of Prince Chimay and Imbize in Flanders—Counter-efforts of Orange and the patriot party—Fate of Imbize—Reconciliation of Bruges—Death of Anjou.

DURING the course of the year 1582, the military operations on both sides had been languid and desultory, the Prince of Parma, not having a large force at his command, being comparatively inactive. In consequence, however, of the treaty concluded between the United States and Anjou, Parma had persuaded the Walloon provinces that it had now become absolutely necessary for them to permit the entrance of fresh Italian and Spanish troops.[1] This, then, was the end of the famous provision against foreign soldiery in the Walloon treaty of reconciliation. The Abbot of St. Vaast was immediately dispatched on a special mission to Spain, and the troops, by midsummer, had already begun to pour into the Netherlands.[2]

In the meantime, Farnese, while awaiting these reinforcements, had not been idle, but had been quietly picking up several important cities. Early in the spring he had laid siege to Oudenarde, a place of considerable importance upon the Scheld, and celebrated as the birthplace of his grandmother, Margaret van Geest.[3] The burghers were obstinate, the defence was protracted; the sorties were bold, the skirmishes frequent and sanguinary. Alexander commanded personally in the trenches, encouraging his men by his example, and often working with the mattock, or handling a spear in the assault, like a private pioneer or soldier. Towards the end of the siege he scarcely ever left the scene of operation, and he took his meals near the outer defences, that he might lose no opportunity of superintending the labours of his troops. One day his dinner was laid for himself and staff in the open air, close to the entrenchment.[4] He was himself engaged in planting a battery against a weak point in the city wall, and would on no account withdraw for an instant. The tablecloth was stretched over a number of drumheads placed close together, and severals nobles of distinction—Aremberg, Montigny, Richebourg, La Motte, and others, were his guests at dinner. Hardly had the repast commenced, when a ball came flying over the table, taking off the head of a young Walloon officer who was sitting near Parma, and who was earnestly requesting a foremost place in the morrow's assault. A portion of his skull struck out the eye of another gentleman present. A second ball from the town fortifications, equally well directed, destroyed two more of the guests as they sat at the banquet—one a German captain, the other the judge-advocate-general. The blood and brains of these unfortunate individuals were strewn over the festive board, and the others all started to their feet, having little appetite left for their dinner. Alexander alone

1 Bor, xvii. 320, 321.
2 Ibid. Compare Reconc. Prov. Wall., t. v., MS.
3 Bor, vii. 322. Strada, 2. iv. 225-234. Meteren, xi. 195. The city is in Flanders, on the Scheld, in the country of the ancient Nervii, from which valian tribe, according to Meteren, it derived its name, Oudenarde = Oude Naarden, Old Nervii (xi. 195b).
4 Bor, ubi sup. Strada, 2. iv. 225-234.

remained in his seat, manifesting no discomposure. Quietly ordering the attendants to remove the dead bodies, and to bring a clean tablecloth,[1] he insisted that his guests should resume their places at the banquet which had been interrupted in such ghastly fashion. He stated with very determined aspect that he could not allow the heretic burghers of Oudenarde the triumph of frightening him from his dinner or from the post of danger. The other gentlemen could, of course, do no less than imitate the impassibility of their chief, and the repast was accordingly concluded without further interruption. Not long afterwards, the city, close pressed by so determined a commander, accepted terms which were more favourable by reason of the respect which Alexander chose to render to his mother's birthplace. The pillage was commuted for thirty thousand crowns, and on the 5th of July the place was surrendered to Parma almost under the very eyes of Anjou, who was making a demonstration of relieving the siege.[2]

Ninove, a citadel then belonging to the Egmont family, was next reduced. Here, too, the defence was more obstinate than could have been expected from the importance of the place, and as the autumn advanced, Parma's troops were nearly starved in their trenches from the insufficient supplies furnished them. They had eaten no meat but horseflesh for weeks, and even that was gone. The cavalry horses were all consumed, and even the chargers of the officers were not respected. An aide-de-camp of Parma fastened his steed one day at the door of the Prince's tent, while he entered to receive his commander's instructions. When he came out again, a few minutes afterwards, he found nothing but the saddle and bridle hanging where he had fastened the horse. Remonstrance was useless, for the animal had already been cut into quarters, and the only satisfaction offered to the aide-de-camp was in the shape of a steak. The famine was long familiarly known as the "Ninove starvation," but notwithstanding this obstacle the place was eventually surrendered.[3]

An attempt upon Lochum, an important city in Gelderland, was unsuccessful, the place being relieved by the Duke of Anjou's forces, and Parma's troops forced to abandon the siege. At Steenwyk the royal arms were more successful, Colonel Tassis, conducted by a treacherous Frisian peasant, having surprised the city which had so long and so manfully sustained itself against Renneberg during the preceding winter. With this event the active operations under Parma closed for the year. By the end of the autumn, however, he had the satisfaction of numbering, under his command, full sixty thousand well-appointed and disciplined troops, including the large reinforcements recently dispatched from Spain and Italy.[4] The monthly expense of this army—half of which was required for garrison duty, leaving only the other moiety for field operations—was estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand florins.[5] The forces under Anjou and the United Provinces were also largely increased, so that the marrow of the land was again in a fair way of being thoroughly exhausted by its defenders and its foes.[6]

The incidents of Anjou's administration, meantime, during the year 1582, had been few and of no great importance. After the pompous and elaborate "homage-making" at Antwerp, he had, in the month of July, been formally accepted, by writing, as Duke of Gueldres and Lord of Friesland. In the same month he had been ceremoniously inaugurated at Bruges as Count of

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[1] "—— Solus Alexander nec sedem nec vultum mutavit——jubet auferri illinc, humarique cadavera, alia induci in *mensam lintea, alias dapes.*"—Strada, 2. v. 233.

[2] Strada, 2. v. 232-234. Compare Bor, xvii. 322. Hoofd, xix. 812.

[3] Strada, 2. v. 242.

[4] 56,550 infantry and 3537 cavalry—total, 60,087.—Meteren, xi. 198a.

[5] 654,356 guldens.—Meteren.

[6] Meteren, xi. 197. Tassis, vi. 433. Strada, 2. v. 244, 245.

Flanders—an occasion upon which the Prince of Orange had been present. In that ancient and stately city there had been, accordingly, much marching about under triumphal arches, much cannonading and haranguing, much symbol-work of suns dispelling fogs, with other cheerful emblems, much decoration of ducal shoulders with velvet robes lined with weasel-skin, much blazing of tar-barrels and torches.[1] In the midst of this event an attempt was made upon the lives both of Orange and Anjou. An Italian named Basa and a Spaniard called Salseda were detected in a scheme to administer poison to both princes, and when arrested, confessed that they had been hired by the Prince of Parma to compass this double assassination. Basa destroyed himself in prison. His body was, however, gibbeted, with an inscription that he had attempted, at the instigation of Parma, to take the lives of Orange and Anjou. Salseda, less fortunate, was sent to Paris, where he was found guilty, and executed by being torn to pieces by four horses. Sad to relate, Lamoral Egmont, younger son and namesake of the great general, was intimate with Salseda, and implicated in this base design.[2] His mother, on her deathbed, had especially recommended the youth to the kindly care of Orange.[3] The Prince had ever recognised the claim, manifesting uniform tenderness for the son of his ill-starred friend; and now the youthful Lamoral—as if the name of Egmont had not been sufficiently contaminated by the elder brother's treason at Brussels—had become the comrade of hired conspirators against his guardian's life. The affair was hushed up, but the story was current and generally believed that Egmont had himself undertaken to destroy the Prince at his own table by means of poison which he kept concealed in a ring. St. Aldegonde was to have been taken off in the same way, and a hollow ring filled with poison was said to have been found in Egmont's lodgings.[4]

The young noble was imprisoned; his guilt was far from doubtful; but the powerful intercessions of Orange himself, combined with Egmont's near relationship to the French Queen, saved his life, and he was permitted, after a brief captivity, to take his departure for France.[5]

The Duke of Anjou, a month later, was received with equal pomp in the city of Ghent. Here the ceremonies were interrupted in another manner. The Prince of Parma, at the head of a few regiments of Walloons, making an attack on a body of troops by which Anjou had been escorted into Flanders, the troops retreated in good order, and without much loss, under the walls of Ghent, where a long and sharp action took place, much to the disadvantage of Parma. The Prince of Orange and the Duke of Anjou were on the city walls during the whole skirmish, giving orders and superintending the movements of their troops, and at nightfall Parma was forced to retire, leaving a large number of dead behind him.[6]

The 15th day of December in this year was celebrated—according to the new ordinance of Gregory the Thirteenth—as Christmas.[7] It was the occasion of more than usual merrymaking among the Catholics of Antwerp,

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[1] Bor, xvii. 328, 329, 332. Meteren, xi. 196. A rising sun, with the motto, "Fovet et discutit," was the favourite device of Anjou.

[2] Bor, xvii. 331. Hoofd, xix. 814, 815. Meteren, xi. 196. Egmont pretended to be studying alchemy with Salseda.

[3] Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. See a letter of Orange to Josse Borluut, October 11, 1580, requesting him to furnish young Lamoral with needful funds; adding, "Le principal point pour se faire valoir au chemin de la vertu pour auquel continuer au bien en mieulx, ay donné ordre qu'il soit guidé de personnes à ce bien propres et qualifiés."—Documents Inédits, par Kervyn de Volkaersbeke et J. Diegerick, ii. 158.

[4] "Wreede Turkshe wonderlijcke verhaalinge van dit leste verraet, teghen Ducks Dangu (sic) en tegen den edelen P. v. Orangien," etc., etc., Leyden, 1582. This curious pamphlet, in the Duncan Collection, consists of a letter from Bruges of 25th July, and another from Antwerp of 27th July 1582.

[5] Louise de Vaudemont, wife of Henry III., was daughter of the great Count Egmont's sister. She was, consequently, first cousin to young Lamoral.

[6] Bor, xvii. 334. Strada, 2. v. 240, 241. Meteren, xi. 197.

[7] Bor, xvii. 338. Meteren, xi. 198, sqq. Hoofd, xix. 827. Strada, 2. v. 245.

who had procured, during the preceding summer, a renewed right of public worship from Anjou and the Estates. Many nobles of high rank came from France to pay their homage to the new Duke of Brabant. They secretly expressed their disgust, however, at the close constitutional bonds in which they found their own future sovereign imprisoned by the Provinces. They thought it far beneath the dignity of the "Son of France" to play the secondary part of titular Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, Lord of Friesland, and the like, while the whole power of government was lodged with the States. They whispered that it was time to take measures for the incorporation of the Netherlands into France, and they persuaded the false and fickle Anjou that there would never be any hope of his royal brother's assistance, except upon the understanding that the blood and treasure of Frenchmen were to be spent to increase the power, not of upstart and independent provinces, but of the French crown.[1]

They struck the basest chords of the Duke's base nature by awakening his jealousy of Orange. His whole soul vibrated to the appeal. He already hated the man by whose superior intellect he was overawed, and by whose pure character he was shamed. He stoutly but secretly swore that he would assert his own rights, and that he would no longer serve as a shadow, a statue, a zero, a Matthias.[2] It is needless to add, that neither in his own judgment nor in that of his *mignons*, were the constitutional articles which he had recently sworn to support, or the solemn treaty which he had signed and sealed at Bordeaux, to furnish any obstacles to his seizure of unlimited power, whenever the design could be cleverly accomplished. He rested not day or night in the elaboration of his plan.

Early in January 1583, he sent one night for several of his intimate associates, to consult with him after he had retired to bed. He complained of the insolence of the States, of the importunity of the council which they had forced upon him, of the insufficient sums which they furnished both for him and his troops, of the daily insults offered to the Catholic religion. He protested that he should consider himself disgraced in the eyes of all Christendom should he longer consent to occupy his present ignoble position. But two ways were open to him, he observed—either to retire altogether from the Netherlands, or to maintain his authority with the strong hand, as became a prince. The first course would cover him with disgrace. It was therefore necessary for him to adopt the other. He then unfolded his plan to his confidential friends, La Fougère, De Fazy, Valette, the sons of Maréchal Biron, and others. Upon the same day, if possible, he was determined to take possession, with his own troops, of the principal cities in Flanders. Dunkirk, Dixmuyde, Denremonde, Bruges, Ghent, Vilvoorde, Alost, and other important places, were to be simultaneously invaded, under pretext of quieting tumults artfully created and encouraged between the burghers and the garrisons, while Antwerp was reserved for his own especial enterprise. That important capital he would carry by surprise at the same moment in which the other cities were to be secured by his lieutenants.[3]

The plot was pronounced an excellent one by the friends around his bed—all of them eager for Catholic supremacy, for the establishment of the right divine on the part of France to the Netherlands, and for their share in the sacking of so many wealthy cities at once. These worthless *mignons* applauded their weak master to the echo; whereupon the Duke leaped from his bed, and kneeling on the floor in his nightgown, raised his eyes and his clasped

[1] Bor, xvii. 339, sqq. Strada, 2. v. 246, sqq. Meteren, xi. 199, 200. Hoofd, xix. 837, 838.

[2] Bor, xvii. 339. Hoofd, xix. 837. Strada, 2. v. 247.

[3] Bor, xvii 339, 340. Meteren, xi. 200, 201. Hoofd, xix 837, 838. Strada, 2. v 248, 249.

hands to heaven, and piously invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the project which he had thus announced.[1] He added the solemn assurance that, if favoured with success in his undertaking, he would abstain in future from all unchastity, and forego the irregular habits by which his youth had been stained. Having thus bribed the Deity, and received the encouragement of his flatterers, the Duke got into bed again. His next care was to remove the Seigneur du Plessis, whom he had observed to be often in colloquy with the Prince of Orange, his suspicious and guilty imagination finding nothing but mischief to himself in the conjunction of two such natures. He therefore dismissed Du Plessis, under pretext of a special mission to his sister, Margaret of Navarre; but in reality, that he might rid himself of the presence of an intelligent and honourable countryman.[2]

On the 15th January 1583, the day fixed for the execution of the plot, the French commandant of Dunkirk, Captain Chamois, skilfully took advantage of a slight quarrel between the citizens and the garrison to secure that important frontier town. The same means were employed simultaneously, with similar results, at Ostend, Dixmuyde, Denremonde, Alost, and Vilvoorde, but there was a fatal delay at one important city. La Fougère, who had been with Chamois at Dunkirk, was arrested on his way to Bruges by some patriotic citizens who had got wind of what had just been occurring in the other cities, so that when Valette, the provost of Anjou, and Colonel la Rebours, at the head of fifteen hundred French troops, appeared before the gates, entrance was flatly refused. De Grijse, burgomaster of Bruges, encouraged his fellow-townsmen by words and stout action to resist the nefarious project then on foot against religious liberty and free government in favour of a new foreign tyranny.[3] He spoke to men who could sympathise with and second his courageous resolution, and the delay of twenty-four hours, during which the burghers had time to take the alarm, saved the city. The whole population was on the alert, and the baffled Frenchmen were forced to retire from the gates, to avoid being torn to pieces by the citizens whom they had intended to surprise.

At Antwerp, meanwhile, the Duke of Anjou had been rapidly maturing his plan, under pretext of a contemplated enterprise against the city of Endhoven, having concentrated what he esteemed a sufficient number of French troops at Borgerhout, a village close to the walls of Antwerp.

On the 16th of January, suspicion was aroused in the city. A man in a mask entered the mainguard-house in the night, mysteriously gave warning that a great crime was in contemplation, and vanished before he could be arrested. His accent proved him to be a Frenchmen. Strange rumours flew about the streets. A vague uneasiness pervaded the whole population as to the intention of their new master, but nothing was definitely known, for of course there was entire ignorance of the events which were just occurring in other cities. The colonels and captains of the burgher-guard came to consult the Prince of Orange. He avowed the most entire confidence in the Duke of Anjou, but at the same time recommended that the chains should be drawn, the lanterns hung out, and the drawbridge raised an hour earlier than usual, and that other precautions, customary in the expectation of an attack, should be duly taken. He likewise sent the burgomaster of the interior, Dr. Alostanus, to the Duke of Anjou, in order to communicate the suspicions created in the minds of the city authorities by the recent movements of troops.[4]

[1] Deposition of La Fougère, the Duke's maître d'hôtel, in Bor, xvii. 340. Hoofd, xix. 838.
[2] Ibid. Strada, 2. v. 248.
[3] Bor, xvii. 340. Hoofd, xix. 824.
[4] "Corte Verclaering, ghedaen by Burgemeesteren Schepenen ende Raedt der Stadt Antwerpen, nopende den aenslaeg tegen de selve stadt aengerichtet den xvii. deser maendt, Jan. 1583," Antwerp, Christ. Plan-

Anjou, thus addressed, protested in the most solemn manner that nothing was further from his thoughts than any secret enterprise against Antwerp. He was willing, according to the figure of speech which he had always ready upon every emergency, "to shed every drop of his blood in her defence." He swore that he would signally punish all those who had dared to invent such calumnies against himself and his faithful Frenchmen, declaring earnestly, at the same time, that the troops had only been assembled in the regular course of their duty. As the Duke was so loud and so fervent; as he, moreover, made no objections to the precautionary measures which had been taken; as the burgomaster thought, moreover, that the public attention thus aroused would render all evil designs futile, even if any had been entertained; it was thought that the city might sleep in security for that night at least.[1]

On the following morning, as vague suspicions were still entertained by many influential persons, a deputation of magistrates and militia officers waited upon the Duke, the Prince of Orange—although himself still feeling a confidence which seems now almost inexplicable—consenting to accompany them. The Duke was more vehement than ever in his protestations of loyalty to his recent oaths, as well as of deep affection for the Netherlands—for Brabant in particular, and for Antwerp most of all—and he made use of all his vivacity to persuade the Prince, the burgomasters, and the colonels, that they had deeply wronged him by such unjust suspicions. His assertions were accepted as sincere, and the deputation withdrew, Anjou having first solemnly promised, at the suggestion of Orange, not to leave the city during the whole day, in order that unnecessary suspicion might be prevented.[2]

This pledge the Duke proceeded to violate almost as soon as made. Orange returned with confidence to his own house, which was close to the citadel, and therefore far removed from the proposed point of attack; but he had hardly arrived there when he received a visit from the Duke's private secretary, Quinsay, who invited him to accompany his Highness on a visit to the camp. Orange declined the request, and sent an earnest prayer to the Duke not to leave the city that morning. The Duke dined as usual at noon. While at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, the Duke ordered his horse. The animal was restive, and so strenuously resisted being mounted, that, although it was his usual charger, it was exchanged for another. This second horse started in such a flurry that the Duke lost his cloak, and almost his seat. He maintained his self-possession, however, and placing himself at the head of his bodyguard and some troopers, numbering in all three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace-yard towards the Kipdorp gate.[3]

This portal opened on the road towards Borgerhout, where his troops were stationed, and at the present day bears the name of that village. It is on the side of the city farthest removed from and exactly opposite the river. The town was very quiet, the streets almost deserted; for it was one o'clock, the universal dinner-hour, and all suspicion had been disarmed by the energetic protestations of the Duke. The guard at the gate looked listlessly upon the cavalcade as it approached, but as soon as Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it!"[4]

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tin, 1583. This is the official account, published by authority immediately after the event, and the source whence Bor, Meteren, and other contemporary chronicles have derived the details of this important transaction. Compare Bor. xvii. 341, sqq.; Meteren, xi. 201, sqq.; Hoofd, xix. 838, 839, sqq.; Reid., iii. 46.

[1] Corte Verclaering, etc. Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Ev. Reidani, in. 46, 47.

[2] Bor, xvii. 342. Corte Verclaering, etc.

[3] Hoofd, xix. 839-843. Met., xi. 201. Bor, xvii. 342.

[4] Corte Verclaering, etc. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Strada, 2. v. 249. Ev. Reid, iii. 47.

At the same time he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off towards the camp at Borgerhout. Instantly afterwards, a gentleman of his suite, Count Rochepot,[1] affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse, a circumstance by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. Kaiser, the commanding officer at the guard-house, stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.[2]

The expression "broken leg" was the watchword, for at one and the same instant, the troopers and guardsmen of Anjou set upon the burgher watch at the gate, and butchered every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the entrance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop, shrieking "*Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe! vive le Duc d'Anjou!*" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal, at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entering Antwerp at once. From the Kipdorp gate two main arteries—the streets called the Kipdorp and the Meer—led quite through the heart of the city towards the townhouse and the river beyond. Along these great thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace, the cavalry clattering furiously in the van, shouting "*Ville gaignée, ville gaignée! vive la messe, vive la messe! tue, tue, tue!*"[3]

The burghers coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance, were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be merely an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers, meeting with but little effective resistance, were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had during the last few days been carefully examining the treasures of the jewellers, under pretext of purchasing, but as it now appeared with intent to rob intelligently.[4]

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way. Inhabitants of all classes and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand, and swore to die at each other's side in defence of the city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with axe, mallet, and other implements of their trade. A bold baker, standing by his oven—stark naked, according to the custom of bakers at that day—rushed to the street as the sound of the tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread shovel, which he still held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding and screaming by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang all unattired as he was upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks

1 "Dont le nom est enseveli dans l'oubli," says De Thou, adding, "et plût à Dieu que l'histoire de son action le fût aussi!"—Tome ix liv. 57, p. 57. Reid., however, says it was Count Rochepot.—Ann. Belg. 347. De Wert's MS. Journal also gives the name and the incident.

2 De Thou, Reid., Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.

3 Corte Verclaering, etc. Bor. xvii. 343. Hoofd. xix 841. sqq. Meteren, Reid., ubi sup. Strada, 2 v. 249, sqq.

4 Strada, 2. v. 252. Ev. Reidani. ii. 53.

of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterwards by the magistrates for his services, and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.[1]

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the market-place. The resistance which they encountered became every instant more formidable, and Fervacques, a leading French officer, who was captured on the occasion, acknowledged that no regular troops could have fought more bravely than did these stalwart burghers.[2] Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled, not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles, upon the heads of the assailants,[3] while such citizens as had used all their bullets loaded their pieces with the silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted gold and silver coins with their teeth into ammunition. With a population so resolute, the four thousand invaders, however audacious, soon found themselves swallowed up. The city had closed over them like water, and within an hour nearly a third of their whole number had been slain. Very few of the burghers had perished, and fresh numbers were constantly advancing to the attack. The Frenchmen, blinded, staggering, beaten, attempted to retreat. Many threw themselves from the fortifications into the moat. The rest of the survivors struggled through the streets—falling in large numbers at every step—towards the point at which they had so lately entered the city. Here at the Kipdorp gate was a ghastly spectacle, the slain being piled up in the narrow passage full ten feet high, while some of the heap, not quite dead, were striving to extricate a hand or foot, and others feebly thrust forth their heads to gain a mouthful of air.[4]

From the outside, some of Anjou's officers were attempting to climb over this mass of bodies in order to enter the city; from the interior, the baffled and fugitive remnant of their comrades were attempting to force their passage through the same horrible barrier; while many dropped at every instant upon the heap of slain under the blows of the unrelenting burghers.[5] On the other hand, Count Rochepot himself, to whom the principal command of the enterprise had been intrusted by Anjou, stood directly in the path of his fugitive soldiers, not only bitterly upbraiding them with their cowardice, but actually slaying ten or twelve of them with his own hands,[6] as the most effectual mode of preventing their retreat. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp gate before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive. Two hundred and fifty nobles of high rank and illustrious name were killed, recognised at once as they lay in the streets by their magnificent costume. A larger number of the gallant chivalry of France had been sacrificed—as Anjou confessed—in this treacherous and most shameful enterprise, than had often fallen upon noble and honourable fields. Nearly two thousand of the rank and file had perished, and the rest were prisoners. It was at first asserted that exactly fifteen hundred and eighty-three Frenchmen had fallen, but this was only because this number happened to be the date of the year, to which the lovers of marvellous coincidences struggled very hard to make the returns of the dead correspond. Less than one hundred burghers lost their lives.[7]

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[1] Corte Verclaering. Bor, xvii. 343. Meteren, xi. 201. Hoofd, xix. 841, 842. Strada, 2. v. 250. Tassis, vi. 435.

[2] Ev. Reid., iii. 48.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Strada.

[4] Bor, xvii. 343, 344. Meteren, xi. 201. Hoofd, xix. 841–843. Strada, 2. v. 250. "Ut duorum altitudinem hominum exaequaret cadaverum strues."

[5] Meteren, xi. 201, says . who had his information from eye-witnesses. Compare Hoofd, Bor, Meteren, Strada, loc. cit.

[6] Hoofd, xix. 843. Reidani, iii. 47.

[7] According to a statement made by a French prisoner, more than fifty gentlemen had been killed, of whom the poorest had six thousand livres annual income. Bor, xvii. 343. Compare Meteren, xi. 202; Ev. Reid., iii. 48; Strada, 2. v. 252; Hoofd, xix. 843.

Anjou, as he looked on at a distance, was bitterly reproached for his treason by several of the high-minded gentlemen about his person, to whom he had not dared to confide his plot. The Duke of Montpensier protested vehemently that he washed his hands of the whole transaction, whatever might be the issue.[1] He was responsible for the honour of an illustrious house, which should never be stained, he said, if he could prevent it, with such foul deeds. The same language was held by Laval, by Rochefoucauld, and by the Maréchal de Biron, the last gentleman, whose two sons were engaged in the vile enterprise, bitterly cursing the Duke to his face as he rode through the gate after revealing his secret undertaking.[2]

Meanwhile Anjou, in addition to the punishment of hearing these reproaches from men of honour, was the victim of rapid and violent fluctuations of feeling. Hope, fear, triumph, doubt, remorse, alternately swayed him. As he saw the fugitives leaping from the walls, he shouted exultingly, without accurately discerning what manner of men they were, that the city was his, that four thousand of his brave soldiers were there, and were hurling the burghers from the battlements. On being made afterwards aware of his error, he was proportionably depressed; and when it was obvious at last that the result of the enterprise was an absolute and disgraceful failure, together with a complete exposure of his treachery, he fairly mounted his horse, and fled conscience-stricken from the scene.[3]

The attack had been so unexpected, in consequence of the credence that had been rendered by Orange and the magistracy to the solemn protestations of the Duke, that it had been naturally out of any one's power to prevent the catastrophe. The Prince was lodged in a part of the town remote from the original scene of action, and it does not appear that information had reached him that anything unusual was occurring until the affair was approaching its termination. Then there was little for him to do. He hastened, however, to the scene, and mounting the ramparts, persuaded the citizens to cease cannonading the discomfited and retiring foe. He felt the full gravity of the situation, and the necessity of diminishing the rancour of the inhabitants against their treacherous allies, if such a result were yet possible.[4] The burghers had done their duty, and it certainly would have been neither in his power nor his inclination to protect the French marauders from expulsion and castigation.

Such was the termination of the French Fury, and it seems sufficiently strange that it should have been so much less disastrous to Antwerp than was the Spanish Fury of 1576, to which men could still scarcely allude without a shudder. One would have thought the French more likely to prove successful in their enterprise than the Spaniards in theirs. The Spaniards were enemies against whom the city had long been on its guard. The French were friends in whose sincerity a somewhat shaken confidence had just been restored. When the Spanish attack was made, a large force of defenders was drawn up in battle-array behind freshly strengthened fortifications. When the French entered at leisure through a scarcely guarded gate, the whole population and garrison of the town were quietly eating their dinners. The numbers of the invading forces on the two occasions did not materially differ; but at the time of the French Fury there was not a large force of regular troops under veteran generals to resist the attack. Perhaps this was the main reason for the result, which seems at first almost inexplicable. For protection against the Spanish invasion the burghers relied on mercenaries, some of

[1] De Thou, ix. 37, and xxvii.
[2] Hoofd, xix. 834. Bentivoglio, 2. ii 268, 271. De Thou, loc cit.
[3] Corte Verclaering. Meteren, xi. 201d. Bor, xvii 343. Hoofd, xix. 842.
[4] Meteren, xi. 201d. Hoofd, xix. 843. Compare Bentivoglio, 2. ii. 271.

whom proved treacherous, while the rest became panicstruck. On the present occasion the burghers relied on themselves. Moreover, the French committed the great error of despising their enemy. Recollecting the ease with which the Spaniards had ravished the city, they believed that they had nothing to do but to enter and take possession. Instead of repressing their greediness, as the Spaniards had done, until they had overcome resistance, they dispersed almost immediately into by-streets, and entered warehouses to search for plunder. They seemed actuated by a fear that they should not have time to rifle the city before additional troops should be sent by Anjou to share in the spoil.[1] They were less used to the sacking of Netherland cities than were the Spaniards, whom long practice had made perfect in the art of methodically butchering a population at first, before attention should be diverted to plundering and supplementary outrages. At any rate, whatever the causes, it is certain that the panic, which upon such occasions generally decides the fate of the day, seized upon the invaders, and not upon the invaded, almost from the very first. As soon as the marauders faltered in their purpose and wished to retreat, it was all over with them. Returning was worse than advance, and it was the almost inevitable result that hardly a man escaped death or capture.

The Duke retreated the same day in the direction of Denremonde, and on his way met with another misfortune, by which an additional number of his troops lost their lives. A dyke was cut by the Mechlin citizens to impede his march, and the swollen waters of the Dill, liberated and flowing across the country which he was to traverse, produced such an inundation, that at least a thousand of his followers were drowned.[2]

As soon as he had established himself in a camp near Berghem, he opened a correspondence with the Prince of Orange and with the authorities of Antwerp. His language was marked by wonderful effrontery. He found himself and soldiers suffering for want of food; he remembered that he had left much plate and valuable furniture in Antwerp; and he was therefore desirous that the citizens, whom he had so basely outraged, should at once send him supplies and restore his property. He also reclaimed the prisoners who still remained in the city, and to obtain all this he applied to the man whom he had bitterly deceived, and whose life would have been sacrificed by the Duke had the enterprise succeeded.[3]

It had been his intention to sack the city, to re-establish exclusively the Roman Catholic worship, to trample upon the constitution which he had so recently sworn to maintain, to deprive Orange by force of the Renversal by which the Duke recognised the Prince as sovereign of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht;[4] yet, notwithstanding that his treason had been enacted in broad daylight, and in a most deliberate manner, he had the audacity to ascribe the recent tragic occurrences to chance. He had the further originality to speak of himself as an aggrieved person, who had rendered great services to the Netherlands, and who had only met with ingratitude in return. His envoys, Messieurs Landmater and Escolières, dispatched on the very day of the French Fury to the burgomasters and senate of Antwerp, were instructed to remind those magistrates that the Duke had repeatedly exposed his life in the cause of the Netherlands. The affronts, they were to add, which he had received, and the approaching ruin of the country, which he foresaw, had so altered his excellent nature as to engender the present calamity, which he infinitely regretted. Nevertheless, the senate was to be assured that his affection for the commonwealth was still so strong, as to induce a desire on

[1] Strada, 2. v. 252. Reidani, ii. 53.
[2] Met., xi. 202b. Hoofd, xx. 848. Strada, 2. v. 251.
[3] Hoofd, xix. 844. Compare De Thou, t. ix. l. 77.
[4] Bor, xvii. 344.

his part to be informed what course was now to be pursued with regard to him. Information upon that important point was therefore to be requested, while at the same time the liberation of the prisoners at Antwerp, and the restoration of the Duke's furniture and papers, were to be urgently demanded.[1]

Letters of similar import were also dispatched by the Duke to the States of the Union, while to the Prince of Orange his application was brief but brazen. "You know well, my cousin," said he, "the just and frequent causes of offence which this people has given me. The insults which I this morning experienced cut me so deeply to the heart, that they are *the only reasons* of the misfortune which has happened to-day. Nevertheless, to those who desire my friendship I shall show equal friendship and affection. Herein I shall follow the counsel you have uniformly given me, since I know it comes from one who has always loved me. Therefore I beg that you will kindly bring it to pass that I may obtain some decision, and that no injury may be inflicted upon my people. Otherwise the land shall pay for it dearly."[2]

To these appeals, neither the Prince nor the authorities of Antwerp answered immediately in their own names. A general consultation was, however, immediately held with the Estates-general, and an answer forthwith dispatched to the Duke by the hands of his envoys. It was agreed to liberate the prisoners, to restore the furniture, and to send a special deputation for the purpose of making further arrangements with the Duke by word of mouth, and for this deputation his Highness was requested to furnish a safe-conduct.[3]

Anjou was overjoyed when he received this amicable communication. Relieved for a time from his fears as to the result of his crime, he already assumed a higher ground. He not only spoke to the States in a paternal tone, which was sufficiently ludicrous, but he had actually the coolness to *assure them of his forgiveness.* "He felt hurt," he said, "that they should deem a safe-conduct necessary for the deputation which they proposed to send. If they thought that *he had reason,* on account of the past, to feel offended, he begged them to believe that he had forgotten it all, and that he had buried the past in its ashes, even as if it had never been." He furthermore begged them—and this seemed the greatest insult of all—*in future to trust to his word,* and to believe that if anything should be attempted to their disadvantage, he would be the very first to offer himself for their protection.[4]

It will be observed that in his first letters the Duke had not affected to deny his agency in the outrage—an agency so flagrant that all subterfuge seemed superfluous. He, in fact, avowed that the attempt had been made by his command, but sought to palliate the crime on the ground that it had been the result of the ill-treatment which he had experienced from the States. "The affronts which I have received," said he, both to the magistrates of Antwerp and to Orange, "have engendered the present calamity." So also, in a letter written at the same time to his brother, Henry the Third, he observed that "the indignities which were put upon him, and the manifest intention of the States to make a Matthias of him, had been the cause of the catastrophe."[5]

He now, however, ventured a step further. Presuming upon the indulgence which he had already experienced, and bravely assuming the tone of injured innocence, he ascribed the enterprise partly to accident and partly to the insubordination of his troops. This was the ground which he adopted in his interviews with the States' commissioners. So also in a letter addressed to Van der Tympel, commandant of Brussels, in which he begged for supplies for his troops, he described the recent invasion of Antwerp as entirely unex-

[1] Bor (xvii. 344, sqq.) gives the instructions, together with the whole correspondence.

[2] See the letter in Bor, xvii. 452.

[3] Ibid., 345. [4] Ibid. [5] Bor gives the letter, xvii. 348

pected by himself and beyond his control. He had been intending, he said, to leave the city and to join his army. A tumult had accidentally arisen between his soldiers and the guard at the gate. Other troops rushing in from without had joined in the affray, so that to his great sorrow an extensive disorder had arisen. He manifested the same Christian inclination to forgive, however, which he had before exhibited. He observed that "good men would never grow cold in his regard or find his affection diminished." He assured Van der Tympel, in particular, of his ancient good-will, as he knew him to be a lover of the common weal.[1]

In his original communications he had been both cringing and threatening, but at least he had not denied truths which were plain as daylight. His new position considerably damaged his cause. This forgiving spirit on the part of the malefactor was a little more than the States could bear, disposed as they felt, from policy, to be indulgent, and to smooth over the crime as gently as possible. The negotiations were interrupted, and the authorities of Antwerp published a brief and spirited defence of their own conduct. They denied that any affront or want of respect on their part could have provoked the outrage of which the Duke had been guilty. They severely handled his self-contradiction, in ascribing originally the recent attempt to his just vengeance for past injuries, and in afterwards imputing it to accident or sudden mutiny, while they cited the simultaneous attempts at Bruges, Denremonde, Alost, Dixmuyde, Newport, Ostend, Vilvoorde, and Dunkirk, as a series of damning proofs of a deliberate design.[2]

The publication of such plain facts did not advance the negotiations when resumed. High and harsh words were interchanged between his Highness and the commissioners, Anjou complaining, as usual, of affronts and indignities, but when pushed home for particulars, taking refuge in equivocation. "He did not wish," he said, "to reopen wounds which had been partially healed." He also affected benignity, and wishing to forgive and to forget, he offered some articles as the basis of a fresh agreement. Of these, it is sufficient to state that they were entirely different from the terms of the Bordeaux Treaty, and that they were rejected as quite inadmissible.[3]

He wrote again to the Prince of Orange,[4] invoking his influence to bring about an arrangement. The Prince, justly indignant at the recent treachery and the present insolence of the man whom he had so profoundly trusted, but feeling certain that the welfare of the country depended at present upon avoiding, if possible, a political catastrophe, answered the Duke in plain, firm, mournful, and appropriate language. He had ever manifested to his Highness, he said, the most uniform and sincere friendship. He had, therefore, the right to tell him that affairs were now so changed that his greatness and glory had departed. Those men in the Netherlands who but yesterday had been willing to die at the feet of his Highness, were now so exasperated that they avowedly preferred an open enemy to a treacherous protector. He had hoped, he said, that after what had happened in so many cities at the same moment, his Highness would have been pleased to give the deputies a different and a more becoming answer. He had hoped for some response which might lead to an arrangement. He, however, stated frankly, that the articles transmitted by his Highness were so unreasonable that no man in the land would dare open his mouth to recommend them. His Highness by this proceeding had much deepened the distrust. He warned the Duke accordingly that he was not taking the right course to reinstate himself in a position of honour and glory, and he begged him, therefore, to adopt more appropriate

[1] See the letter to Van der Tympel in Bor, xvii. 345, 346.

[2] Bor, vii. 346, 347.

[3] Ibid., xvii. 347.

[4] From Vilvoorde, Jan. 25, 1583. Bor, xvii. 347, 348

means. Such a step was now demanded of him not only by the country, but by all Christendom.[1]

This moderate but heartfelt appeal to the better nature of the Duke—if he had a better nature—met with no immediate response.

While matters were in this condition, a special envoy arrived out of France, dispatched by the King and Queen-mother on the first reception of the recent intelligence from Antwerp.[2] M. de Mirambeau, the ambassador, whose son had been killed in the Fury, brought letters of credence to the States of the Union and to the Prince of Orange.[3] He delivered also a short confidential note, written in her own hand, from Catherine de Medici to the Prince, to the following effect:—

"My Cousin,—The King, my son, and myself send you Monsieur de Mirambeau to prove to you that we do not believe—for we esteem you an honourable man—that you would manifest ingratitude to my son, and to those who have followed him for the welfare of your country. We feel that you have too much affection for one who has the support of so powerful a prince as the King of France as to play him so base a trick. Until I learn the truth, I shall not renounce the good hope which I have always indulged—that you would never have invited my son to your country without intending to serve him faithfully. As long as you do this, you may ever reckon on the support of all who belong to him.—Your good cousin,

"Catherine."[4]

It would have been very difficult to extract much information or much comfort from this wily epistle. The menace was sufficiently plain, the promise disagreeably vague. Moreover, a letter from the same Catherine de Medici had been recently found in a casket at the Duke's lodgings in Antwerp. In that communication she had distinctly advised her son to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion, assuring him that by so doing he would be enabled to marry the Infanta of Spain.[5] Nevertheless, the Prince, convinced that it was his duty to bridge over the deep and fatal chasm which had opened between the French Prince and the provinces, if an honourable reconciliation were possible, did not attach an undue importance either to the stimulating or to the upbraiding portion of the communication from Catherine. He was most anxious to avert the chaos which he saw returning. He knew that while the tempers of Rudolph, of the English Queen, and of the Protestant princes of Germany, and the internal condition of the Netherlands remained the same, it were madness to provoke the Government of France, and thus gain an additional enemy while losing their only friend. He did not renounce the hope of forming all the Netherlands—excepting of course the Walloon provinces, already reconciled to Philip—into one independent commonwealth, freed for ever from Spanish tyranny. A dynasty from a foreign house he was willing to accept, but only on condition that the new royal line should become naturalised in the Netherlands, should conform itself to the strict constitutional compact established, and should employ only natives in the administration of Netherland affairs. Notwithstanding, therefore, the recent treachery of Anjou, he was willing to treat with him upon the ancient basis. The dilemma was a very desperate one, for whatever might be his course, it was impossible that it should escape censure. Even at this

1 The letter is given in Bor, xvii. 348.
2 Bor, xvii. 349. Meteren, xi. 202d.
3 Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Hoofd, xx. 849.
4 Archives et Corresp., viii. 148. Bor, xvii. 349.
5 Hoofd is the authority for the anecdote, having heard it related by old inhabitants of the place. "Replantez la Religion Catholique dans Anvers," said Catherine, "et je me fais fort que vous vous marierez avec l'Infante d'Espagne" (xx. 846). Compare Strada, 2. v. 258, who alludes to the rumour, which was spread "either by Anjou or by Orange," that a marriage between the Duke and the Infanta was in contemplation, and that Parma was privy to the scheme.

day, it is difficult to decide what might have been the result of openly braving the French Government and expelling Anjou. The Prince of Parma—subtle, vigilant, prompt with word and blow—was waiting most anxiously to take advantage of every false step of his adversary. The provinces had been already summoned, in most eloquent language, to take warning by the recent fate of Antwerp, and to learn, by the manifestation just made by Anjou of his real intentions, that their only salvation lay in a return to the King's arms.[1] Anjou himself, as devoid of shame as of honour, was secretly holding interviews with Parma's agents, Acosta and Flaminio Carnero,[2] at the very moment when he was alternately expressing to the States his resentment that they dared to doubt his truth, or magnanimously extending to them his pardon for their suspicions. He was writing letters full of injured innocence to Orange and to the States, while secretly cavilling over the terms of the treaty by which he was to sell himself to Spain. Scruples as to enacting so base a part did not trouble the "Son of France." He did not hesitate at playing this doubly and trebly false game with the provinces, but he was anxious to drive the best possible bargain for himself with Parma. He offered to restore Dunkirk, Dixmuyde, and the other cities which he had so recently filched from the States, and to enter into a strict alliance with Philip; but he claimed that certain Netherland cities on the French frontier should be made over to him in exchange. He required, likewise, ample protection for his retreat from a country which was likely to be sufficiently exasperated. Parma and his agents smiled, of course, at such exorbitant terms.[3] Nevertheless, it was necessary to deal cautiously with a man who, although but a poor baffled rogue to-day, might to-morrow be seated on the throne of France. While they were all secretly haggling over the terms of the bargain, the Prince of Orange discovered the intrigue.[4] It convinced him of the necessity of closing with a man whose baseness was so profound, but whose position made his enmity, on the whole, more dangerous than his friendship. Anjou, backed by so astute and unscrupulous a politician as Parma, was not to be trifled with. The feeling of doubt and anxiety was spreading daily through the country; many men, hitherto firm, were already wavering, while at the same time the Prince had no confidence in the power of any of the States, save those of Holland and Utrecht, to maintain a resolute attitude of defiance, if not assisted from without.

He therefore endeavoured to repair the breach, if possible, and thus save the Union. Mirambeau, in his conferences with the Estates, suggested, on his part, all that words could effect. He expressed the hope that the Estates would use their discretion "in compounding some sweet and friendly medicine" for the present disorder, and that they would not judge the Duke too harshly for a fault which he assured them did not come from his natural disposition. He warned them that the enemy would be quick to take advantage of the present occasion to bring about, if possible, their destruction, and he added, that he was commissioned to wait upon the Duke of Anjou, in order to assure him that, however alienated he might then be from the Netherlands, his Majesty was determined to effect an entire reconciliation.[5]

The envoy conferred also with the Prince of Orange, and urged him most earnestly to use his efforts to heal the rupture. The Prince, inspired by the sentiments already indicated, spoke with perfect sincerity. His Highness, he said, had never known a more faithful and zealous friend than himself. He had begun to lose his own credit with the people by reason of the earnestness

[1] Bor, xvii. 348, sqq. Meteren, xi. 202. Hoofd, xx. 849.
[2] Strada, ii. 257.
[3] Strada, ii. 255–257.
[4] Ibid., 257.
[5] Bor, xvii. 349. Compare Meteren, xi. 202, 203. Hoofd, xx. 850.

with which he had ever advocated the Duke's cause, and he could not flatter himself that his recommendation would now be of any advantage to his Highness. It would be more injurious than his silence. Nevertheless, he was willing to make use of all the influence which was left to him for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation, provided that the Duke were acting in good faith. If his Highness were now sincerely desirous of conforming to the *original treaty*, and willing to atone for the faults *committed by him on the same day in so many cities*—offences which could not be excused upon the ground of any affronts which he might have received from the citizens of Antwerp—it might even now be possible to find a remedy for the past. He very bluntly told the envoy, however, that the frivolous excuses offered by the Duke caused more bitterness than if he had openly acknowledged his fault. It were better, he said, to express contrition than to excuse himself by laying blame on those to whom no blame belonged, but who, on the contrary, had ever shown themselves faithful servants of his Highness.[1]

The Estates of the Union, being in great perplexity as to their proper course, now applied formally, as they always did in times of danger and doubt, to the Prince, for a public expression of his views.[2] Somewhat reluctantly he complied with their wishes in one of the most admirable of his state papers.[3]

He told the States that he felt some hesitation in expressing his views. The blame of the general ill success was always laid upon his shoulders; as if the chances of war could be controlled even by a great potentate with ample means at his disposal. As for himself, with so little actual power that he could never have a single city provided with what he thought a sufficient garrison, it could not be expected that he could command fortune. His advice, he said, was always asked, but ever judged good or evil according to the result, as if the issue were in any hands but God's. It did not seem advisable for a man of his condition and years, who had so often felt the barb of calumny's tongue, to place his honour again in the judgment-scale of mankind, particularly as he was likely to incur fresh censure for another man's crime.[4] Nevertheless, he was willing, for the love he bore the land, once more to encounter this danger.

He then rapidly reviewed the circumstances which had led to the election of Anjou, and reminded the Estates that they had employed sufficient time to deliberate concerning that transaction. He recalled to their remembrance his frequent assurances of support and sympathy if they would provide any other means of self-protection than the treaty with the French Prince. He thought it, therefore, unjust, now that calamity had sprung from the measure, to ascribe the blame entirely to him, even had the injury been greater than the one actually sustained. He was far from palliating the crime, or from denying that the Duke's rights under the treaty of Bordeaux had been utterly forfeited. He was now asked what was to be done. Of three courses, he said, one must be taken: they must make their peace with the King, or consent to a reconciliation with Anjou, or use all the strength which God had given them to resist, single-handed, the enemy. With regard to the first point, he resumed the argument as to the hopelessness of a satisfactory arrangement with the monarch of Spain. The recent reconciliation of the Walloon provinces and its shameful infraction by Parma in the immediate recall of large

[1] Bor, xvii. 349.
[2] Ibid. Meteren, xi. 203b. Hoofd, xx. 851.
[3] Given in full by Bor, xvii. 349-354, and abridged by Meteren, xi. 203-205, and Hoofd, xx. 851-856.
[4] The Prince was always keenly sensitive to attacks upon his honour. On the other hand, he was singularly exempt from "the last infirmity of noble minds." "To reply to what men tell me, *namely, that I have rendered my name sufficiently famous*," he observed in a remarkable letter to his brother at this period, "seems quite superfluous, *since never did such vanity* move me to so much labour, so many losses, and to confront such dangerous enmities."—Archives et Correspondance, viii. 354, 355.

masses of Spanish and Italian troops, showed too plainly the value of all solemn stipulations with his Catholic Majesty. Moreover, the time was unpropitious. It was idle to look, after what had recently occurred, for even fair promises. It was madness, then, to incur the enmity of two such powers at once. The French could do the Netherlands more harm as enemies than the Spaniards. The Spaniards would be more dangerous as friends, for in case of a treaty with Philip, the Inquisition would be established in the place of a religious peace. For these reasons the Prince declared himself entirely opposed to any negotiations with the crown of Spain.

As to the second point, he admitted that Anjou had gained little honour by his recent course, and that it would be a mistake on their part to stumble a second time over the same stone. He foresaw, nevertheless, that the Duke —irritated as he was by the loss of so many of his nobles, and by the downfall of all his hopes in the Netherlands—would be likely to inflict great injuries upon their cause. Two powerful nations like France and Spain would be too much to have on their hands at once. How much danger, too, would be incurred by braving at once the open wrath of the French King and the secret displeasure of the English Queen. She had warmly recommended the Duke of Anjou. She had said that honours to him were rendered to herself, and she was now entirely opposed to their keeping the present quarrel alive.[1] If France became their enemy, the road was at once opened through that kingdom for Spain. The Estates were to ponder well whether they possessed the means to carry on such a double war without assistance. They were likewise to remember how many cities still remained in the hands of Anjou, and their possible fate if the Duke were pushed to extremity.

The third point was then handled with vigour. He reminded the States of the perpetual difficulty of raising armies, of collecting money to pay for troops, of inducing cities to accept proper garrisons, of establishing a council which could make itself respected. He alluded briefly and bitterly to the perpetual quarrels of the States among themselves; to their mutual jealousy; to their obstinate parsimony; to their jealousy of the general Government; to their apathy and inertness before impending ruin. He would not calumniate those, he said, who counselled trust in God. That was his sentiment also. To attempt great affairs, however, and, through avarice, to withhold sufficient means, was not trusting, but tempting God. On the contrary, it was trusting God to use the means which He offered to their hands.

With regard, then, to the three points, he rejected the first. Reconciliation with the King of Spain was impossible. For his own part, he would much *prefer the third course.* He had always been in favour of their maintaining independence by their own means and the assistance of the Almighty. He was obliged, however, in sadness, to confess that the narrow feeling of individual state rights, the general tendency to disunion, and the constant wrangling, had made this course a hopeless one. There remained, therefore, only the second, and they must effect an honourable reconciliation with Anjou. Whatever might be their decision, however, it was meet that it should be a speedy one. Not an hour was to be lost. Many fair churches of God, in Anjou's power, were trembling on the issue, and religious and political liberty was more at stake than ever. In conclusion, the Prince again expressed his

[1] Discourse of Orange, apud Bor, loc. cit. "Vous conseiller et vous admonestrer," wrote Elizabeth to the States-general, "que vous donnez bien garde d'offencer un Prince de sa qualité——aijant déjà par *le mépris passé refroidi beaucoup en lui la premiere affection* qu'il vous portoit (!). Car vous pourriez aisement penser que s'il est *si avant irrité par telles façons* de faire qu'il en devienne votre ennemi. Celui sera chose assez facile de se venger sur vous avec les moyens et la force que son frère lui pourra mettre en main," etc.—Lettre de la Serne Reine d'Anglet., MS., 20 Ap. 1583, Ord. Depech. Boek der Staten-gen., Ao. 1582–83, f. 557vo. Compare Elizabeth's instructions to Sir John Somers, special envoy to the Duke of Anjou, Meteren, xi. 203.

determination, whatever might be their decision, to devote the rest of his days to the services of his country.[1]

The result of these representations by the Prince—of frequent letters from Queen Elizabeth[2] urging a reconciliation—and of the professions made by the Duke and the French envoys, was a provisional arrangement, signed on the 26th and 28th of March. According to the terms of this accord, the Duke was to receive thirty thousand florins for his troops, and to surrender the cities still in his power. The French prisoners were to be liberated, the Duke's property at Antwerp was to be restored, and the Duke himself was to await at Dunkirk the arrival of plenipotentiaries to treat with him as to a new and perpetual arrangement.[3]

The negotiations, however, were languid. The quarrel was healed on the surface, but confidence so recently and violently uprooted was slow to revive.

On the 28th of June, the Duke of Anjou left Dunkirk for Paris, never to return to the Netherlands; but he exchanged on his departure affectionate letters with the Prince and the Estates. M. des Pruneaux remained as his representative, and it was understood that the arrangements for reinstalling him as soon as possible in the sovereignty which he had so basely forfeited were to be pushed forward with earnestness.[4]

In the spring of the same year, Gerard Truchses, Archbishop of Cologne, who had lost his see for the love of Agnes Mansfeld, whom he had espoused in defiance of the Pope, took refuge with the Prince of Orange at Delft.[5] A civil war in Germany broke forth, the Protestant princes undertaking to support the Archbishop, in opposition to Ernest of Bavaria, who had been appointed in his place. The Palatine, John Casimir, thought it necessary to mount and ride as usual. Making his appearance at the head of a hastily collected force, and prepared for another plunge into chaos, he suddenly heard, however, of his elder brother's death at Heidelberg. Leaving his men, as was his habit, to shift for themselves, and Baron Truchses, the Archbishop's brother, to fall into the hands of the enemy, he disappeared from the scene with great rapidity, in order that his own interests in the Palatinate and in the guardianship of the young Palatines might not suffer by his absence.[6]

At this time, too, on the 12th of April, the Prince of Orange was married, for the fourth time, to Louisa, widow of the Seigneur de Teligny, and daughter of the illustrious Coligny.[7]

In the course of the summer, the States of Holland and Zealand, always bitterly opposed to the connection with Anjou, and more than ever dissatisfied with the resumption of negotiations since the Antwerp catastrophe, sent a committee to the Prince in order to persuade him to set his face against the whole proceedings. They delivered at the same time a formal remonstrance in writing (25th of August 1583), in which they explained how odious the arrangement with the Duke had ever been to them. They expressed the opinion that even the wisest might be sometimes mistaken, and that the Prince had been bitterly deceived by Anjou and by the French court. They besought him to rely upon the assistance of the Almighty, and upon the exertions of the nation, and they again hinted at the propriety of his accepting that supreme sovereignty over all the united provinces which would be so gladly conferred; while, for their own parts, they voluntarily offered largely to increase the sums annually contributed to the common defence.[8]

Very soon afterwards, in August 1583, the States of the United Provinces assembled at Middelburg formally offered the general government—which,

[1] Discourse of Orange, etc. [2] Meteren, xi. 203.
[3] See the Accord, in twenty-one articles, in Bor, xvii. 355-357.
[4] Bor, xviii. 371, 372, sqq. Meteren, xi. 206c.
[5] Bor, xviii. 360, 361.
[6] Ibid., ubi sup.
[7] Ibid., xviii. 366. Meteren, xi. 205. Hoofd, xx. 864.
[8] Bor, xviii. 397, 398.

under the circumstances, was the general sovereignty—to the Prince, warmly urging his acceptance of the dignity. He manifested, however, the same reluctance which he had always expressed, demanding that the project should beforehand be laid before the councils of all the large cities, and before the Estates of certain provinces which had not been represented at the Middelburg diet. He also made use of the occasion to urge the necessity of providing more generously for the army expenses and other general disbursements. As to ambitious views, he was a stranger to them, and his language at this moment was as patriotic and self-denying as at any previous period. He expressed his thanks to the Estates for this renewed proof of their confidence in his character, and this additional approbation of his course,—a sentiment which he was always ready, "as a good patriot, to justify by his most faithful service." He reminded them, however, that he was no great monarch having in his own hands the means to help and the power to liberate them; and that even were he in possession of all which God had once given him, he should be far from strong enough to resist, single-handed, their powerful enemy. All that was left to him, he said, was an "honest and moderate experience in affairs." With this he was ever ready to serve them to the utmost; but they knew very well that the means to make that experience available were to be drawn from the country itself. With modest simplicity, he observed that he had been at work fifteen or sixteen years, doing his best, with the grace of God, to secure the freedom of the fatherland and to resist tyranny of conscience; that he alone, assisted by his brothers and some friends and relatives, had borne the whole burthen in the beginning, and that he had afterwards been helped by the States of Holland and Zealand, so that he could not but render thanks to God for His great mercy in thus granting His blessing to so humble an instrument, and thus restoring so many beautiful provinces to their ancient freedom and to the true religion. The Prince protested that this result was already a sufficient reward for his labours—a great consolation in his sufferings. He had hoped, he said, that the Estates, "taking into consideration his long-continued labours, would have been willing to excuse him from a new load of cares, and would have granted him some little rest in his already advanced age;" that they would have selected "some other person more fitted for the labour, whom he would himself faithfully promise to assist to the best of his abilities, rendering him willing obedience proportionate to the authority conferred upon him."[1]

Like all other attempts to induce the acceptance by the Prince of supreme authority, this effort proved ineffectual, from the obstinate unwillingness of his hand to receive the proffered sceptre.

In connection with this movement, and at about the same epoch, Jacob Swerius, member of the Brabant Council, with other deputies, waited upon Orange, and formally tendered him the sovereign dukedom of Brabant,[2] forfeited and vacant by the late crime of Anjou. The Prince, however, resolutely refused to accept the dignity, assuring the committee that he had not the means to afford the country as much protection as they had a right to expect from their sovereign. He added, that "he would never give the King of Spain the right to say that the Prince of Orange had been actuated by no other motives in his career than the hope of self-aggrandisement, and the desire to deprive his Majesty of the provinces in order to appropriate them to himself."[3]

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[1] Message of Orange to the States-general, MS.—"Ghe exhibeert by sijne Excie den vi. Sept. 1583."—Ordinaris Depêchen Boek der Stat.-gen., Ao. 1583–84, f. 21, 22, Hague Archives. This very important and characteristic document has never been published.

[2] Bor, xix. 455b, who had his information from Jacob Swerius himself. Compare Wagenaer, vii. 484.

[3] "Maer dat het syne Excellentie afsloeg seggende den middel van sich selven niet te hebben om dat te beschermen en dat hy ook de Koning van Spangien

Accordingly, firmly refusing to heed the overtures of the United States, and of Holland in particular, he continued to further the re-establishment of Anjou —a measure in which, as he deliberately believed, lay the only chance of union and independence.

The Prince of Parma, meantime, had not been idle. He had been unable to induce the provinces to listen to his wiles, and to rush to the embrace of the monarch whose arms he described as ever open to the repentant. He had, however, been busily occupied in the course of the summer in taking up many of the towns which the treason of Anjou had laid open to his attacks.[1]

Eindhoven, Diest, Dunkirk, Newport, and other places, were successively surrendered to royalist generals.[2] On the 22d of September 1583, the city of Zutfen, too, was surprised by Colonel Tassis, on the fall of which most important place, the treason of Orange's brother-in-law, Count van den Berg, Governor of Gueldres, was revealed. His fidelity had been long suspected, particularly by Count John of Nassau, but always earnestly vouched for by his wife and by his sons.[3] On the capture of Zutfen, however, a document was found and made public, by which Van den Berg bound himself to deliver the principal cities of Gueldres and Zutfen, beginning with Zutfen itself, into the hands of Parma, on condition of receiving the pardon and friendship of the King.[4]

Not much better could have been expected of Van den Berg. His pusillanimous retreat from his post in Alva's time will be recollected; and it is certain that the Prince had never placed implicit confidence in his character. Nevertheless, it was the fate of this great man to be often deceived by the friends whom he trusted, although never to be outwitted by his enemies. Van den Berg was arrested on the 15th of November, carried to the Hague, examined and imprisoned for a time in Delftshaven. After a time he was, however, liberated, when he instantly, with all his sons, took service under the King.[5]

While treason was thus favouring the royal arms in the north, the same powerful element, to which so much of the Netherland misfortunes had always been owing, was busy in Flanders.

Towards the end of the year 1583, the Prince of Chimay, eldest son of the Duke of Aerschot, had been elected Governor of that province.[6] This noble was as unstable in character as vain, as unscrupulous and as ambitious as his father and uncle. He had been originally desirous of espousing the eldest daughter of the Prince of Orange, afterwards the Countess of Hohenlo, but the Duchess of Aerschot was too strict a Catholic to consent to the marriage,[7] and her son was afterwards united to the Countess of Meghem, widow of Lancelot Berlaymont.[8]

As affairs seemed going on prosperously for the States in the beginning of this year, the Prince of Chimay had affected a strong inclination for the Reformed religion, and, as Governor of Bruges, he had appointed many members of that Church to important offices, to the exclusion of Catholics.

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geen oorsake wilde geven te seggen dat hy anders niet hadde gesocht dan hem alle sijne landen of te nemen."—Bor, loc. cit.

[1] Strada, 2. v. 259, sqq.

[2] Bor, xviii. 366, 367, 371, 372. Strada, 2. v. 259–266. Meteren, xi. 206, 207. Hoofd, xx. 866–872. Tassis, vi. 436, 437, 440.

[3] See the letters of the various members of the family in Archives et Correspondance, vii. passim.

[4] See the Agreement (signed and sealed upon the 25th of August 1583), apud Bor, 3. xviii. 402. He had succeeded Count John in the stadholderate of Gueldres in 1581, but the appointment had never been particularly agreeable to the Prince of Orange. When applied to by Van den Berg for a recommendation, he had thus addressed the Estates of Gueldres: "My brother-in-law, desirous of obtaining the government of your province, has asked for my recommendation. He professes the greatest enthusiasm for the service and the just cause of the fatherland. I could wish that he had shown it sooner. Nevertheless, 'tis better late than never."—Ev. Reid., 37. Hoofd, xx. 875.

[5] Bor, xviii. 402. Hoofd, xx. 875. Archives et Correspondance, viii. 288, sqq.

[6] Bor, xviii. 406, sqq. Meteren, xi. 206, 207.

[7] Meteren, xii. 209.

[8] The same lady whose charms and whose dower had so fatal an influence upon the career of Count Renneberg.

By so decided a course, he acquired the confidence of the patriot party, and at the end of the year he became Governor of Flanders. No sooner was he installed in this post, than he opened a private correspondence with Parma, for it was his intention to make his peace with the King, and to purchase pardon and advancement by the brilliant service which he now undertook of restoring this important province to the royal authority. In the arrangement of his plans he was assisted by Champagny, who, as will be recollected, had long been a prisoner in Ghent, but whose confinement was not so strict as to prevent frequent intercourse with his friends without.[1] Champagny was indeed believed to be the life of the whole intrigue. The plot was, however, forwarded by Imbize, the roaring demagogue whose republicanism could never reconcile itself with what he esteemed the aristocratic policy of Orange, and whose stern puritanism could be satisfied with nothing short of a general extermination of Catholics. This man, after having been allowed to depart, infamous and contemptible, from the city which he had endangered, now ventured, after five years, to return, and to engage in fresh schemes, which were even more criminal than his previous enterprises. The uncompromising foe to Romanism, the advocate of Grecian and Genevan democracy, now allied himself with Champagny and with Chimay to effect a surrender of Flanders to Philip and to the Inquisition. He succeeded in getting himself elected chief senator in Ghent, and forthwith began to use all his influence to further the secret plot.[2] The joint efforts and intrigues of Parma, Champagny, Chimay, and Imbize were near being successful. Early in the spring of 1584 a formal resolution was passed by the Government of Ghent to open negotiations with Parma. Hostages were accordingly exchanged, and a truce of three weeks was agreed upon, during which an animated correspondence was maintained between the authorities of Ghent and the Prince of Chimay on the one side, and the United States-general, the magistracy of Antwerp, the States of Brabant, and other important bodies on the other.

The friends of the Union and of liberty used all their eloquence to arrest the city of Ghent in its course, and to save the province of Flanders from accepting the proposed arrangement with Parma. The people of Ghent were reminded that the chief promoter of this new negotiation was Champagny,[3] a man who owed a deep debt of hatred to their city, for the long, and, as he believed, the unjust confinement which he had endured within its walls. Moreover, he was the brother of Granvelle, source of all their woes. To take counsel with Champagny was to come within reach of a deadly foe, for "he who confesses himself to a wolf," said the burgomasters of Antwerp, "will get wolf's absolution." The Flemings were warned by all their correspondents that it was puerile to hope for faith in Philip, a monarch whose first principle was, that promises to heretics were void. They were entreated to pay no heed to the "sweet singing of the royalists," who just then affected to disapprove of the practice adopted by the Spanish Inquisition, that they might more surely separate them from their friends. "Imitate not," said the magistrates of Brussels, "the foolish sheep who made with the wolves a treaty of perpetual amity, from which the faithful dogs were to be excluded." It was affirmed—and the truth was certainly beyond peradventure—that religious liberty was dead at the moment when the treaty with Parma should be signed. "To look

[1] Bor, xviii. 406. Meteren, xii. 211. Ev. Reidani, lii. 55.

[2] Bor, xviii. 407. Meteren, xii. 211, 212. Hoofd, xx. 885, 886. Van der Vynckt, iii. 104–110.

[3] Bor, xviii. 407, 410–419. "There is a report," wrote the Prince of Orange to the magistracy of Ghent, "that a passport has been given to one of our most especial enemies (eenen van onse particulariste vyanden) to come within the city of Ghent in order to converse with Champagny by word of mouth (mondelinge met Champigny te spreecken)."—Letter of May 31, in De Jonge, Onuitgegevene Stukken, Gravenhage und Amsterdam, 1827. "'Tis Champagny who is at the bottom of all these proceedings," wrote the States of Brabant to the magistrates of Ghent.—Letter of March 14, in Bor, xviii. 415, 416.

for political privilege or evangelical liberty," said the Antwerp authorities, "in any arrangement with the Spaniards, is to look for light in darkness, for fire in water." "Philip is himself the slave of the Inquisition," said the States-general, "and has but one great purpose in life—to cherish the institution everywhere, and particularly in the Netherlands. Before Margaret of Parma's time, one hundred thousand Netherlanders had been burned or strangled, and Alva had spent seven years in butchering and torturing many thousands more." The magistrates of Brussels used similar expressions.[1] "The King of Spain," said they to their brethren of Ghent, "is fastened to the Inquisition. Yea, he is so much in its power, that even if he desired, he is unable to maintain his promises."[2] The Prince of Orange, too, was indefatigable in public and private efforts to counteract the machinations of Parma and the Spanish party in Ghent. He saw with horror the progress which the political decomposition of that most important commonwealth was making, for he considered the city the keystone to the union of the provinces; for he felt, with a prophetic instinct, that its loss would entail that of all the southern provinces, and make a united and independent Netherland state impossible. Already in the summer of 1583 he addressed a letter full of wisdom and of warning to the authorities of Ghent, a letter in which he set fully before them the iniquity and stupidity of their proceedings, while at the same time he expressed himself with so much dexterity and caution as to avoid giving offence, by accusations which he made, as it were, hypothetically, when, in truth, they were real ones.[3]

These remonstrances were not fruitless, and the authorities and citizens of Ghent once more paused ere they stepped from the precipice. While they were thus wavering, the whole negotiation with Parma was abruptly brought to a close by a new incident, the demagogue Imbize having been discovered in a secret attempt to obtain possession of the city of Denremonde, and deliver it to Parma.[4] The old acquaintance, ally, and enemy of Imbize, the Seigneur de Ryhove, was commandant of the city, and information was privately conveyed to him of the design, before there had been time for its accomplishment. Ryhove, being thoroughly on his guard, arrested his old comrade, who was shortly afterwards brought to trial, and executed at Ghent.[5] John van Imbize had returned to the city from which the contemptuous mercy of Orange had permitted him formerly to depart, only to expiate fresh turbulence and fresh treason by a felon's death. Meanwhile the citizens of Ghent, thus warned by word and deed, passed an earnest resolution to have no more intercourse with Parma, but to abide faithfully by the Union.[6] Their example was followed by the other Flemish cities, excepting, unfortunately, Bruges; for that important town, being entirely in the power of Chimay, was now surrendered by him to the royal Government. On the 20th of May 1584, Baron Montigny, on the part of Parma, signed an accord with the Prince of Chimay, by which the city was restored to his Majesty, and by which all inhabitants not willing to abide by the Roman Catholic religion were permitted to leave the land. The Prince was received with favour by Parma on conclusion of the transaction, and subsequently met with advancement from the King, while the Princess, who had embraced the Reformed religion, retired to Holland.[7]

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[1] Letter of the burgomasters of Antwerp to the authorities of Ghent, in Bor, xviii. 417. Letter from the magistrates of Brussels to those of Ghent, March 16, 1584, Bor, xviii. 414. Letter of States-general to Prince of Chimay and the bailiffs of Bruges, March 17, 1584, Bor, 3. xviii. 410b.

[2] Letter of magistrates of Brussels, Bor, xviii. 414.

[3] The letter is published, together with others of great interest, by De Jonge, Onuitgegevene Stukken, 84–92.

[4] Bor, xviii. 420. Meteren, xi. 212. Hoofd, xx. 886. Van der Vynckt, iii. 105–110.

[5] Van der Vynckt, iii. 110. Meteren, xii. 213a. In the month of August 1584.

[6] Bor, xviii. 420.

[7] Ibid., 420–423.

The only other city of importance gained on this occasion by the Government was Ypres, which had been long besieged, and was soon afterwards forced to yield. The new Bishop, on taking possession, resorted to instant measures for cleansing a place which had been so long in the hands of the infidels, and, as the first step in this purification, the bodies of many heretics who had been buried for years were taken from their graves, and publicly hanged in their coffins. All living adherents to the Reformed religion were instantly expelled from the place.[1]

Ghent and the rest of Flanders were, for the time, saved from the power of Spain, the inhabitants being confirmed in their resolution of sustaining their union with the other provinces by the news from France. Early in the spring the negotiations between Anjou and the States-general had been earnestly renewed, and Junius, Mouillerie, and Asseliers had been dispatched on a special mission to France, for the purpose of arranging a treaty with the Duke. On the 19th of April 1584 they arrived in Delft on their return, bringing warm letters from the French court, full of promises to assist the Netherlands; and it was understood that a constitution, upon the basis of the original arrangement of Bordeaux, would be accepted by the Duke.[2] These arrangements were, however, terminated by the death of Anjou, who had been ill during the whole course of the negotiations. On the 10th of June 1584 he expired at Chateau Thierry, in great torture, sweating blood from every pore, and under circumstances which, as usual, suggested strong suspicions of poison.[3]

CHAPTER VII.

Various attempts upon the life of Orange—Delft—Mansion of the Prince described—Francis Guion or Balthazar Gérard—His antecedents—His correspondence and interviews with Parma and with D'Assonleville—His employment in France—His return to Delft and interview with Orange—The crime—The confession—The punishment—The consequences—Concluding remarks.

It has been seen that the Ban against the Prince of Orange had not been hitherto without fruits, for although unsuccessful, the efforts to take his life and earn the promised guerdon had been incessant. The attempt of Jaureguy at Antwerp, of Salseda and Baza at Bruges, have been related, and in March 1583, moreover, one Pietro Dordogno was executed in Antwerp for endeavouring to assassinate the Prince. Before his death, he confessed that he had come from Spain solely for the purpose, and that he had conferred with La Motte, Governor of Gravelines, as to the best means of accomplishing his design.[4] In April 1584, Hans Hanzoon, a merchant of Flushing, had been executed for attempting to destroy the Prince by means of gunpowder concealed under his house in that city, and under his seat in the church. He confessed that he had deliberately formed the intention of performing the deed, and that he had discussed the details of the enterprise with the Spanish ambassador in Paris.[5] At about the same time, one Le Goth, a captive French officer, had been applied to by the Marquis de Richebourg, on the part of Alexander of Parma, to attempt the murder of the Prince. Le Goth had consented, saying that nothing could be more easily done; and that he would undertake to poison him in a dish of eels, of which he knew him to be particularly fond. The Frenchman was liberated with this understanding,

[1] Bor, xviii. 425. Hoofd, xx. 887.
[2] Bor, xviii. 423.
[3] Bor, xviii. 426. Meteren, xii. 214. Hoofd, xx. 890, 891. Ev. Reidani, iii. 54. De Thou, ix. 181–184.
[4] Meteren, xi. 205d.
[5] Ibid. Bor, xviii. 423. Hoofd, xx. 892

but being very much the friend of Orange, straightway told him the whole story, and remained ever afterwards a faithful servant of the States.[1] It is to be presumed that he excused the treachery to which he owed his escape from prison on the ground that faith was no more to be kept with murderers than with heretics. Thus within two years there had been five distinct attempts to assassinate the Prince, all of them with the privity of the Spanish Government. A sixth was soon to follow.

In the summer of 1584, William of Orange was residing at Delft,[2] where his wife, Louisa de Coligny, had given birth, in the preceding winter, to a son, afterwards the celebrated stadholder, Frederic Henry. The child had received these names from his two godfathers, the Kings of Denmark and of Navarre, and his baptism had been celebrated with much rejoicing on the 12th of June in the place of his birth.[3]

It was a quiet, cheerful, yet somewhat drowsy little city, that ancient burgh of Delft. The placid canals by which it was intersected in every direction were all planted with whispering, umbrageous rows of limes and poplars, and along these watery highways the traffic of the place glided so noiselessly that the town seemed the abode of silence and tranquillity. The streets were clean and airy, the houses well built, the whole aspect of the place thriving.

One of the principal thoroughfares was called the old Delft Street. It was shaded on both sides by lime-trees, which in that midsummer season covered the surface of the canal which flowed between them with their light and fragrant blossoms. On one side of this street was the "old kirk," a plain, antique structure of brick, with lancet windows, and with a tall, slender tower, which inclined, at a very considerable angle, towards a house upon the other side of the canal. That house was the mansion of William the Silent. It stood directly opposite the church, being separated by a spacious courtyard from the street, while the stables and other offices in the rear extended to the city wall. A narrow lane, opening out of Delft Street, ran along the side of the house and court, in the direction of the ramparts. The house was a plain, two-storied edifice of brick, with red-tiled roof, and had formerly been a cloister dedicated to St. Agatha, the last prior of which had been hanged by the furious Lumey de la Marck.

The news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, the 8th of July 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the dispatches before leaving his bed, caused the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the Duke.[4] The courier was accordingly admitted to the Prince's bedchamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the Reformed faith.[5] A

[1] Meteren, xi. 205, 206. Hoofd, xx. 891, 892. He is sometimes called Gott.

[2] He had removed thither from Antwerp on the 22d July 1583. His departure from the commercial metropolis had been hastened by an indignity offered to him by a portion of the populace, on the occasion of some building which had been undertaken in the neighbourhood of the citadel. A senseless rumour had been circulated that the Prince had filled the castle with French troops, and was about to surrender it to Anjou. Although the falsehood of the report had been publicly demonstrated, and although the better portion of the citizens felt indignant at its existence, yet the calumniators had not been punished. The Prince, justly aggrieved, retired accordingly from the city.—Meteren, xi. 207, 208.

[3] Bor, xviii. 407b. Hoofd, xx. 883.

[4] Bor, xviii. 427, sqq. Meteren, xii. 214, sqq. Hoofd, xx. 892–894, sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 529, sqq. Le Petit, Grande Chronique des Pays Bas, liv. v.

[5] The main source from which the historians cited in the last note, and all other writers, have derived their account of Balthazar Gérard, his crime and punishment, is the official statement drawn up by order of the States-general, entitled, "Verhaal van de moort ghedaen aen den personne des doorluchtigen fursten ende heeren Wilhelms Prince van Oraengien," etc., etc., Delft, Ao. 1584, of which a copy may be found in the Duncan Collection in the Royal Library at the Hague. The basis of this account was the confession of Balthazar, written in the convent of St. Agatha (or Prinzen Hof, the residence of Orange) immediately

pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meagre, mean-visaged, muddy complexioned, and altogether a man of no account—quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

Nevertheless, this insignificant frame locked up a desperate and daring character; this mild and inoffensive nature had gone pregnant seven years with a terrible crime, whose birth could not much longer be retarded. Francis Guion, the Calvinist son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion."

When but twenty years of age, he had struck his dagger with all his might into a door, exclaiming, as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of Orange!" For this he was rebuked by a bystander, who told him it was not for him to kill princes, and that it was not desirable to destroy so good a captain as the Prince, who, after all, might one day reconcile himself with the King.[1]

As soon as the Ban against Orange was published, Balthazar, more anxious than ever to execute his long-cherished design, left Dôle and came to Luxemburg. Here he learned that the deed had already been done by John Jaureguy. He received this intelligence at first with a sensation of relief, was glad to be excused from putting himself in danger,[2] and believing the Prince dead, took service as clerk with one John Duprel, secretary to Count Mansfeld, Governor of Luxemburg. Ere long, the ill success of Jaureguy's attempt becoming known, the "inveterate determination" of Gérard aroused itself more fiercely than ever. He accordingly took models of Mansfeld's official seals in wax, in order that he might make use of them as an acceptable offering to the Orange party, whose confidence he meant to gain.

Various circumstances detained him, however. A sum of money was stolen, and he was forced to stay till it was found, for fear of being arrested

after his arrest, together with his answers to the interrogatories between the 10th and 14th of July. The confession has been recently published by M. Gachard (Acad. Roy. de Belg., t. xx. No. 9, Bulletins) from an old and probably contemporaneous MS. copy. A very curious pamphlet—a copy of which also may be found in the Duncan Collection—should also be consulted, called "Historie Balthazars Geraert, alias Serach, die den Tyran van 't Nederlandt den Princen van Orangie doorschoten heeft: ende is darom duer grouwelijcke ende vele tormenten binnen de stadt van Delft openbaerlijck ghedoodt, 1584" (with no name of place or publisher). This account, by a very bitter royalist and Papist—perhaps a personal acquaintance of Gérard—extols the deed to the skies, and depicts the horrible sufferings of the malefactor as those of a blessed martyr. A manuscript in the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne (now the MS. section of the Royal Library at Brussels), entitled, "Particularités touchant Balthazar Gérard," No. 17,386, contains many important documents, letters of Parma, of Gérard, and of Cornelius Aertsens. The fifth volume of the MS. history of Renom de France has a chapter devoted to the subject, important because he wrote from the papers of D'Assonleville, who was Parma's agent in the preliminary negotiations with Gérard. Part of these documents have been published by Dewez (Hist. Gen. de la Belg., tom. vi.), by Reiffenberg, and still more recently by Professor Arent ("Recherches Critiques et Historiques sur la Confession de B. Gérard, Bruxelles, 1854"), who has ably demonstrated the authenticity of the "Confession" published by M. Gachard.

[1] Confession de B. Gérard. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Le Petit, ubi sup. et al.

[2] "—— Des quelles nouvelles je fus fort aise, tant pour estre (comme j'estimois) la justice faite, que pour avoir excuse de me mettre au danger."—Conf. de Gérard.

as the thief. Then his cousin and employer fell sick, and Gérard was obliged to wait for his recovery. At last, in March 1584, "the weather, as he said, appearing to be fine," Balthazar left Luxemburg and came to Tréves. While there, he confided his scheme to the regent of the Jesuit college—a "red-haired man," whose name has not been preserved.[1] That dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and promised him that, if his life should be sacrified in achieving his purpose, he should be enrolled among the martyrs.[2] Another Jesuit, however, in the same college, with whom he likewise communicated, held very different language, making great efforts to turn the young man from his design, *on the ground of the inconveniences which might arise from the forging of Mansfeld's seals*—adding, that neither he nor any of the Jesuits liked to meddle with such affairs, but advising that the whole matter should be laid before the Prince of Parma.[3] It does not appear that this personage, "an excellent man and a learned," attempted to dissuade the young man from his project by arguments drawn from any supposed criminality in the assassination itself, or from any danger, temporal or eternal, to which the perpetrator might expose himself.

Not influenced, as it appears, except on one point, by the advice of this second ghostly confessor, Balthazar came to Tournay, and held council with a third—the celebrated Franciscan, Father Géry—by whom he was much comforted and strengthened in his determination.[4] His next step was to lay the project before Parma, as the "excellent and learned" Jesuit at Tréves had advised. This he did by a letter, drawn up with much care, and which he evidently thought well of as a composition. One copy of this letter he deposited with the guardian of the Franciscan convent at Tournay; the other he presented with his own hand to the Prince of Parma.[5] "The vassal," said he, "ought always to prefer justice and the will of the king to his own life." That being the case, he expressed his astonishment that no man had yet been found to execute the sentence against William of Nassau, "except the gentle Biscayan, since defunct."[6] To accomplish the task, Balthazar observed, very judiciously, that it was necessary to have access to the person of the Prince—wherein consisted the difficulty. Those who had that advantage, he continued, were therefore bound to extirpate the pest at once, without obliging his Majesty to send to Rome for a chevalier, because not one of them was willing to precipitate himself into the venomous gulf, which by its contagion infected and killed the souls and bodies of all poor abused subjects exposed to its influence. Gérard avowed himself to have been so long goaded and stimulated by these considerations—so extremely nettled with displeasure and bitterness at seeing the obstinate wretch still escaping his just judgment—as to have formed the design of baiting a trap for the fox, hoping thus to gain access to him, and to take him unawares.[7] He added—without explaining the nature of the trap and the bait—that he deemed it his duty to lay the subject before the most serene Prince of Parma, protesting at the same time that he did not contemplate the exploit for the sake of the reward mentioned

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1 Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Compare Bor, ubi sup.

2 Ibid. Compare Meteren, Le Petit, ubi sup.

3 This curious fact was disingenuously suppressed in the official account, "Verhaal van de Moordt," etc., and is consequently not mentioned by the previously cited authors. The statement appears in the copy of the confession published by M. Gachard; "—— Et s'efforça, le dit père de m'oster de teste ceste mienne délibération, pour les dangers et inconvéniens qu'il m'allégoit en pourroient survenir, au préjudice de Dieu et du Roy, par le moyen des cachets vollans; disant, au reste, qu'il ne se mesloit pas voluntiers de telz affaires, ny pareillement tous ceulx de leur dicte compagnie."

4 Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Bor, Meteren, Le Petit, ubi sup.

5 This letter, with several others relative to the subject, is contained in a manuscript of the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, No. 17,386, entitled, "Particularités touchant Balthazar Gérard."

6 "Hormis le gentil Biscayen défunct."

7 "Estant de long temps durement piqué et stimulé par ces deux points et poinçonné extrêment de déplaisir et amertume—— si finalement me suis advisé de donner une amorce à ce renard pour avoir accés chez-lui, afin de le prendre au trébuchet en momens opportuns, et si proprement qu'il n'en puisse échapper"

in the sentence, and that he preferred trusting in that regard to the immense liberality of his Majesty.[1]

Parma had long been looking for a good man to murder Orange,[2] feeling —as Philip, Granvelle, and all former governors of the Netherlands had felt— that this was the only means of saving the royal authority in any part of the provinces. Many unsatisfactory assassins had presented themselves from time to time, and Alexander had paid money in hand to various individuals— Italians, Spaniards, Lorrainers, Scotchmen, Englishmen, who had generally spent the sums received without attempting the job. Others were supposed to be still engaged in the enterprise, and at that moment there were four persons—each unknown to the others, and of different nations—in the city of Delft, seeking to compass the death of William the Silent.[3] Shag-eared, military, hirsute ruffians—ex-captains of free companies and such marauders —were daily offering their services; there was no lack of them, and they had done but little. How should Parma, seeing this obscure, undersized, thin-bearded runaway clerk before him, expect pith and energy from *him?* He thought him quite unfit for an enterprise of moment, and declared as much to his secret councillors and to the King.[4] He soon dismissed him, after receiving his letters, and it may be supposed that the bombastic style of that epistle would not efface the unfavourable impression produced by Balthazar's exterior. The representations of Haultepenne and others induced him so far to modify his views as to send his confidential councillor, D'Assonleville, to the stranger, in order to learn the details of the scheme.[5] Assonleville had accordingly an interview with Gérard, in which he requested the young man to draw up a statement of his plan in writing, and this was done upon the 11th of April 1584.

In this letter Gérard explained his plan of introducing himself to the notice of Orange at Delft, as the son of an executed Calvinist; as himself warmly, though secretly, devoted to the Reformed faith, and as desirous, therefore, of placing himself in the Prince's service, in order to avoid the insolence of the Papists. Having gained the confidence of those about the Prince, he would suggest to them the great use which might be made of Mansfeld's signet in forging passports for spies and other persons whom it might be desirous to send into the territory of the royalists. "With these or similar feints and frivolities," continued Gérard, "he should soon obtain access to the person of the said Nassau," repeating his protestation that nothing had moved him to his enterprise "save the good zeal which he bore to the faith and true religion guarded by the Holy Mother Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and to the service of his Majesty." He begged pardon for having purloined the impressions of the seals—a turpitude which he would never have committed, but would sooner have suffered a thousand deaths, except for the great end in view. He particularly wished forgiveness for that crime before going to his task, "in order that he might confess, and receive the holy communion at the coming Easter, without scruples of conscience." He likewise begged the Prince of Parma to obtain for him absolution from his Holiness for this crime of pilfering—the more so "as he was about to keep company

[1] "—— Et moins encore être vue si présompteux que de préférer la liberalité immense de S. M.," etc.

[2] "Y porque tal enemigo tuviese castigo, andava el Principe de Parma buscando maneras como quitarle del mundo."—Herrera, Hist. del Mundo en el Reynado del Rey D. Phelipe II., xiv. 10, tom. ii. 550.

[3] "—— Aulcuns Italiens et soldats avoient paravant obtenu certaines sommes au mesme effet sans avoir riens attenté."—Renom de France MS., tom. v. c. 26. Compare Strada, 2. v. 287.

[4] "—— Le dit jeune homme," wrote Parma to the King, "m'avait communiqué sa résolution de la quelle pour dire la verité je tenois *peu de compte*, pour ce que la disposition du personnaige ne sembloit promettre emprinse de sa grande importance. Touttefois je le laisaye aller, après l'avoir fait exorter par quelques ungz de ceux qui servent ici."—Relation du Duc de Parma au Roy Phillippe II.; in the MS. entitled, "Particularités touchant B. Gérard," Bib. de Bourgogne, No. 17,386.

[5] Renom de France MS., loc. cit., who wrote his history from the papers of Councillor d'Assonleville.

for some time with heretics and atheists, and in some sort to conform himself to their customs."[1]

From the general tone of the letters of Gérard, he might be set down at once as a simple, religious fanatic, who felt sure that, in executing the command of Philip, publicly issued to all the murderers of Europe, he was meriting well of God and his King. There is no doubt that he was an exalted enthusiast, but not purely an enthusiast. The man's character offers more than one point of interest as a psychological phenomenon. He had convinced himself that the work which he had in hand was eminently meritorious, and he was utterly without fear of consequences. He was, however, by no means so disinterested as he chose to represent himself in letters which, as he instinctively felt, were to be of perennial interest. On the contrary, in his interviews with Assonleville, he urged that he was a poor fellow, and that he had undertaken this enterprise in order to acquire property—to make himself rich[2]—and that he depended upon the Prince of Parma's influence in obtaining the reward promised by the Ban to the individual who should put Orange to death.

This second letter decided Parma so far that he authorised Assonleville to encourage the young man in his attempt, and to promise that the reward should be given to him in case of success, and to his heirs in the event of his death.[3] Assonleville, in the second interview, accordingly made known these assurances in the strongest manner to Gérard, warning him, at the same time, on no account, if arrested, to inculpate the Prince of Parma. The councillor, while thus exhorting the stranger according to Alexander's commands, confined himself, however, to generalities, refusing even to advance fifty crowns, which Balthazar had begged from the Governor-General in order to provide for the necessary expenses of his project.[4] Parma had made similar advances too often to men who had promised to assassinate the Prince, and had then done little; and he was resolute in his refusal to this new adventurer, of whom he expected absolutely nothing. Gérard, notwithstanding this rebuff, was not disheartened. "I will provide myself out of my own purse," said he to Assonleville, "and within six weeks you will hear of me." "Go forth, my son," said Assonleville, paternally, upon this spirited reply, "and if you succeed in your enterprise, the King will fulfil all his promises, and you will gain an immortal name beside."[5]

The "inveterate deliberation" thus thoroughly matured, Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, showed him the Mansfeld seals, and was, somewhat against his will, sent to France to exhibit them to Maréchal Biron, who, it was thought, was soon to be appointed Governor of Cambray. Through Orange's recommendation, the Burgundian was received into the suite of Noel de Caron, Seigneur de Schoneval, then setting forth on a special mission to the Duke of Anjou.[6] While in France, Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project,[7] and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the Duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The dispatches having been intrusted to him, he travelled post-haste to Delft,

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1 The letter is contained in the MS. before cited, "Particularités touchant B. Gérard."

2 "Estant povre compagnon," etc.—Verhaal van de Moordt, etc. Le Petit, Bor, loc. cit.

3 "—— Qu'on procurevoit en sa faveur ou de ses proches héritiers les mercedes et récompenses promises par l'édict qui fut toute la consolation qu'il réceut, plus propre pour le retirer et divertir que pour l'encourager à une emprinse si hazardeuse."—Renom de France MS., loc. cit.

4 "—— Et aianct d'Assonleville traicté la dessus avec le Prince de Parme fut conclud que on n'avanceroit riens à Balthazar Gérard, non pas les 50 escus ausquels il se restraindoit," etc.—Renom de France MS., loc. cit.

5 Ibid. Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren, Le Petit.

6 Confession de Gérard. Verhaal van de Moordt Bor, Meteren, Le Petit, Hoofd, ubi sup

7 Verhaal van de Moordt.

and to his astonishment the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the Prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

Balthazar could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the Prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou;[1] but Orange, deeply engaged with the dispatches, and with the reflections which their deeply important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and after communicating all the information which the Prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the courtyard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the Prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him.[2] Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied—a fund for carrying out his purpose!

Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols or small carabines from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.[3]

On Tuesday, the 10th of July 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace*," while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume.[4] Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an undertone that "she had never seen so villanous a countenance."[5] Orange,

[1] Verhaal, etc. Bor, Meteren, Le Petit.

[2] Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, loc. cit.

[3] "—— Zig op 't hooren van 't gruuwzaam gebruik, 't geen er de Booswigt van gemacht hadt, uit wanhoop, met twee of drie poignaard steecken om 't leven bragt."—Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 116.

[4] The whole dress worn by the Prince on this tragical occasion is still to be seen at the Hague in the National Museum.

[5] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup

however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland.[1] At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passageway, with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width.[2] Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"[3]

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.[4]

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe, with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer

1 Historie Balth. Geraerts alias Serach, etc.

2 The house (now called the Prinsen Hof, but used as a barrack) still presents nearly the same appearance as it did in 1584.

3 Korte Verhaal van den Moordt, etc. Bor, Meteren, Hoofd. Doubts have been expressed by some writers as to the probability of the Prince, thus mortally wounded, having been able to speak so many words distinctly. (See Wagenaer, Vad. Hist., vii. 532, and note.) There can, however, be no doubt on the subject. The circular letter of the States-general to the respective provinces, dated Delft, July 12, 1584, has this passage: "Die corts daervan t'onser grooten leedwesen ende verdriete overleden, segghende deselve ont faen hebbende, Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de mon âme; Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de ce pauvre peuple!"—Brieven van de Gen.-staten, etc., nopende de dood van heere P. van Orangien, Ordinaris Dep. Boek, MS., 1584, f. 162, Hague Archives. This is conclusive evidence. See also a letter from young Maurice of Nassau to the magistracy of Ghent, relating the death and last words of his father in similar terms, but in the Flemish tongue. "Maer alzoo de leste woorden van zijne Excie waeren, Myn Godt! ontfermt U. mynder ziele, Myn Godt! ontfermt uwer ghemeente."—De Jonge Onuitg. Stukken., 100–103. Compare Regist. der Resolut. Holl., July 10, 1584; Bor, Auth. Stukk., ii. 58. The Greffier Cornelius Aertsens, writing to Brussels on the 11th of July from Delft, uses precisely the same language: "Son Exce est trespassé et fini en Dieu, n'aiant parlé autre chose que ces mots bien hauts—Mon dieu, ayez pitié de mon âme; et après, Ayez pitié de ce pauvre peuple, demeurans les deux derniers mots quasi en sa bouche."—Relation au Mag. de Brux., No. 17,386, Biblioth. de Bourg., MS.

4 Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Historie Balth. Geraerts alias Serach.

alive to intercede—as he had often done before—in behalf of those who assailed his life.

The organisation of Balthazar Gérard would furnish a subject of profound study, both for the physiologist and the metaphysician. Neither wholly a fanatic nor entirely a ruffian, he combined the most dangerous elements of both characters. In his puny body and mean exterior were enclosed considerable mental powers and accomplishments, a daring ambition, and a courage almost superhuman. Yet those qualities led him only to form upon the threshold of life a deliberate determination to achieve greatness by the assassin's trade. The rewards held out by the Ban, combining with his religious bigotry and his passion for distinction, fixed all his energies with patient concentration upon the one great purpose for which he seemed to have been born, and after seven years' preparation, he had at last fulfilled his design.

Upon being interrogated by the magistrates, he manifested neither despair nor contrition, but rather a quiet exultation. "Like David," he said, "he had slain Goliath of Gath."[1] When falsely informed that his victim was not dead, he showed no credulity or disappointment. He had discharged three poisoned balls into the Prince's stomach, and he knew that death must have already ensued.[2] He expressed regret, however, that the resistance of the halberdiers had prevented him from using his second pistol, and avowed that if he were a thousand leagues away he would return in order to do the deed again, if possible. He deliberately wrote a detailed confession of his crime, and of the motives and manner of its commission, taking care, however, not to implicate Parma in the transaction. After sustaining day after day the most horrible tortures, he subsequently related his interviews with Assonleville and with the president of the Jesuit College at Tréves, adding that he had been influenced in his work by the assurance of obtaining the rewards promised by the Ban.[3] During the intervals of repose from the rack he conversed with ease, and even eloquence, answering all questions addressed to him with apparent sincerity. His constancy in suffering so astounded his judges that they believed him supported by witchcraft. "Ecce homo!" he exclaimed from time to time, with insane blasphemy, as he raised his blood-streaming head from the bench. In order to destroy the charm which seemed to render him insensible to pain, they sent for the shirt of an hospital patient supposed to be a sorcerer. When clothed in this garment, however, Balthazar was none the less superior to the arts of the tormentors, enduring all their inflictions, according to an eyewitness, "without once exclaiming, Ah me!" and avowing that he would repeat his enterprise, if possible, were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. Some of those present refused to believe that he was a man at all. Others asked him how long since he had sold himself to the devil; to which he replied, mildly, that he had no acquaintance whatever with the devil. He thanked the judges politely for the food which he received in prison, and promised to recompense them for the favour. Upon being asked how that was possible, he replied, that he would serve as their advocate in paradise.[4]

The sentence pronounced against the assassin was execrable—a crime

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[1] Haraei Annales, iii. 363.

[2] "—— J'ai ce jourd'hui tiré et débendé celle portant les trois balles contre l'estomach dudict Prince d'Orange," etc.—Confession de Gérard. "—— En heeft hem also met een pistolet onder zijne mantel met drij fenijnige ende geketende looten aen een gehecht geladen zijnde aen die treppen vander eetvlatgen verwacht," etc.—Historie B. Geraerts alias Serach.

[3] Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren.

[4] Verhaal van de Moordt. Bor, Meteren. "Mais je n'ay ouy de ma vie une plus grande resolution d'homme ny constance, il n'a oncques dit 'Ay my,' mais en tous tourmens s'est tenu sans dire mot, et sur tous interrogatories a repondu bien àpropos et avec bonne suite, quelquefois que vouliezvous faire de moy? je suis resolu de mourir aussy d'une mort cruelle que je n'eusse laissé non entreprinse ni encore si j'étois libre la laisseroie, comme que je deusse mourir mille morts," etc.—Extrait d'une Relation faite à ceux du Magistrat de Bruxelles, par Corneille Aertsens alors leur Greffier, 11 Juillet 1584, Bib. de Bourg. MS., No. 17,586; Historie B. Geraerts alias Serach.

against the memory of the great man whom it professed to avenge. It was decreed that the right hand of Gérard should be burnt off with a red-hot iron, that his flesh should be torn from his bones with pincers in six different places, that he should be quartered and disembowelled alive, that his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face, and that, finally, his head should be taken off. Not even his horrible crime, with its endless consequences, nor the natural frenzy of indignation which it had excited, could justify this savage decree, to rebuke which the murdered hero might have almost risen from the sleep of death. The sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July, the criminal supporting its horrors with the same astonishing fortitude. So calm were his nerves, crippled and half roasted as he was ere he mounted the scaffold, that when one of the executioners was slightly injured in the ear by the flying from the handle of the hammer with which he was breaking the fatal pistol in pieces, as the first step in the execution—a circumstance which produced a general laugh in the crowd—a smile was observed upon Balthazar's face in sympathy with the general hilarity. His lips were seen to move up to the moment when his heart was thrown in his face—"Then," said a looker-on, "he gave up the ghost."[1]

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange was paid to the heirs of Gérard. Parma informed his sovereign that the "poor man" had been executed, but that *his father and mother* were still living, to whom he recommended the payment of that "merced" which "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved."[2] This was accordingly done, and the excellent parents, ennobled and enriched by the crime of their son, received, instead of the twenty-five thousand crowns promised in the Ban, the three seignories of Lievremont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in the Franche Comté, and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy.[3] Thus the bounty of the Prince had furnished the weapon by which his life was destroyed, and his estates supplied the fund out of which the assassin's family received the price of blood. At a later day, when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip the Second, provided he would continue to pay a *fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer*. The education which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn.[4] The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes until the union of Franche Comté with France, when a French governor tore the documents in pieces and trampled them under foot.[5]

William of Orange, at the period of his death, was aged fifty-one years and sixteen days. He left twelve children. By his first wife, Anne of Egmont, he had one son, Philip, and one daughter, Mary, afterwards married to Count Hohenlo. By his second wife, Anna of Saxony, he had one son, the celebrated Maurice of Nassau, and two daughters, Anna, married afterwards to her cousin, Count William Louis, and Emilie, who espoused the pretender of Portugal, Prince Emanuel. By Charlotte of Bourbon, his third wife, he had six daughters; and by his fourth, Louisa de Coligny, one son, Frederic William,

[1] Extrait d'une Relation de Corneille Aertsens (14 Juillet 1584). He was present at all the tortures and at the execution, and drew up his report the same day. Manuscript before cited. Compare Meteren, Bor, Le Petit; Historie B. Geraerts alias Setach.

[2] Relation du Duc de Parme au Roy Phil. II., 12 Août 1584. "Le pauvre homme est demeuré prisonnier. L'acte est tel qu'il mérite grande louange, et je me vais informant des parens du deffunt, duquel j'entends le père et la mère être encoires vivans, pour après supplier V. M. leur faire le mercède qu'une si généreuse résolution mérite."—MS. before cited.

[3] MS. before cited.

[4] Van Kampen, i. 545.

[5] Van d. Vynckt, iii. Notes of Tarte and Reiffenberg.

afterwards stadholder of the Republic in her most palmy days.[1] The Prince was entombed on the 3d of August at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation.[2] Never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being.

The life and labours of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, but his death rendered the union of all the Netherlands into one republic hopeless. The efforts of the Malcontent nobles, the religious discord, the consummate ability, both political and military, of Parma, all combined with the lamentable loss of William the Silent to separate for ever the Southern and Catholic provinces from the Northern confederacy. So long as the Prince remained alive, he was the father of the whole country, the Netherlands—saving only the two Walloon provinces—constituting a whole. Notwithstanding the spirit of faction and the blight of the long civil war, there was at least one country, or the hope of a country, one strong heart, one guiding head, for the patriotic party throughout the land. Philip and Granvelle were right in their estimate of the advantage to be derived from the Prince's death, in believing that an assassin's hand could achieve more than all the wiles which Spanish or Italian statesmanship could teach, or all the armies which Spain or Italy could muster. The pistol of the insignificant Gérard destroyed the possibility of a united Netherland state, while during the life of William there was union in the policy, unity in the history of the country.

In the following year, Antwerp, hitherto the centre around which all the national interests and historical events group themselves, fell before the scientific efforts of Parma. The city which had so long been the freest as well as the most opulent capital in Europe sank for ever to the position of a provincial town. With its fall, combined with other circumstances which it is not necessary to narrate in anticipation, the final separation of the Netherlands was completed. On the other hand, at the death of Orange, whose formal inauguration as sovereign Count had not yet taken place, the States of Holland and Zealand reassumed the sovereignty. The commonwealth which William had liberated for ever from Spanish tyranny continued to exist as a great and flourishing republic during more than two centuries, under the successful stadholderates of his sons and descendants.

His life gave existence to an independent country—his death defined its limits. Had he lived twenty years longer, it is probable that the seven provinces would have been seventeen; and that the Spanish title would have been for ever extinguished both in Nether Germany and Celtic Gaul. Although there was to be the length of two human generations more of warfare ere Spain acknowledged the new Government, yet before the termination of that period the United States had become the first naval power and one of the most considerable commonwealths in the world; while the civil and religious liberty, the political independence of the land, together with the total expulsion of the ancient foreign tyranny from the soil, had been achieved ere the eyes of William were closed. The Republic existed, in fact, from the moment of the abjuration in 1581.

The most important features of the polity which thus assumed a prominent organisation have been already indicated. There was no revolution, no radical change. The ancient rugged tree of Netherland liberty—with its moss-grown trunk, gnarled branches, and deep-reaching roots—which had been slowly

[1] Bor, ubi sup. Archives, ubi sup. Meteren, xii. 216.

[2] Bor, xviii. 433. Meteren, xii. 216. Hoofd, xx. 896.

growing for ages, was still full of sap, and was to deposit for centuries longer its annual rings of consolidated and concentric strength. Though lopped of some luxuriant boughs, it was sound at the core, and destined for a still larger life than even in the healthiest moments of its medieval existence.

The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic, inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close, the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small and symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier with the capacious brow, furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organisation, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labours and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other; for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of a struggle, as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favourite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labour of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar;—for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Nor was he forced into his career by an accidental impulse from which there was no recovery. Retreat was ever open to him. Not only pardon, but advancement was urged upon him again and again. Officially and privately, directly and circuitously, his confiscated estates, together with indefinite and boundless favours in addition, were offered to him on every great occasion. On the arrival of Don John at the Breda negotiations, at the Cologne conferences, we have seen how calmly these offers were waived aside, as if their rejection was so simple that it hardly required many words for its signification; yet he had mortgaged his estates so deeply

that his heirs hesitated at accepting their inheritance,[1] for fear it should involve them in debt. Ten years after his death, the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins[2] due to the Count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property, and it was finally settled upon this basis. He was, besides, largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives, so that the payment of the incumbrances upon his estates very nearly justified the fears of his children. While on the one hand, therefore, he poured out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal Government, upon the other hand, he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces, and by only accepting, in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his descendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country: "God pity this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander; and his friends claimed that, in military genius, he was second to no captain in Europe.[3] This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont in the face of the enemy—his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight—his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general—his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick-bed, for the besieged city of Leyden, will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived through a series of reverses at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valour or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese—men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world—is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two; only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony

[1] Ev. Reyd., iii. 59.
[2] Bor, xviii. 428.
[3] "Belli artibus neminem suo tempore parem habuit," says Ev. Reyd., Ann. iii. 59.

even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master-hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained—the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the self-sacrifices of Orange, fell within three months of his murder into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the Southern Netherlands. Had the Prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate! If seven provinces could dilate, in so brief a space, into the powerful commonwealth which the Republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen—a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigour of the Batavian and Frisian races with the subtler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements in which the genius of the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanised Celt were so intimately blended. As long as the father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unquestionable, that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour; for men felt implicit reliance as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence—sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honour, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the States or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon, for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared—his written messages to the States-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies—his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries, and even children—all show an easy flow of language, a fulness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose—a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime, and although many volumes of his

speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labour in an honourable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed, also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granvelle, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the King of Spain; Charlotte of Bourbon or Louisa de Coligny might have done the same had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

As for the Aerschots, the Havrés, the Chimays, he was never influenced either by their blandishments or their plots. He was willing to use them when their interest made them friendly, or to crush them when their intrigues against his policy rendered them dangerous. The adroitness with which he converted their schemes in behalf of Matthias, of Don John, of Anjou, into so many additional weapons for his own cause, can never be too often studied. It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Macchiavelian school employed by a master of the craft to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character in a great measure marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the King's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch that ever governed the Spanish Empire, and Philip, chain-mailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own.

Ten years long the King placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange, together with a key to the ciphers and every other illustration which might be required.[1] Thus the secrets of the King were always as well known to Orange as to himself; and the Prince being as prompt as Philip was hesitating, the schemes could often be frustrated before their execution had been commenced. The crime of the unfortunate clerk, John de Castillo, was discovered in the autumn of the year 1581, and he was torn to pieces by four horses.[2] Perhaps his treason to the monarch whose bread he was eating, while he received a regular salary from the King's most determined foe, deserved even this horrible punishment, but casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in the transaction. This history is not the eulogy of Orange, although, in discussing his character, it is difficult to avoid the monotony of panegyric. Judged by a severe moral

[1] Bor, xvi. 288b. Hooft, xvii. 795.

[2] Meteren, Bor, ubi sup.

standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honourable to suborn treachery or any other crime, even to accomplish a lofty purpose; yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war, and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain. Orange possessed the rare quality of caution, a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counsellor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic as well as the most warlike potentate of his age; and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practises, condemns, he ever held in his hand the clue of an honourable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth.

It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure, but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit; the self-abnegation and the generosity was counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives.[1] God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action, but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential

1 "A man born to the greatest fame," says Bentivoglio, "if, content with his fortunes, he had not sought amid precipices for a still greater one." While paying homage to the extraordinary genius of the Prince, to his energy, eloquence, perspicacity in all kinds of affairs, his absolute dominion over the minds and hearts of men, and his consummate skill in improving his own positions and taking advantage of the false moves of his adversary, the Cardinal proceeds to accuse him of "ambition, fraud, audacity, and rapacity." The last qualification seems sufficiently absurd to those who have even superficially studied the life of William the Silent. Of course, the successive changes of religion by the Prince are ascribed to motives of interest—"Videsi variare di Religione secondo che vario d'interessi. Da fanciullo in Germania fú Luterano. Passato in Fiandra mostrossi Cattolico. Al principio della rivolte si dichiara fautore delle nuove sette ma non professore manifesto d'alcuna; sinche finalmente gli parve di seguitar quella de Calvinisti, come la piú contraria di tutte alla Religione Cattolica sostenuta dal Ré di Spagna."—Guerra di Fiandra, p. 2, l. ii. 276. The Cardinal does *not* add that the conversion of the Prince to the Reformed religion was at the blackest hour of the Reformation. Cabrera is cooler and coarser. According to him the Prince was a mere impostor. The Emperor even had been often cautioned as to his favourite's arrogance, deceit, and ingratitude, and warned that the Prince was "a fox who would eat up all his Majesty's chickens." While acknowledging that he "could talk well of public affairs," and that he "entertained the ambassadors and nobility with splendour and magnificence," the historian proclaims him, however, "faithless and mendacious, a flatterer and a cheat."—Cabrera, v. 233. We have seen that Tassis accused the Prince of poisoning Count Bossu with oysters, and that Strada had a long story of his attending the deathbed of that nobleman in order to sneer at the viaticum. We have also seen the simple and heartfelt regret which the Prince expressed in his private letters for Bossu's death and the solid service which he rendered to him in life. Of false accusations of this nature there was no end. One of the most atrocious has been recently resuscitated. A certain Christophe de Holstein accused the Prince in 1578 of having instigated him to murder Duke Eric of Brunswick. The assassin undertook the job, but seems to have been deterred by a mysterious bleeding at his nose from proceeding with the business. As this respectable witness, by his own confession, had murdered his own brother for money, and two merchants besides, had moreover been concerned in the killing or plundering of a "curate, a monk, and two hermits," and had been all his life a professional highwayman and assassin, it seems hardly worth while to discuss his statements. Probably a thousand such calumnies were circulated at different times against the Prince. Yet the testimony of this wretched malefactor is gravely reproduced, at the expiration of near three centuries, as if it were admissible in any healthy court of historical justice. Truly says the adage: "Calomniez toujours, il en restera quelque chose."—See Compte Rendu de la Com. Roy. d'Hist., tom. xi., Bruxelles, 1846. Notice sur les Aveux de Chr. de Holstein, etc., etc., par le Dr. Coremans, pp 10–18.

cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labour and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in His mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honour during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation." [1] Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The Prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health.[2]

His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gaiety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.[3]

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.[4]

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[1] Apologie, p. 133. [2] Reydani, iii. 59.

[3] "Imprimis inter cibos hilaris et velut omnium securus: quâ re et tetricos atque arrogantiores nonnullos offendit, qui simulatam saepe et coactam eam laetitiam haud capiebant: cum illius aspectu cuncti refoverentur, illius ex vultu spei quisque aut desperationi caussam sumeret."—Ev. Reyd., ubi sup.

[4] Literal expression in the official report made by the Greffier Corneille Aertsens: "Dont par toute la ville l'on est en si grand duil tellement que les petits enfans en pleurent par les rues."—Relation faite a ceux du Magistrat de Bruxelles, 11 Juillet 1584. MS., Bib. de Bourg., No. 17,386.

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